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February 1928

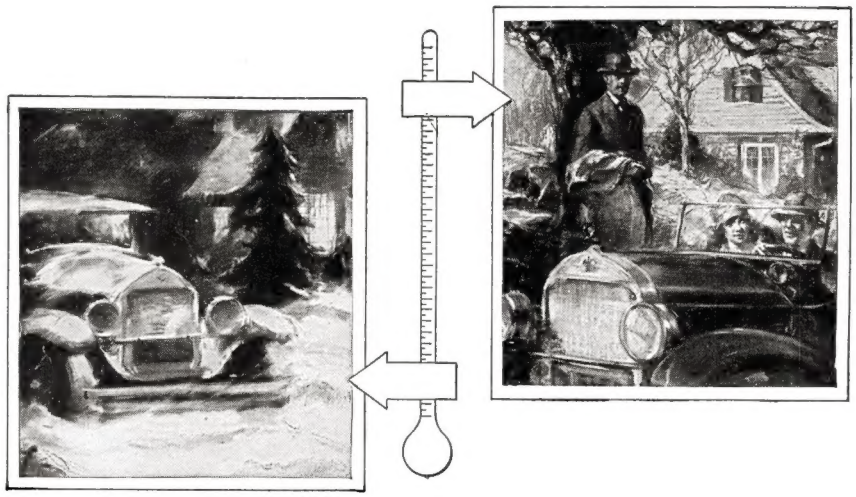
THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

A new novel
by the author of "Country Club People"
Margaret Culkin Banning

Also
Arthur Stringer
Bruce Barton
Sam Hellman
Michael Arlen
Rupert Hughes
& Others

The anti-freeze that won't evaporate

RADIATOR-Glycerine
ANTI-FREEZE SOLUTION



Even on June days in January this anti-freeze *won't* evaporate

Because it will not evaporate, Radiator Glycerine assures winter-long protection against sudden temperature changes.

HIGH temperature cannot boil radiator glycerine away, no more than low temperature can freeze it. When you put it in your *glycerine-tight* radiator, with the proper ratio of water, you can have complete confidence that your engine will be protected all winter long. The only attention required by the cooling system is occasionally to pour in a little water.

C. E. Frazier, President of the Simplex Engineering Company of Washington, Pa., in a letter typical of many, writes: "I filled the radiator of my Lincoln coupe with radiator glycerine on December 1st, 1926, and all winter long I added nothing to it—except water."

The convenience and economy of radiator glycerine bring solid satisfaction to winter driving. "Is my radiator solution strong enough?" and "Will the engine start?" are no longer questions that worry the man who protects with radiator glycerine.

Radiator glycerine not only safeguards the motor but it is also entirely safe and harmless to the metal parts and rubber hose connections of the cooling system.

And more important, if spilled on metal or lacquer finishes, it can be wiped off without damage.

Glycerine-tight—*essential instructions*

Glycerine cannot evaporate. Only by leakage or overflow can it escape. Therefore it is vital to see that the cooling system is glycerine-tight.

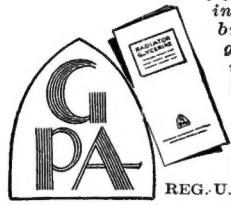
Your garageman can easily flush all dirt and sediment from the cooling system, tighten hose connections, cylinder head gaskets and pump packings, so there can be absolutely no question that the system is leak-proof.

Also don't waste glycerine through the overflow pipe *inside* the radiator. Never fill radiator higher than within 3 inches of the top of this pipe (Fords 4 inches). This allows the solution to expand without overflowing when heated up.

Look for this label. Use only pure distilled radiator glycerine bearing this endorsement of the Glycerine Producers' Association laboratories.

Booklet now available

The Glycerine Producers' Association has prepared a booklet which tells the complete story of radiator glycerine, listing approved brands and giving exact instructions for their use. Send for a copy.



REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Glycerine Producers' Association, Dept. E2, *45 East 17th Street, New York*

Why are modern gums so tender and so frail?

The dental profession clearly and logically points out both the reason and the remedy

IF you or any member of your family have suffered from troubles of the gums, you know how stubborn and destructive these ailments often prove to be.

So, perhaps, there is welcome news for you in the findings of the eminent men who have so constantly studied these disorders. For they now offer us protection against this enemy. They point out a means to prevent and to defeat its ravages — a method, fortunately, as simple in its performance as it is effective in its results.

How our diet breaks down the health of our gums

Very logically, the dentists begin by getting at the cause of the difficulty. Why are soft and tender gums so widely prevalent today? What makes "pink tooth brush" almost a national complaint?

The profession at large lays the blame at the door of soft food — a viewpoint summed up by this "keynote" statement from the convention address of a gum specialist:

"THE *majority of us (the dental profession) would attribute the cause of dental disease primarily to modern diet.*"

Soft food weakens gums by depriving them of work

For the gums, like all living tissue, need exercise and stimulation to speed an energizing flow of blood within their walls. And another investigator briefly explains nature's plan to accomplish this when he writes:

"THE *rough, unprepared food of primitive man necessitated a vigorous and complete mastication, which meant that the vascular and nervous supply received continual stimulation.*"

But our modern cuisine, with its soft, delicious foods, stripped of fibre and roughage, has defeated this plan. And, as if that were not enough, our national bad habit of hasty eating still further reduces the amount of mechanical stimulation that our food yields to our gums. Dental writers do not mince words on this point, one of them, in a widely-quoted professional paper, putting it like this:

"TAKE *an ordinary dinner, for instance, from the soup to the sweets; if there were anything that demanded real mastication we should soon grumble at the cook. The habit of bolting food and the lessened mastication required with our more elaborate dietary supply the clue to many matters now engaging the attention of the profession.*"

How IPANA *and massage strengthen tender gums*

Gums that are soft and weak, gums that bleed easily, or are tender to the brush — these are the common symptoms of gingival breakdown. They herald the approach of more stubborn, more distressing troubles against which we must guard ourselves if we are to keep our mouths healthy and our teeth sound, white and strong.

Massage of the gums—with the brush or with the fingers—is the great restorative agent the dentists propose. For through massage we may renew the flagging circulation, bringing fresh vigor and health to the depleted tissues —a process which one practitioner outlines as follows:

"ANOTHER *striking feature of this (gum tissue) circulatory system is the effect produced by pressure . . . This will cause blanching of the gum tissue, and blanching is followed by 'blushing' due to the influx of arterial blood.*"

And it is so simple, this gentle frictionizing of the gum tissues! You may easily perform it, twice a day, as you care for your teeth in the regular way.

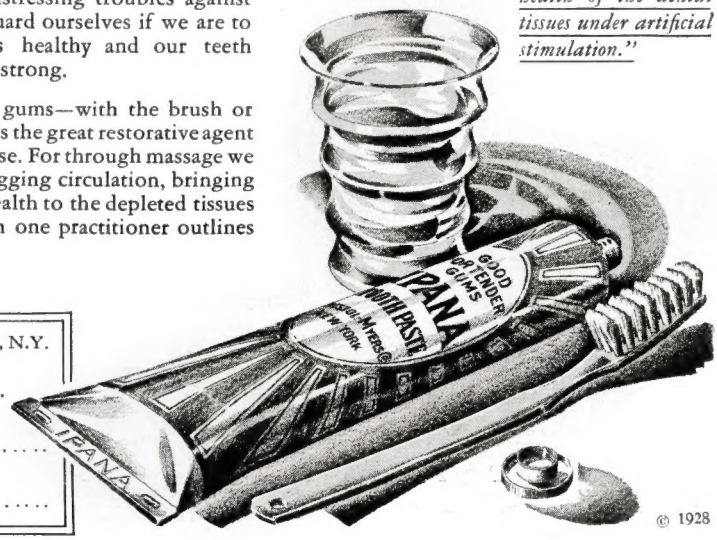
Your own dentist will confirm this reasoning

Ask your dentist to explain the benefits of this massage, and its simple technique.

And ask him about Ipana Tooth Paste, too. Thousands of the best dentists now order the exclusive use of Ipana, for the regular cleaning of the teeth as well as for the massage. For Ipana is a tooth paste of peculiar virtue for the gums. It contains ziratol, a healing and stimulating hemostatic long used by dentists.

If you wish to try a sample of Ipana, by all means send the coupon. But the simpler and quicker way is to get a full-size tube from the nearest drug store and use it faithfully, twice a day, for 30 days. Then you, too, will probably share the enthusiasm of the well-known authority who makes this statement:

"ONE *cannot help being enthusiastic when viewing the rapid improvements in the health of the dental tissues under artificial stimulation.*"



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. G28, 73 West Street, New York, N.Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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Address .....

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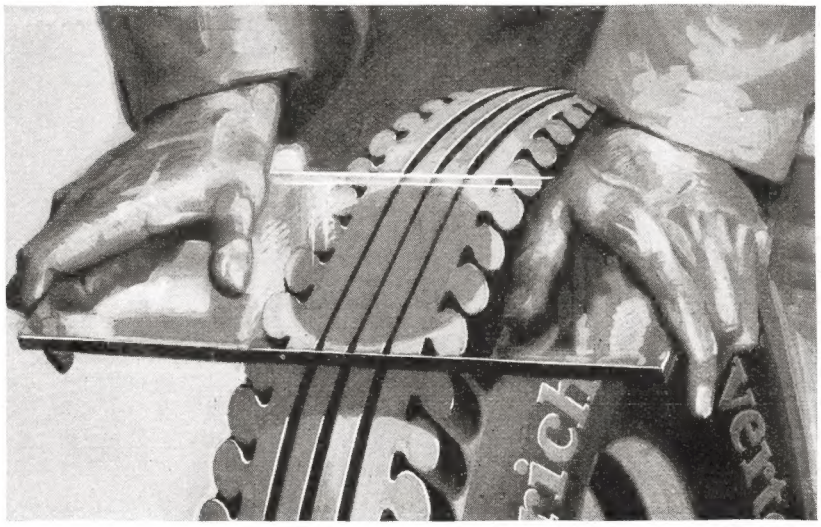

The plate glass test—This glass was pressed against a Goodrich Silvertown till the tread flattened as it would flatten against the road. Note how the center grooves can close up, when the tire is under load.

See What Happens

when Goodrich Silvertowns meet the Road

Balloon tires are soft. They yield. Their tread flattens against the road. The center compresses, letting the "shoulders" of the tread come down to the ground.

Simple facts—but what a tremendous effect they have on mileage!

Suppose the center could not yield. Suppose it had bulky masses of rubber where it should be flexible. Then it would crowd the surrounding rubber out of shape. It would distort the shoulder rubber. And uneven, choppy, wasteful wear would be the result.

But Goodrich Silvertowns have the successful hinge-center tread design. Triple-grooved, easy-flexing center. Massive "shoulders." No crowding. No distortion. No "piling up" of rubber can cause premature wear.

You get the full service which correct design and skillful curing have put into Goodrich Silvertowns.

They are bonded together by Water-Cured rubber—toughened to remarkable uniformity by application of heat from outside and inside both, instead of from outside only.

Added to this extra toughening process, there is the equalized strength of 5,000 stretch-matched cords. Three vital features combine to give you long and carefree mileage.

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY
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By

HAROLD TITUS

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The February installment of Edgar Rice Burroughs' great novel is perhaps the most enthralling in all this unique romance. Don't miss it, or the

Sixteen other fine stories

By H. Bedford-Jones, Bertram Atkey, Clarence Herbert New, Jay Lucas, Culpeper Zandtt and other able writing-men.

In the February issue of

THE BLUE BOOK MAGAZINE

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Champion Billiard Player,

writes:

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Willie Hoppe

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"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation-No Cough.

Why we rejected
the enrolment applications of 1,148 men

A statement by the Directors of the Alexander Hamilton Institute

IN THE LAST twelve months the Alexander Hamilton Institute has found it necessary to reject the enrolment applications of 1,148 men.

As a consequence, we are prompted to make a clear statement of the policies which make it impossible for us to accept the enrolment of all those who would like to benefit by the Institute's training.

The Modern Business Course and Service has drawn upon business experiences. From these the principles of business have been deduced. These principles are interpreted for every-day use by practical business men.

Sixty per cent of the 300,000 men who have enrolled in the Institute are officers of corporations; 25% are important department heads; 15% are assistants and clerks who aspire to executive positions. One out of every three of our subscribers is a college graduate. Their average age is 37.

It follows that the Modern Business Course and Service is for men of two classes, executives and men who aim to be executives.

We do not hold back hope from anybody or deny anyone the right to a higher business education. But we must require certain minimum preparation.

On the other hand, we take this opportunity to point to the fact that scores of men who were unable to qualify when they first applied for enrolment have later been accepted. This persistent spirit is one of the most heartening signs in business today.

We have a reputation for successfully training capable men for more responsible positions in commercial life. In providing this training we feel we are performing a service of great value to business, since the need for executive minds is urgent and continuous.

Executives who would like to get the complete facts about the Institute for themselves and for their subordinates may obtain them by sending for "Forging Ahead in Business."

Jeremiah W. Jenks.

CHAIRMAN, BOARD OF DIRECTORS

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487 Astor Place, New York City

Send me the new revised edition of "Forging Ahead in Business" which I may keep without charge.

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(Please write plainly)

Business Address.....

Business Position.....

The Red Book Magazine

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HENRY SYDNOR HARRISON

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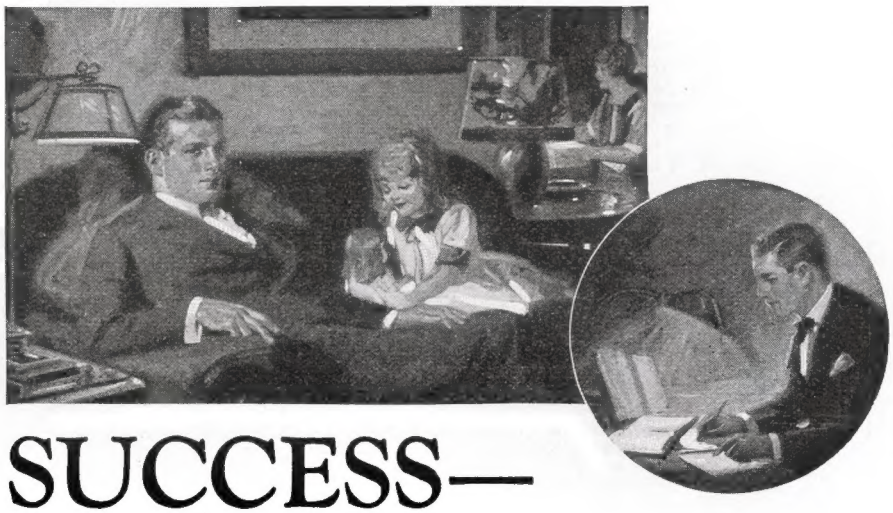

SUCCESS—
Will You Pay the Price?

IF you are normal, you want the comforts and luxuries which are the by-products of success—a home of your own—a new car—the leisure to read—the means to travel.

You want these things very much.

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Note, please, that the coupon outlines different lines of training and that it will bring you full particulars of the training which appeals to you, together with your copy of that most inspiring book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One"—all without obligation.

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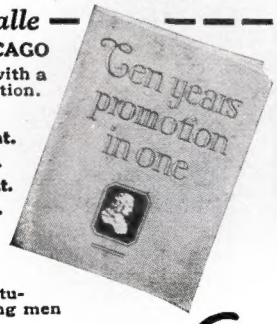

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Name ..... Present Position ..... Address .....

What are magazine editors looking for?

YES, what do they want in a story? What makes the difference between a printed rejection slip and a check of acceptance?

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The constant use of PEBECO will make the dingiest looking teeth turn white, and make it possible to converse with friends without offending them.

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Thousands are grateful for its salty tang

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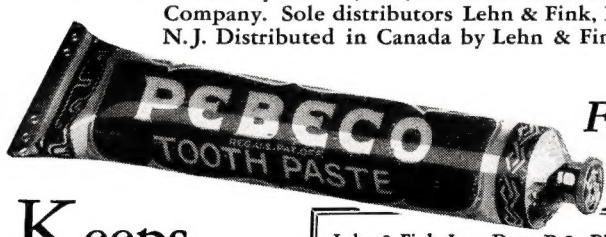

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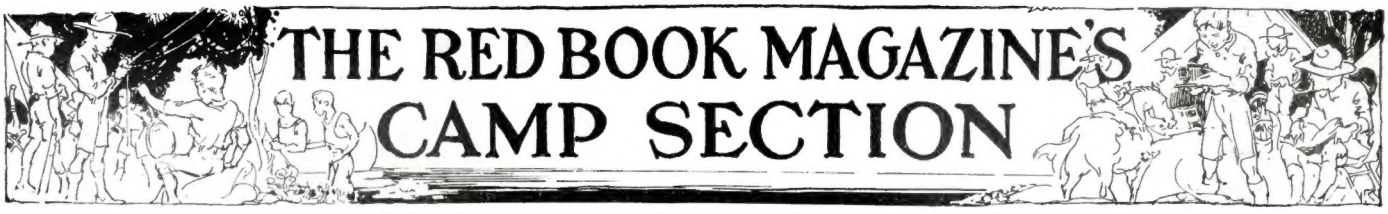

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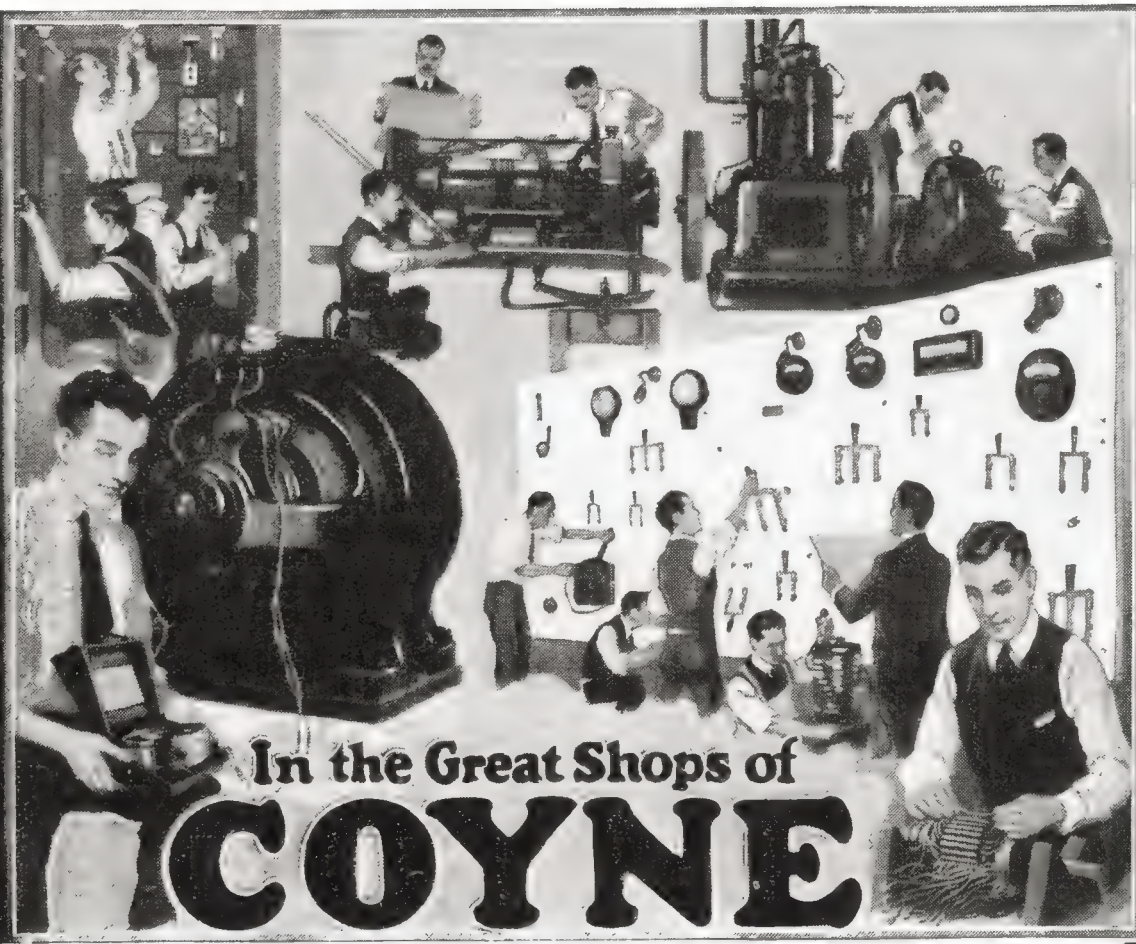

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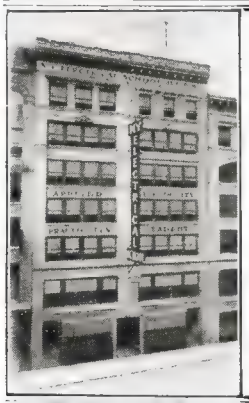

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Hundreds of Lewis Students are winning success. Totally unacquainted with hotel work before taking the Lewis Course, N. Frank Hills is now Assistant Manager of Howard Arms, Los Angeles, Cal. Lena Blair became Manager of Louise Apartments, Tulsa, Okla., *even before she completed the Lewis Course!* YOU can do as well. Low cost—easy terms—money back agreement. Write today for Free Book, "*Your Big Opportunity*," and complete details, mailed without obligation.

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FRIENDLINESS

Decoration by Franklin Booth

By Angelo Patri

FRIENDLINESS, it seems to me, is an art; and not everyone who smiles and says, "Friend, friend," possesses it. It is an affair of the heart touched by the imagination and founded on a sweet and ancient instinct quite unaccountable to reason or logic. "He is my friend. I like him," is adequate explanation for this inexplicable fact.

Old Dr. Johnston was not easy to look at, nor was he easy to live with; but he had the gift of friendliness and bound men to him with lasting ties, though he thundered and lightened like a very storm god. In him Boswell found the great joy of his life, a satisfaction so broad and so deep that he passed it along to posterity. What a gift to us all was the friendliness of these two!

A warm friendship puts meaning and value into life. Until one knows an understanding friend, nothing he does is of the least consequence to him. What good in building if there is no eager foot to cross the threshold of our achievement? What pleasure can there be in creating beauty if there be no appreciative spirit to welcome it? What could fire us to further effort if there were no warming hearty cheers to stir the ashes of our spent dreams?

Behind each great achievement in this world there are usually two people, the worker and his friend. To the friend who listened and advised and encouraged, to him who poured out his own spirit that another's might flower in full glory, to the silent one in the background who put the breath of life in the other's creation—to him all honor, all love, is due.

How shall the friendly being acquire a friend? Not by looking the field over with calculating eye and deciding, "Such an one would help me in my business." Friendship is unselfish to the power of selflessness; and that, you must know, becomes the most terrific power in this world. It has been known to move continents.

If it ever comes my turn to play fairy godfather to a baby, I know just what gift to bestow upon the child. It will equal any charm and discount any curse bestowed by any other power: for I shall give him the art of friendliness.

To a Lace Petticoat

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Decoration by John Held, Jr.

YOU are a relic of the bygone ages,
When women did not own to having legs;
The very sight of you, somehow, enrages
The modern girl! But every ruffle begs
For romance in the dim, brocaded manner—
The whispered words, and mellow candlelight,
When Agatha, or Genevieve or Hannah,
Wore you, while dancing through
some silver night.

WILL knickers ever really supersede you?
Will pettibockers ever take your place?
Will women ever come again to need you,
To hunger for your ribbon bows, and lace?
Will knees, now flaunted to the world, I wonder,
Find your soft folds a joy to linger under?

ALWINE PECKRUL is a Bostonian. Coming to New York, she began posing for Miss McMein, and has been model for many of the other leading artists in New York City. Though she is much interested in posing, she also is studying professional dancing, and is ambitious for a career on the stage.

Photo by Bachrach

NEYSA McMEIN came from Quincy, Illinois· when she was a girl she wanted to be a musician, but decided to be an artist because it cost less to learn. However, she earned her way through school by writing music. She has composed an opera and has written the story for a motion picture. In private life she is Mrs. John Baragwanath, and has a daughter, Joan, three years old.

EVERETT SHINN is a Quaker from New Jersey, and studied wall paper designing before picture making. He worked in the art departments of Philadelphia and New York newspapers. In New York came his chance to display his remarkable versatility. He has painted mural decorations, designed furniture, has written a number of successful, short burlesque plays, and has given considerable attention to the directing of motion pictures, his outstanding effort in this line being "The Bright Shawl," the story of which was first published in The Red Book Magazine. His studio and home is in Westport, Connecticut.

MRS. EVERETT SHINN is model for her husband's illustrations, and she is thus described by him: "A feminine vividness crosses my path to my studio in the form of my wife. I can draw from her without wasting time, for I know that I can talk to her after working hours."

HELEN ROBINSON was born in New York City, and lives now in Mamaroneck. She has posed for several prominent artists, particularly for the late Coles Phillips. She is the only model posing for Mr. Tomaso. She is also a singer and has been on the stage, notably in the cast of "Abraham Lincoln."

RICO TOMASO is a Chicagoan of Italian parentage, and first studied in the Chicago Art Institute. When he was twenty years old he went to a school for ensigns, and after being commissioned, he was assigned to the business of supplying oil to battleships. When the Armistice was signed he returned to New York, and studied with Dean Cornwell and Harvey Dunn, and now devotes himself to illustration.

Photo by Grant, N. Y. C.

MRS. WALTER BIGGS poses for most of Mr. Biggs' work. She is a native of Minneapolis, and when visiting a friend in Orange, New Jersey, called on an artist who asked her to pose for him. This led to posing for others, and to her meeting with Mr. Biggs.

WALTER BIGGS was born in the mountains of Virginia, and came to the metropolis to study in the New York School of Art. There he became one of the group of strong painters that included Rockwell Kent, Robert Henri and the late George Bellows. His facility as a painter, particularly of beautiful women, has in no wise hampered his enthusiasm for illustration.

MONA PALMER, model for Mr. Christie, is of French-Italian parentage, and was born Mimi Palmieri. Her ability to do character parts has in large measure aided her popularity in posing for artists, for few models know how to "double." She plays in motion pictures, under contract with Famous Players-Lasky; she was Tom Meighan's leading lady in "The Canadian," and was the villainess in "Cabaret," which starred Gilda Gray.

Photo by Pirie MacDonald

EARL CHRISTIE is a Philadelphian, and obtained his art education at the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts. He deserted the city on the Delaware to live in New York, making magazine covers principally, and doing other illustrating.

Photo by Pach Brothers

OLIVE TREE

SOAP FROM TREES

Nature's Gift to Beauty

THE art of being beautiful today is simply the secret of keeping *natural* beauty . . . the artificial complexion of yesterday has no place in the modern scheme of allurement. Women have learned that natural ways are best in skin care; that gentle, common-sense care is far more potent than the most involved of beauty methods. For Youth is thus retained.

Keeping the skin clean, the pores open, is the secret. Doing this with pure soap . . . with soap made for ONE purpose only, to safeguard good complexions . . . is the *important* part to remember.

So, more and more every day, thousands turn to the balmy lather of Palmolive . . . a soap that is kind to the skin, a soap made with beautiful complexions always in mind.

The rule to follow if guarding a good complexion is your goal

WASH your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

DO not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note the amazing difference one week makes.

Soap from trees!

THE only oils in Palmolive Soap are the soothing beauty oils from the olive tree, the African palm and the coconut palm—and no other fats whatsoever. That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its natural green color.

The only secret to Palmolive is its exclusive blend—and that is one of the world's priceless beauty secrets. The Palmolive-Peet Company, Chicago, Ill.

COCONUT PALM TREE

Soap from Trees

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the priceless beauty oils from these three trees—pictured here—and no other fats whatsoever.

That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for olive and palm oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its green color.

AFRICAN PALM TREE

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

Retail Price 10c

February 1928 The RED BOOK Magazine Volume L Number 4

EDWIN BALMER, *Editor*
ASSOCIATE EDITORS: ARTHUR MCKEOGH, New York; DONALD KENNICOTT, Chicago. ART DIRECTOR: HENRY A. THIEDE

A COMMON-SENSE EDITORIAL

Slide Lines

By BRUCE BARTON

THIS is the business record of John Smith, who is now forty-one. He started work on a newspaper, and while he was there, he pieced out his income by selling real-estate. Then he transferred into the bond business, and sold insurance on the side.

He is now selling wall-paper, which, according to him, is such a poor job that he has to carry samples of floor-wax and a patent attachment for radiators in order to keep going.

John is honest and hard-working. His complaint about the meager returns which the business world has given him caused a friend of mine to make an investigation. It revealed the following facts:

One of the men who started on the newspaper with John Smith is now part owner of the paper and has an income of more than twenty-five thousand dollars a year.

Real-estate has steadily advanced in the city where John Smith played with real-estate as a side-line, and a number of real-estaters, no older or smarter than John, are now very well-to-do.

Both the insurance business and the bond business have prospered in John's old town, providing automobiles and comfortable homes for several men who were formerly his colleagues.

As for wall-paper, I myself happened to be riding with the sales manager of a wall-paper company a few days after hearing John's story.

"I understand your business is a poor business," I said. "Does anybody ever make a really good thing out of it?"

Said he: "Old John Meeker is the best answer to that. He worked for us as a salesman for twenty years. Hard territory his was, too. The other day he retired with one hundred and fifty thousand dollars and took his family out to California."

So it seems that each of the businesses which John Smith tried on the side has been very good to the people who stayed with it on full time.

J. C. Penney told me the other day about a young man who might have been one of his first partners. The young man played the trombone and was compelled to leave the store early every night because he made five dollars a week by tooting his horn in an orchestra. He is still tending store in the daytime and tooting at night. Mr. Penney is the head of more than eight hundred stores.

There are men who have made fortunes by running bootblack stands, by buying junk from automobile factories, and even by contracting with a city to collect its garbage. Almost any business seems to be a good business if a man gives it all he's got.

But the side-line is the slide line.

Let the new *Whitman's* package *be your Valentine!*

Chocolates in an assortment trying for the high mark of perfection!

Pink of Perfection is more than a name—it is an aim and an ambition.

Many who have enjoyed it declare it to be the last word in assorted chocolates—their ideal. Whitman's makes a gift distinctive, delightful—a valentine to be enjoyed and remembered.

For variety, there are both milk chocolate and vanilla chocolate coatings on fudge, nuts, creams, caramels, marshmallows, nougat, fruits; and solid milk chocolates. Some of the milk chocolate coatings are mixed with ground almonds.

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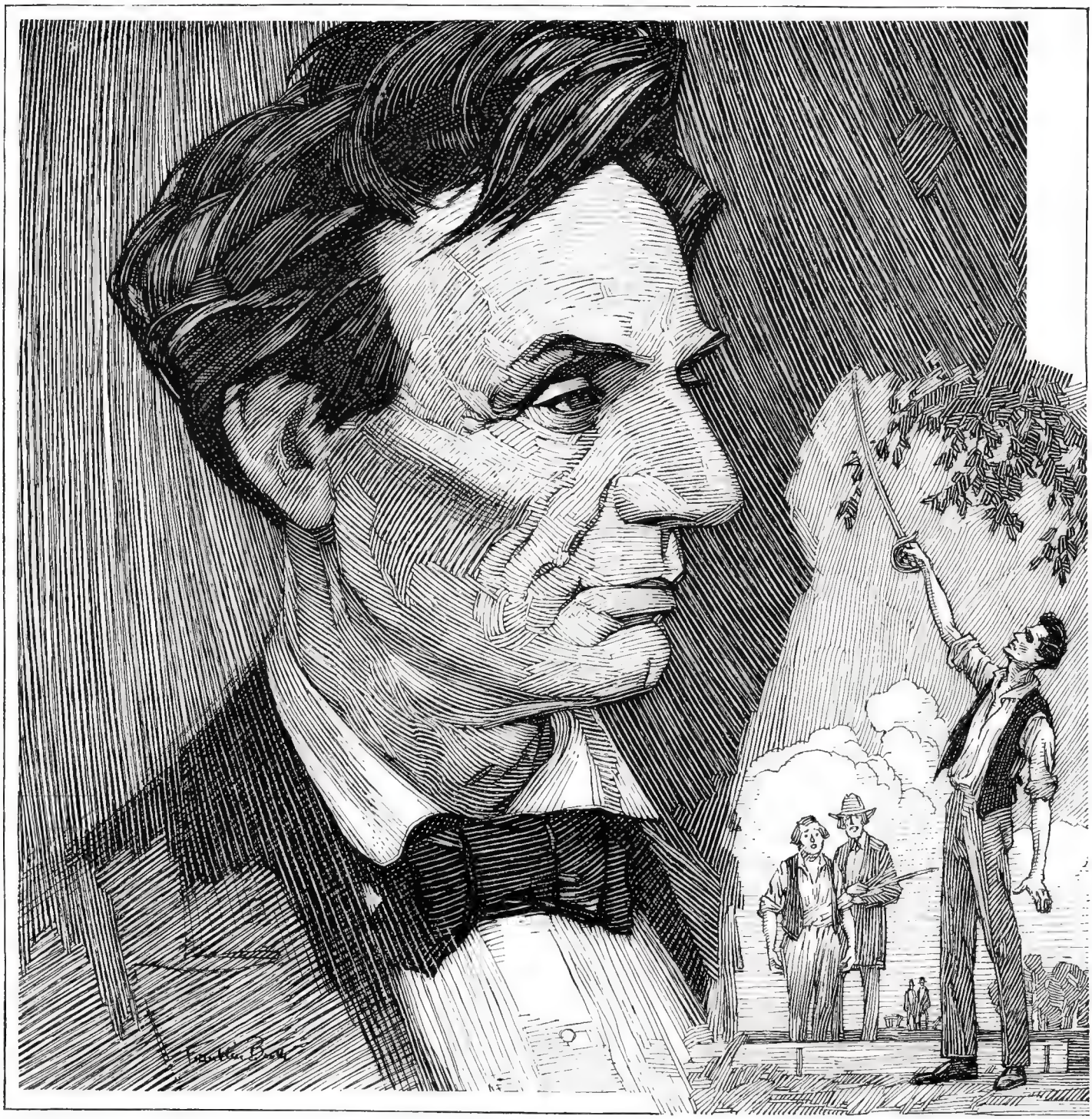
Whitman's Chocolates

PINK OF PERFECTION



LINCOLN'S DUEL

Illustrated by Franklin Booth

HE was thirty-three years old, a member of the Illinois Legislature and was living in Springfield. He had been engaged to marry Mary Todd—and had broken his engagement. He had written to a friend: "I am now the most miserable man living. If what I feel were equally distributed to the whole human family, there would not be one cheerful face on earth. . . . ."

This despondency had lessened; he had met Mary Todd again, and partly because of her, was challenged to the duel.

There was a hot-headed Democrat, James Shields, auditor of the State. Lincoln had written a letter to a Springfield paper, poking fun at Shields, and signing it "Aunt Rebecca." Mary Todd and a friend, Miss Julia Jayne, were receiving attentions from the blustering Shields, and, to torment him, they carried the "Aunt Rebecca" correspondence further. Shields demanded satisfaction, and, to keep the girls out of the quarrel, Lincoln ordered that his own name be given out as author of all the letters.

Shields then challenged Lincoln to a duel; and after exhausting every other recourse to avoid combat, Lincoln, as the challenged party, fixed the terms:

"First. Weapons: Cavalry broadswords of the largest size.

"Second. Position: A plank on the ground between us . . . . . and a line on the ground on either side of said plank and parallel with it at the distance of the whole length of the sword and three feet additional from the plank. And the passing of his own line by either party shall be a surrender of the contest.

"Place: Within three miles of Alton, on the opposite side of the river." (Dueling was against the law in Illinois.)

Both parties appeared on the ground: Shields fiery as ever, a short little man. He could have walked under Lincoln's arm.

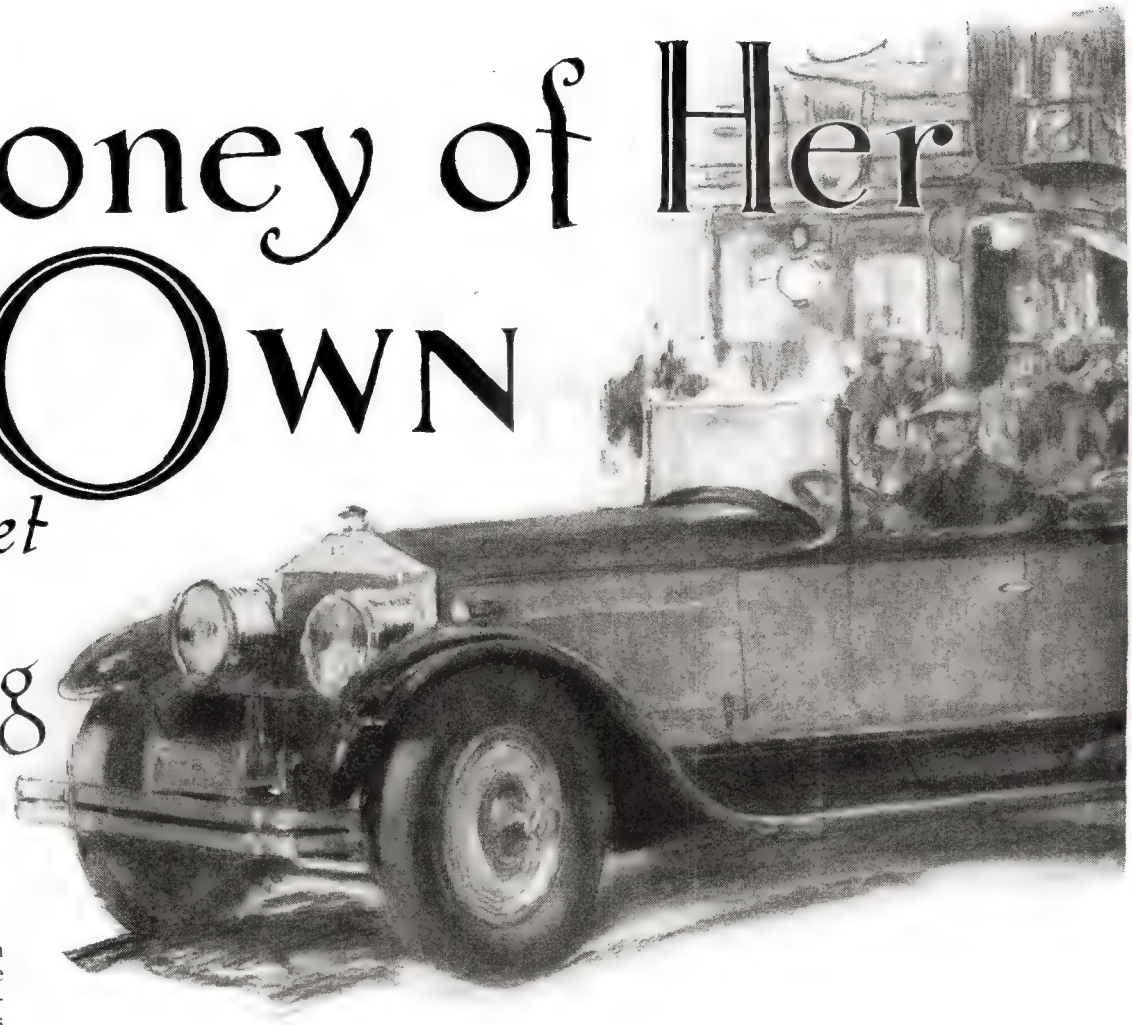
"Old Abe," as he was already known, sat on a log awaiting the signal to fight. "His face was grave and serious," wrote a witness. "I never knew him to go so long before without making a joke. But presently he picked up one of the swords, felt along the edge with his thumb, raised himself to his full height and clipped off a twig from above his head with the sword. There wasn't another man of us could have reached anywhere near that twig, and the absurdity of that long-reaching fellow fighting with cavalry sabers with Shields came near making me howl with laughter."

Friends stopped the duel at that point; Lincoln's terms had accomplished his purpose. Shields and he "made up;" and two months later Abraham Lincoln married Mary Todd.

Money of Her Own

By Margaret Culkin Banning

Illustrated by C. D. Williams



Our life in our country today; our hopes and ambitions; our recklessness and extravagances; our weaknesses, our finer feelings and our failings, for which we are loved. And about us always and over us that blessing and blight of happiness in America today—money.

THERE were three men in the high chairs at the shoe-shining stand in the station, and they had, so far as they knew, nothing to do with one another. That was obvious even from their shoes. The sunburned man on the end wore cheap new ones, with round and obtrusive toes, and there was a rim of clay around the thick soles which one of the little Greeks brushed at so vigorously. His partner had drawn a prize customer in the next chair, a well-dressed elderly man whose brown oxfords were shapely and custom-made. The Greek knew that. Philip Helm, who had the next chair, knew it too. It made him all the more impatient with his own worn shoes. They had been good once, and he had tried to persuade himself that they could carry out a bluff of still being good, after they were shined. But they had been worn too long. Polish and brushes and energetic little Greeks could do only so much.

He had just put the gray-haired gentleman under an obligation. They had reached the stand almost simultaneously, but Philip, being more agile, had taken his seat first. There were only two bootblacks for the three chairs, and the one who was not busy had hesitated between the worn shoes and the expensive ones. The older gentleman looked at Philip.

"Go ahead," said Philip. "I'm in no hurry."

"Very kind of you. I am, unfortunately."

The Greek was also grateful, and his dirty, sallow little face grinned up at Philip. His customer watched him get under way with many flourishes and snaps of his cloths, and spoke again, as if returning Philip's courtesy.

"Keeps cold, doesn't it?"

"I guess it does."

"Yes. Been unusually rainy too this spring. But I suppose it's good for the country districts."

The man with the clay-spotted shoes looked sideways at them as if he were wondering what they knew about the country. But he said nothing, and there was silence until the bootblack finished with the well-dressed gentleman, who nodded to Philip, dismounted with dignity and paid for his shine. The amount was clearly disappointing. The Greek bowed but without enthusiasm, and Philip grinned as the English topcoat merged with the swerving crowd.

"Wasn't worth it, was it, Xerxes? Not all that love you put into it."

The little bootblack hunched his shoulders and shrugged it off.

"Rich," he said. "I give him fine shine. He give me five cents extra!"

"That's why he's rich," remarked Philip; "he knows the trick. Come on, now. Make my shoes look just like his. I've been waiting here long enough."

"I think maybe you wear these shoes too long, Mester," said the Greek, smearing them with polish.

"I think maybe you're right. But they're going to keep right on being worn. So go to it, Demosthenes."

The other customer looked at Philip's shoes and back at his own—more knobby than ever now, all their promontories glistening—with great satisfaction. Philip saw the comparison and got rather hot. But there wasn't any use in starting anything. He relapsed into brooding, refusing even to give the Greek a good time. It was only going over the same ground again and thinking that he never would amount to anything. And at twenty-nine there is no more bitter thought. It is so close to the third decade.

He had been quite right when he told the gentleman next him that he was in no hurry. It was Saturday night, and until Monday morning he had nothing to do except feed himself somewhat inadequately and get two nights' sleep. This was a strange city, but strange cities were more or less alike to Philip. He'd

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"You need a poppy," she said impudently. "Now you're safe. Nobody else will bother you, and you've done your duty. Or you're going to, at least."

been in a number of them, and he knew rather accurately how much you could do between Saturday and Monday on a total capital of five dollars and an odd nickel—reduced by a shoeshine and a poor man's tip to four dollars and eighty-five cents.

The station had nothing to offer him, for he had passed the point where ill-assorted people intent on their own affairs had any romantic interest for him. Besides, it was necessary to find a lodging somewhere. He lifted his battered suitcase lightly and went out to the main entrance, looking up and down the street.

It was April, and the dusk still fell early, so that although it was only five o'clock, the lights were lit in the cheap boarding- and rooming-houses which boasted on their dingy signboards that they were hotels. There were plenty of them, and about their narrow entrances, flush with the sidewalk, groups of men idled, ready for Saturday night, waiting for something to happen, careless if nothing did. A Salvation Army band came trundling down the street. Secondhand men's clothes swung from crowded hangers in a shop-window opposite, and a waffle-parlor with abominable soot-laden curtains proclaimed sardonically that it provided home cooking. The air was moist after a warm spring rain, and the windows of the hotels opposite were open and shades not pulled down. Philip could see into the upper rooms. There were men in them, most of them looking no more settled than they did in the street below.

Even with four dollars and eighty-five cents he figured he could do better than these hotels. After all, he would be working on Monday, and a going concern again. He could pawn his watch until payday. There would be a cleaner room some place for two dollars, and he could eat sparingly. With the instinct of a traveler he turned north from the railroad tracks, and passing through the jumble of curio- and pawnshops, natural parasites of the railroad station, he found himself on wider, cleaner streets. There would be a Y. M. C. A. somewhere around, Philip knew, but he wasn't in the mood for that. He did not want to be asked even friendly questions. Picking out a policeman who looked a philosopher, Philip sought his advice.

"The swell hotels are two blocks over and then on east."

"That's not what I want."

The policeman looked him over.

"Well, go on up to the McGuire, then. Straight up the hill. You'll do well if you never sleep in no worse place than that."

Philip thought that entirely likely. He went on up the hill

with a friendly salute. He tried to pick up something of his old exuberance as he went, an echo of adventure, but he could not do it. He felt sore and down-at-the-heel. A junky hotel on a side-street, a job he didn't want and had to have, a town in which he knew no one and was thoroughly glad of it, was a poor combination to have worked up to at twenty-nine.

Over his head he heard the whir of an airplane and involuntarily looked up. There it went sailing up over the buildings, and was lost again behind the barrier of brick and stone they made. Philip imagined its flight, felt it in his nerves. He knew well enough what it was like, though he hadn't so much as been in a plane since he'd left the navy. All that seemed like a mislaid life now, all the excitement, the fun, the skill. Here he was, going to work in a paper factory, and lucky to get the job at that.

PHILIP was still watching the place where the plane had disappeared, and so he did not see the girl.

"Wont you buy a poppy?" she said, accosting him.

She was very pretty, wearing a coat of thin, smooth tan fur, and she had a gay, confident voice. In her hands was a bunch of red paper poppies, and she was clearly enjoying selling them, a little excited at being able to stop strange men on the street, free to use all her beauty and charm on every passer-by and being delightfully safe in doing it.

"Why a poppy?" asked Philip.

He spoke as lightly as she. He knew about girls like that. There was a mixture of ease and teasing in his voice, the tone he had used more than once at Country Club and Junior League dances.

"Surely you know—for the war veterans!"

"Oh—was there a war?"

"You need a poppy," she said impudently, and stuck it in his coat lapel. "Now you're safe. Nobody else will bother you, and you've done your duty for the war veterans. Or you're going to, at least."

He laughed and put his hand in his pocket. It came out with a nickel and a two-dollar bill, and because he could not give her the nickel and did not want to appear to fumble again, he gave her the bill and stood waiting for the change.

"You really want change?" she asked, and smiled up at him.

She was very lovely, and all her life she had been looking up at people and throwing them off their guard, because her eyelashes seemed to have a struggle to disentangle themselves, and when they did, her eyes were like the loveliest shade of iris, than which there is nothing more blue. Philip wanted to keep on looking at her. He didn't see girls like that any more, and he was fed up forever on sticky rouge and impressionistic lips. This girl wasn't made up, not much, anyway. She had grown in sun and air. He thought of that queerly in his first long look at her. But change! Of course he wanted change. He needed the whole two dollars back as a matter of fact, and because he did need it so badly, the stubborn pride in him wouldn't ask for it.

"I suppose your poppies sell for two dollars apiece."

"For what I get," she laughed, "but I've done pretty well. And this isn't one of the fat districts, around the station. All the travelers aren't so easy to sell to as you are."

He knew she was enjoying this wraith of flirtation with him, and it flattered him. He couldn't look such a complete bum. And then a car stopped on the other side of the street, a long, green car—he knew the kind. He could drive it. The girl saw it and waved to some one in it.

"My time's up," she said. "Thanks a lot. Don't you really want change?"

"Keep it," answered Philip.

"Thanks a lot."

He saw the slim legs run across the street and the door of the green car banged. It slipped out of sight, and Philip came to himself and realized just what he had done. Could he never hang onto money? There—for a girl he'd never see again, who was amusing herself with an hour's quasi-charity—he'd thrown away the price of a night's comfortable sleep. He'd let her hold him up for half of what he had in the world! He was that kind of a fool, he thought bitterly. A soft one. There wasn't any use in going up to this McGuire place now. If he had to pay for his room in advance, and sometimes you did in these places, he'd be pretty well cleaned out. Of course there was always the pawnshop, but he didn't have much left to pawn. It was necessary to keep enough clothes to make some sort of decent appearance on Monday. He crossed over a block and retraced his steps toward the station, and the swarm of lodging-houses. The thought of the girl came back to him, and he told himself that she was a bandit. To stop men on the street that way and sell them paper poppies for anything she could wheedle out of them! Where were the police? And yet, in spite of his anger, the memory of the girl clung like a fragrant breath of something he had known and was done with, but that still belonged to him. He couldn't look such an utter bum, he thought again, and a plate-glass window gave his likeness back to him.

It was tall and strong, with the litheness of body that comes from exercise and sport and none of the emphasized muscles of labor. He was not nearly as down at the heel as he felt, for his clothes and suitcase had had good beginnings. During his entire twenty-nine years he had looked at the world without being in the least ashamed or abashed or frightened or awed, and as he had seen a university and a war at close range, and death rather close more than once, and a number of beautiful places as well as plenty of ugly ones, there was not much of anything that did not shake into proportion in his mind. He knew now, going down the hill to the rooming-houses, what he was in for. He had no snobbishness about them, but just the same, he knew that at his age, with what was back of him and what had been supposed to be ahead, it was not the place to which he should be going.

The Empress Hotel, wooden of staircase and hopelessly unaired by its few front windows, finally gave him shelter for a dollar and a quarter. He put his suitcase on the sunken iron bed, pushed the window as high as its broken pulleys would let it go, propped it with a stick he found in the corner, and continued to despise himself. There was a dingy, lonely supper in prospect, and a hot night, with trains roaring and drunks fighting, probably, and tomorrow was Sunday. Philip disliked Sunday as only the unoccupied can dislike a holiday.

But after all, twenty-nine is not the finish, and under all his resentment Philip knew it. In spite of himself, the gamble of the fresh start was beginning to interest him, and he had always found it hard to hold his spirits down. He washed himself as best he could; by the time he had put on one of his last two clean shirts and turned the cuffs the wrong way to conceal the frayed edges and picked up a bundle of laundry to take to a Chinaman who would hold it until he could pay for the washing, he felt more cheerful. When he had finished that errand and sauntered away from the station and into the region of theaters and expensive hotels, he might have been any handsome young man out for a leisurely walk. The only measure of him would be money, and considering the dollar and a half which he had in his pocket, he kept to the pavements. It must be a very rich city, he thought. Lots of big shops, good cars and good hotels. He fell into conversation with a taxi-driver outside one of them.

"This is the local Ritz, I suppose."

"This has got the Ritz stopped," said the driver. "You can't do better than this hotel, my boy, not in New York or Chicago or anywhere."

"I'm glad you have it. It's nice for you," Philip congratulated him.

The taxi-driver grinned.

"Nice for both of us. You stopping there?"

"Would you if you were me?"

HIS attention wandered from the answer, for just then he saw a green car drive up, the same green car, he was sure. He waited, his eyes on it, and just as he found himself ridiculously hoping, the girl stepped out. She wore a little gold-colored hat now, and she held a different coat loosely around her. There were several others with her, young men and girls, and Philip quickly had them all placed. Débutantes with their escorts who were out for dining and dancing and doing it downtown to stir up a little excitement. He was standing near the door as if he had just come out of the lobby, and the girl saw him as she passed through the swinging doors. She recognized him instantly and smiled. Philip saw the loveliness of her white throat, the satin slippers beneath her coat. He lifted his hat, and the taxi-driver looked at him with new respect. The dinner-party vanished, and Philip hesitated just a minute. He was crazy. He knew that. But after all, he couldn't be very much worse off than he was now, and a decent meal would give him some self-respect. A decent meal in a place that wasn't just a dump. For the second time in three hours the girl upset all his calculations. He pushed through the swinging doors.

It would be bad luck if they had taken a private dining-room. But that wasn't what they had come downtown for. They wanted

"Yes, there's a room; there are two. But it's Sunday, and my mother's at church. I could show them to you."

to see strange people and get anonymous attention and admiration. Philip found them in the main dining-room, a great place with ducking waiters, Egyptian figures paneled on the walls, and an orchestra playing rhythmic jazz in an overhanging gallery. There were six in their party, and the head waiter was giving all his time to them, so Philip chose his own place, a small table by the wall where he could see her when he looked up.

He was acutely conscious of the amount of money in his pocket as he looked over the big printed card. But he was safe. There was a table d'hôte dinner for a dollar and a quarter, and if he gave a quarter tip and ten cents to the hat-girl, he could interview the pawnbrokers for the rest of the evening. For the next hour he could enjoy himself and he set to it.

"The plate dinner—chicken gumbo and roast beef," he said to the waiter.

Looking across at her table, he saw that her dress was black velvet with gold on it like her hat. She was even prettier than he had thought, and she certainly kept that party going. The pale blonde wouldn't help, and the other girl had her back to him. The pale blonde made Philip think of Josie Wells. If he had married Josie as he might have, he certainly wouldn't be here tonight. Old Wells had died, and Josie was rich as all outdoors. Well, life was too short to marry a Josie and live on her money.

Philip was feeling better all the time. It was partly the soup, partly the clean heavy linen, partly dance-music, but mostly the fact that the girl knew he was there. She did, all right. The blonde turned her head and looked him over. They'd spoken of him. Then Philip forgot all of them for a minute as the waiter brought his roast beef, a great, juicy red slice of it, and he was hungry, more hungry than he had been in a week. He felt as if he had been living on scraps.

He lifted his eyes and was amazed. The girl in velvet was coming across the room toward him, and the others had turned to watch her, half of them amused, one young fellow frowning furiously. Philip couldn't believe she was coming to speak to him. But she was. He stood up as she stopped at his table,

but she sat down opposite him, and motioned him to take his place again. Much prettier than he had realized,—he could see that it didn't matter how close one got to her,—and willful—he saw that too.

"I've just made a bet," she said, "and I hope you don't mind helping me win it."

"Why," said Philip, thinking of his two dollars and her bandit methods, "I bought my poppy!"

"This isn't a poppy. No, listen. We've been talking about people, and I bet that in a hotel like this I could pick out almost anyone to speak to and find out that we knew some one in common. I picked you."

"You mean you want me to fake it?"

"No—of course not. But weren't you at a university?"

"Yes," he answered rather reluctantly.

"Where?"

He hesitated.

"Yale—I didn't graduate."

"What class?"

"It would have been 'eighteen."

She wrinkled her forehead.

"Then didn't you know Stuart Paxton? He must have been as far back as that."

"Yes, I knew him."

She turned around to the other table with a little wave of her hand, signaling her victory.

"Isn't it fascinating? Everybody knows everybody. I was sure of it. I know him terribly well. Have you just come to the city?"

"Today."

"And already you've helped me out twice. I suppose you think I'm crazy—"

"No. I think you do what you please," answered Philip.

"Isn't that the best way?"

He laughed. "I'm no expert. Don't ask me."

The young fellow who was scowling evidently thought it time to interfere. He came across the dining-room, making an attempt to treat the whole thing as a joke and failing.

"They're waiting for you, Carol," he reminded her.

"I win," she said triumphantly, "he knew Stuart Paxton right off the bat. This is—"

"Philip Helm," offered Philip.

"Dick Botsford," said Carol, "and my name is Caroline Ranger. And I'm tremendously obliged. Are you all alone in town?"

"Yes."

"I wish we could see something of you, if you know Stuart. Maybe you could come to dinner. I'll call you in the morning."

"But I wont—"

"If you're not in, I'll leave a message at the desk."

The young man propelled her across the room back to the waiting broiled lobsters, and she narrated her triumph. Philip watched it with a great deal of amusement; but the waiter, who did not waste too much time on a plate dinner, brought him his pie and saw him through it. He had no cigar to linger over. There was nothing to do but go, and when he reached the street he was adrift again without even the comforting dollar and a half in his pocket, without even the price of a package of cigarettes or a ten-cent movie. He'd better go back to the lodging-house and get his things that were worth pawning. Now that he had dined in our best hotel with our best people, he reflected satirically, the next step was to seek out our best pawnbrokers.

Chapter Two

IN the library of the Ranger house two men were talking. It was a very impressive library, heavy with great rows of books; and yet a person who knew books might have fought a little shy of it. There was no air of accumulation in the great collection of books. They looked as if they had been bought at the same time, and all of the bindings were fresh and well dusted. Mr. Ranger often regarded them and thought of how many he owned, much as he looked at the rows of bottles lying side by side in diamond-shaped compartments in the cupboards in his wine-cellar. Tonight he was speaking on that favorite subject of his, possession; and as his lawyer was his guest, he could speak freely. The little gold-rimmed glasses of cognac glowed in the light from the carefully shaded lamps.

"Yes," he said, "Carol's going to be a rich woman one day."

"Well, that's as it should be," answered Lasalle. "There's no-

"Do you think I could give you anything you want?" he asked her. "Why not?" she tossed his question back.

body else who has the same claim on you. She's a fine girl. You're lucky to have her."

"There's only this," Ranger reflected, lifting his brandy to the light and staring at it as if it were a crystal that might reveal the future, "who's she going to marry? I want to leave my money to Carol. That's one thing. But I'll be damned if I want to leave it to support any whipper-snapper she might pick up. I want it tied up so that it belongs only to Carol. I haven't been working all these years to take care of some fellow with long eyelashes, you know. I've supported a good many people in my day, Lasalle, and I'm about through. I never saw that it helped any of them much. No—it's Carol's money."

"Carol can give it away, you know. You can't control that," said the lawyer quietly.

"I can limit it. And Carol's got a good head on her," answered the other man. "I've talked to her pretty straight. I've told her to pick herself a man that is a man, that can support her. She sees pretty clear. No, what I mean is, tie it up. Tie it up without any loose ends. It'll give her a pretty surprise some day. She knows I'm going to leave her something. I put her through school; I gave her a home; and I'm making her a nice allowance now, though it don't seem to look very big to her. Good Lord, Lasalle, I used to support a wife and keep up a home on what that girl gets for spending money!"

Lasalle grunted. Such obvious comparisons always bored him; and his host, getting the point of that, returned to the main subject.

"I try to hold her down, you know." Ranger leaned forward and chuckled. "She doesn't know how much money there is, and she doesn't know she's going to get it. And neither does anyone else except you and me, Lasalle. I keep them guessing."

"I've had a good deal to do with wills," remarked Lasalle dryly, "and my experience has always been that the simplest thing to do with money is to let it go into its natural channels after death, without too many checks on it. You're good for a great many years yet, Dave, so I can say to you frankly that the ugliest thing I know is a dead hand hanging onto money. You can't open a dead hand, Ranger."

He tossed off his cognac and added another terse phrase in reflection:

"Or, if you can, it's a pretty unpleasant thing to do."

"I don't want mine opened," said Ranger, leaning forward with the decanter; "that's the point, exactly."

The lawyer did not argue that. He relaxed comfortably back on his own advice. Thirty years of working over human tangles had slowly bled him of excitement over other people's affairs.

"Yes, it can be done," he assured Ranger, as the latter paused.

They had parted before the girl who was the center of their discussion came in. The lawyer's small, perfectly equipped car had slid away with the man of secrets, and Dave Ranger had long ago carefully and personally seen that the electric lights were turned off, when the green automobile stopped in the heavy shadow of the house.

"Where do we go now?" asked Caroline politely.

"I thought you were the person who was shouting about coming home," said Botsford.

"I know. And now that I'm home, it's a great disappointment to me. There's something about the front of that house that's bad. It needs to have its face pushed in, Dick. Why don't you go and do it?"

"You're crazy, Carol. You've been crazy all evening."

"It's this hat," she said; "it goes to my head."

And she poked it back and sat looking as delightful and absurd as possible in the light reflected from the dashboard.

"Keep your hands off me," she added almost at once. "I'm delicate." She was light but somehow definite.

Botsford sulked over the wheel. "Let's drive to Watch Point."

"Too late. They stop dancing by one. It must be that now."

"It's a very superior night. Plenty of moon."

Carol shook her head. "No," she said cheerfully, "I guess I'll go in and cry myself to sleep."

"What'll you cry about?"

"Oh, you—and life and an evening that didn't come off."

"You wrecked it yourself."

"I was very tender with it."

"Great stuff—picking up strange men in hotels!"

"Oh, that—that was the only bright moment I had. You know I think he'd be very nice by moonlight. I mustn't forget to call him up. I wonder if it's too late now."

"Do you think you're being modern or something, Carol?" he asked, turning suddenly ugly.

"I don't think. I leave that to my betters," she answered, slipping out of the car door as unexpectedly as she opened it. "Go on home, Dick. They'll be worrying about you."

Her mockery dropped as she opened the door and entered the silent hall, where a single light in a cut-glass drop shade was burning.

It was a big square place, paneled in coarse-grained oak, unsuited to Carol's fragile loveliness, a place that might house her but could hardly be a home. And she looked homeless and rather pathetic as her face fell into what should have been repose and was only dissatisfaction. She hated the after-taste of these parties. All her mistakes rushed back at her, and in spite of the nonchalance and apparent carelessness, Carol thought in terms of mistakes rather often. Lily Jordan hated her; Dick Botsford wanted to play with her, but he was far too canny to offer to marry her; her hat had cost forty dollars; she was in debt far beyond the possibilities of her allowance, and she was always on the edge instead of in the middle.

IT was different with the rest of those girls she had been with tonight. They knew where they were, knew who was back of them and what was. So did the rest of the crowd, or at least nearly all of them. But nobody knew about Carol, least of all herself. She could remember very distinctly the boarding-house where she and her mother had lived during her entire adolescence. There were certain types of doorways that always brought up pictures to her mind that were indestructible, certain odors that were unforgettable. She could remember the hospital where her mother had died, and her first sight of her uncle, who had come to pay the bills and look her over. She had known him then about as well as she did now, after six years. From the first he had been on his guard with her. That was her earliest recollection of him, a shrewd-eyed man telling her that he wasn't rich, that she mustn't get an idea into her head that she was to be an heiress. He had promised to find a school for her and give her spending-money, and later she could come to live with him. No more than that. And fumbling between his bankers and his lawyers for the name of a school, Mr. Ranger had heard of Eastridge and sent his niece there.

So from the boarding-house Carol had gone to Eastridge, and because in the cheap boarding-house she had learned to get on with people, she had done the same thing in the fashionable school where rich parents parked their children between the governess age and the age of débuts, for nine months of the year. Eastridge knew exactly what it was supposed to do for its girls, and did it rather well on the whole. The young bodies which it turned out were lean and supple and healthy, and could handle themselves on a horse or a dance-floor with equal ease. They made a point of drag hunts at Eastridge. The young minds were alive and keen and slightly informed; the young voices were throaty and insolent and employed a common monotone. They were apt to have a certain originality which was encouraged but always diverted from professionalism, if the talent became too urgent. Clothes were not too much accented, though it was necessary that every girl have a dozen different kinds, and display commonly was accorded vulgar. It was far from being a dull or unfocused school, and it worked very arduously at the training of young aristocrats.

CAROL got on very well because of her own vitality and her quick sense of people. Yet even there she was often conscious of a certain straining. The rest of the girls seemed to take what came. Odd enough things filtered through from their backgrounds to the school gossip—divorces, somebody's mother's marriage to her chauffeur, a brother's suicide. But the school flowed blandly on past these occurrences, which might happen to anyone in a certain status in life. Always there was money enough to rest back on, to lift itself like a wave and engulf the objectionable or scandalous occurrence.

Nothing scandalous or objectionable happened in Carol's background. She went home on vacations to her uncle's house, was picked up by that small rarefied group which had Eastridge traditions in her own city, and had an occasional interview with her uncle in which he always told her that her allowance was bigger than the sum he and his wife had once kept house upon, and that she wasn't to be an heiress. There wasn't much money. Times were hard. Big fortunes weren't being made, the way they used to be—that was all. He also often referred to her possible marriage, to some one who could support her.

It made her uneasy. The young men she knew weren't marrying girls to support them. Sometimes they married, but the supporting was done by inheritance or endowment. And all the girls she knew spent much more money than she did, and most of them often had sessions with their parents over the size of their bills. But there was a parent, intimate enough to defend oneself with in those cases. With Carol there was only the grim, quizzical old man.

She went upstairs to the room which had been hers since she had come back from school. It had never been refurnished since the decorators had first done with it, and their taste had been badly garbled by the ideas of the deceased Mrs. Ranger, who had stubbornly carried her ideas of what was pretty into her wealth and large house. Carol had done what she could to mollify the room's heaviness, but her uncle had turned a deaf ear to her suggestion of doing it over, and she never had enough ready money of her own to look after more than minor expenses. The furniture was Circassian walnut, and the window seat and draperies pink velvet. Mrs. Ranger had thought pink the only color for a guest-room. An oval pier glass stood in outdated majesty at one end of the room, bending stiffly forward from two ornate hinges.

Carol had no romantic gestures. She was an Eastridge product, and had learned not to throw herself about, and only to display the casual and artificial mood. She sat down on the objectionable window-seat and took off her hat, carefully pressing out the edge between her fingers. The damp night air had curled it up, and Carol had to take care of her clothes. One needed such a lot that it was almost impossible to put up even a decent appearance on that notorious amount her uncle had kept house on. She thought of Dick Botsford and his greediness. He didn't want to marry. All he could get for nothing was what he was after, what so many of them were after. She sighed. Tomorrow was Sunday, and on Sunday she was supposed to dine with her uncle. That terrible Sunday dinner, still consecrated to slices of roast beef or lamb and gravy, and inquiries as to why you weren't hungry. As if anyone ever was hungry at one o'clock on Sunday, except her uncle!

Tomorrow. Dick would be around. She wondered how she could avoid seeing him. There was nothing that made men more eager and obedient than to keep away from them. The nerve of his criticising her for speaking to that man in the hotel tonight! You had to do something to keep a party from dying on your hands! A little smile just touched the curve of Carol's lips. That was a nice man. And he had liked her. Funny, meeting him twice like that, and finding that he knew Stuart Paxton! She would call him up in the morning. Helm—that was his name. He had looked a little shabby perhaps, *(Continued on page 114)*

She didn't look much like Annabelle Lee, but George said, "Hello, Hoke," and she smiled.

Hokum and Hooey

By

Frank R. Adams

who writes the romance of a pair produced by our ultra-modern conditions—rival column conductors on a metropolitan newspaper.

Illustrated by

Charles D. Mitchell

GEORGE TEN EYCK was out to make the world tough for women. It was the expression of the acidity that eats into the souls of men who are conscious of their own nonsuccess in human relationships. A bluff, hearty male never gets very bitter about the loss of one girl, one golf-game or one fortune. He knows there is another to be fought for the next day. The other kind puts too much of his life in the balance; he feels that all the world is watching him win or lose; and when the inevitable happens, it sours his disposition.

George had experimented with love once. He had been thrown for a horrible loss. Almost at the altar, Emily Crampton had eloped with his best man, whom she had only met the week before.

That was all. George wanted to kill somebody for a few hours; and then, realizing that if he could not hold a woman before marriage, he could not expect to do so afterward, he crawled into a hard shell and dared the world to make him emerge. The world did not appear interested.

George's jaundiced outlook on life will seem the more incredible to the layman when it is stated that he conducted a humorous column for one of the New York daily newspapers. But to those who know humorists first-hand, there will seem to be nothing out of the ordinary in the statement that a man with the expression and general disposition of a crab could be a writer of what passed generally for first-rate comedy material.

He had been moderately amusing before his almost marriage; afterward he was considered a top-notcher.

This was partly due to the fact that in print he was such a cad about women. Everyone, especially the ladies themselves, ate it up. Perhaps they thought he was only fooling.

Besides being satirical on his own hook, George's job consisted in guying prominent people in the day's news, making fun of the small-town exchanges, and editing the letters of so-called "contribs," or fans who write in to column-conductors in the hope of seeing their names in print.

The column was called "The Pig's Eye," and editing it was probably a pretty good job, although not quite so useful as wearing a white uniform and pushing a dust-pan on wheels about the city streets.

George felt pretty much that way about it himself, but he rather gloried in the uselessness of his occupation, in the fact that men did not like him and that women distrusted him.

His managing editor sent for him one day.

"What about this stuff you've been running in the column lately about Annabelle Lee and 'The Heart of Humanity'?" Bill Johnson demanded. "Do you make it up yourself?"

"No," George replied shortly. "'The Heart of Humanity' is one of those Advice to the Lovelorn departments in an upstate daily. It's so slushy it's funny, that's all. It kids itself."

Bill Johnson picked up several clippings pasted on a sheet of copy paper.

"I rather like these," he said, handing it across to his subordinate.

George looked at it disdainfully. The excerpts were from his own column during the past week or so.

"GENTLEMEN PREFER GRANDMOTHERS

"'Keep yourself sweet, girls. Men may go around with the gilded butterflies for a time, but the girls they marry are the ones whose hearts are gentle and whose ways are the ways of their grandmothers.'

"*Annabelle Lee* in 'The Heart of Humanity.' Respectfully referred to Peggy Joyce for confirmation."

"CHARITY BEGINS IN THIS OFFICE

"'L. S.: You say you have nothing more to live for. My dear, the fact that the one you loved has proved false, and your friends have tricked you out of almost all your money, is all the more reason why you should face the world bravely. It isn't what you take out of life that counts; it's what you get by giving to others.'

"*Annabelle Lee* in 'The Heart of Humanity.' Dear Annabelle, tell L. S. to place in a plain envelope what money he or she has left, and mail it to the Pig's Eye. We will distribute it among some gunmen we know and help your correspondent on the way to complete happiness."

Annabelle looked at him and grinned. "Don't treat me too rough or I may fall in love with you."

There were several other extracts, all more or less on the same order.

"Well," said George truculently, "I don't think it's so damn' funny myself, but some of the fans like it."

"I wasn't thinking about your part being funny," declared Bill Johnson slowly. "I just wanted to know if this Annabelle Lee was a real person, that's all."

"Oh, I expect she's alive," George conceded, "but just barely, I imagine. She must have been under an anesthetic during the last fifteen years and doesn't know that girls have discarded morals and modesty along with their petticoats and most of their skirts."

"What's the masthead on this paper she works for?" Bill Johnson paid no attention to George's epigram. He poised a pencil until the columnist gave him the name of the sheet and the town it was published in.

George wondered vaguely what it was all about, but did not have to speculate long. In less than a week Bill Johnson called him into his office again.

"This is Miss Annabelle Lee," said Bill, introducing him to a caller who was seated beside his desk. "She is going to conduct a new department for us, and as you are responsible for getting her the job, I thought you would be the right one to show her the ropes. She isn't much used to the city."

George could have guessed that without being told. Sartorially, Annabelle Lee was something the cat might very easily have brought in from the adjacent, or any other, alley. Her dress, which was too fussy, looked as if she had made it herself and then put it on backward. Her hair was long and sort of scrimped up in a way that could never have been fashionable even during the Trojan War. Sensible shoes managed to display themselves along with a short length of heavy black silk hose from beneath a dress-hem at least eight inches nearer the ground than that of anyone who has made a nonstop flight across Times Square in the last five years.

Worst of all was the unexpected angular bulk of her body. Her arms and neck did not seem so large and clumsy, but from the shoulders down, she reminded George of a piece of badly upholstered furniture. The frilly, fussy clothes did not mitigate that impression any.

To go with all that, she should have had a terrified, cringing, mouselike expression, a blanched pallor and a roving eye seeking escape.

But did she? Not so that you could perceive it. Her gray-blue eye was clear; she held it steady as it met yours, and she smiled engagingly from a pair of lips that might have belonged to a girl child of two just taking her first lesson in sex appeal.

Apparently Annabelle Lee thought she looked all right, that everybody was glad to see her, and that it was a very good world after all.

"My God," thought George dazedly, "the girl is acting out sweetness and light in real life—and in that make-up!"

All at once the solution flashed upon him. Johnson was playing a colossal joke on him. No woman could really be like this. She must be an actress who had been specially hired and carefully trained in the part.

Yes, it must be a fantastic hoax. George resented the idea passionately. If anyone was going to be funny around that office, he claimed the privilege himself.

"I suggest," Bill Johnson was saying, "that while I am out, you talk to Miss Lee right here in my office. It will be a little more private and less noisy. After you have explained anything that

she wants to know, you might take her out and introduce her around to the gang in the city room."

George had a momentary panic. He did not like being cooped up alone in a room with a woman, even a gawk like this one. He rather suspected that Bill's departure was all a part of the joke, and that Bill himself, as well as most of the staff, would probably be standing just outside listening to what he would say in reply to the lady's doubtless carefully prepared questions.

The managing editor had oozed himself out of the room before George could think of any imperative engagement that would necessitate his own presence at some distant scene. And there they were, George and Annabelle, Annabelle and George. Both members of this club.

George was wary and waited; but Annabelle was not shy. She had the perfect poise of a child who does not know that its face is dirty.

"I've never been in the office of a big newspaper before," she confided. "In fact, I haven't been able to travel away from home at all. I suppose that here you never have to set your own stuff on the linotype."

"Set linotype?" George vaguely knew what a linotype was, but that was about as far as his knowledge of the machine went. "Can you set linotype?"

"Yes, a little. Everybody on our staff could in a pinch. We only had one compositor, and sometimes he would be sober at the wrong times. It's just about as easy to compose direct on the machine as it is to typewrite it—that is, my kind of material is easy to write under any conditions. Yours, I imagine, is very difficult."

George was inclined to respect her judgment that his stuff was more difficult to write than the sort of drivel which drips from the heart-to-heart departments of the national press.

"Of course," he conceded modestly, "I have to make my column a little salty. But it is mostly a trick, and after you get onto it, does not require so much time as you would think."

"I didn't mean exactly that. I was thinking how hard it would be to write as you do, making up things that you do not really think are so. All I do is to put down what practically everyone thinks is right."

"Do you mean that you don't think I believe what I write?" George was stung right where he lived, and he rose to the defense of his sincerity.

The girl looked at him wide-eyed. "Why, you don't pretend to yourself that you mean it, do you? I was positive no one could possibly mean the things that you write, and now that I've met you, I'm sure you never could."

George looked right back with coldly appraising eyes which took in once more the overdone burlesque of the work of a backwoods modiste. "Of course I mean what I write."

"But women can't be as silly and stupid as you say they are."

"How can *you* say that?"

For an instant he almost regretted that he had stressed the pronoun. After all, you couldn't strike a woman in the face—not when she was looking at you. But he need not have worried; she apparently did not understand his sarcasm.

So he went on: "Grown men and women can't be asinine and puerile as you pretend they are. Do you really believe for a minute that a man who has lost his money, his friends and perhaps his eyesight, can actually kid himself into thinking it's a grand old world to live in just because you tell him it is?"

She flushed a little. It was becoming. "Yes."

He waited for her to go on.

"Is that your only answer just, 'Yes'?"

"That's all the answer there is—just, 'Yes.'"

"You can't make me believe it."

"No, *I* can't make you; but you do believe it just the same."

George laughed with growing exasperation. "How can a kid like you who has never been anywhere tell a lot of people with real troubles what to do? Do you think your line of bull would be of any use if you were in distress yourself?"

She smiled at him. "I've been in pain. I found that it helped."

George made an involuntary gesture dismissing the subject. The conversation savored too much of a Short Talk on Cheerfulness, by Dr. Frank Crane.

"What are you going to call your department?" he asked, turning the current into more practical channels. "I suppose your 'Heart of Humanity' heading is copyrighted by the Whistleburg Daily *Whatdoyoucallit* or whatever was the name of that paper."

"Yes. I can't use it any more. Mr. Johnson said you would probably help me think up a title."

"Humph! I wonder what the chief thinks I am!"

"He thinks you are very clever. At least, that's what he said."

And Annabelle looked at George guilelessly.

"I admit that I am cleverer than he is. I would never have thought of hiring a guide for morons for this or any other newspaper."

"'Guide for morons.'" Miss Lee considered it as if he had submitted it in earnest. "No, I don't believe my department could run under that head. You see, lots of my readers wouldn't know what the word 'moron' meant. I myself had thought of writing under the caption, 'The Helping Hand,' but I'm not entirely satisfied with that. It lacks something."

"It's too prosaic," George decided. "There isn't any color in the picture it presents to the imagination. Why not something more poetic and flowery like 'The Silver Lining'?"

"Oh, that's it!" Annabelle clapped her hands together in appreciative excitement. "That head has everything. And it is so hopeful."

"That's what I thought," George agreed grimly. "It's helpful, hopeful hokum."

"Hokum?" Annabelle repeated vaguely. "I don't think we used that word on the Whistleburg *Whatdoyoucallit*. Just what does it mean?"

"Hokum means anything that wrings a tear or a laugh out of the boob section of the public. It is usually old stuff and doesn't necessarily have any sense to it."

"Oh, I see. It isn't quite the same as hooey, is it?"

"Hooey?" George was stung to a sudden swift glance at his *vis-à-vis*. She still *looked* innocent. "Where did you learn that word 'hooey'?"

"I haven't really learned it yet. I just heard Mr. Johnson use it for the first time a few minutes ago. It's what he said your column was—a bunch of hooey. Hokum and Hooey—it sounds like the name of a vaudeville team." She laughed: "Hokum and Hooey, Annabelle and George; comedy acrobats, ballad singers, hoofers and hoppers; can double in saxophones for street parade."

"You *do* know the language of Broadway," said George reproachfully.

"Only from reading Nellie Revell's book 'Right off the Chest.' I learned a lot from that—things besides slang, I mean."

"Yeah, I know. She's full of hope, just as you are."

"And she got well, too, didn't she?"

"I don't know. She says she did."

"Then she did. That's one of the nice things about hokum. It almost always comes true."

"My God," groaned George, "are you as cheerful as this always?"

"Why, yes."

"Then," he declared, "I'll have to do all my work at home. My brand of pessimism could never flourish in the same office with a sunflower. In a few days you'd have me conducting noonday sunshine services in the alley for the newsboys. I mustn't talk to you any more. You'll corrupt my immorals. Bill said to take you out and introduce you to the gang. Let's get it over, and then I can go out and get about two fingers of hydrochloric acid to restore my disposition to normal."

"All right." Annabelle Lee smiled appreciatively at his hyperbole and started to rise from her chair.

She got up all right, but her dress caught on something which threw her off balance, and she slipped rather awkwardly to the floor.

George sprang belatedly to her assistance and helped her carefully to her feet. For a moment he stood with his arm around her, steadying her.

During that moment he became conscious that what his arm

"Say, d'you think I've been running your department for you all this time just to turn it over to some sap? Who is this nit-wit you're engaged to?"

encompassed was not soft and pliable flesh. The girl's entire torso was encased in a steel harness or a cast.

No wonder she looked fat and clumsy!

For a second he almost expressed a suddenly evoked and uncharacteristic sympathy, but he looked at her first. Her eyes telegraphed him not to. "It's something I never mention," they said.

So he too said nothing about it then or later, but he knew why Nellie Revell's book had made such an impression on her.

And he knew instinctively that she did not want to be accorded any special consideration on account of her physical disability. So at that instant he adopted a policy that was to continue during the entire duration of their relationship, the policy of being more brusque and more sharply satirical with her than with anyone else with whom he came in contact. He somehow knew that she reacted favorably to being treated rough.

Bill Johnson had assigned her to a desk adjacent to George's own corner enclosure. They had a certain amount of privacy which daily grew less as the gang got better acquainted with Annabelle.

For Annabelle turned out to be a wow. She clicked with everybody she met, from the owner of the newspaper down to the copy-boys who tried to make up errands they could do for her.

Even the other women employees liked her. "They would," George reflected with cynical accuracy. "The cowardly sex realizes that there is no danger of real rivalry from a cripple."

But association with women did Annabelle a lot of good. Either by emulation or direct assists, she acquired a more conventional wardrobe and a coiffure which, while still pre-deluge as to length, was more becoming as a frame for her rather childlike features. She turned out to be absurdly young-looking, at least in the face—especially so considering that she must have had a rather painful existence.

George would often look over at her there at her near-by desk, smiling complacently as she turned out typewritten drivel by the yard, and marvel at the confident cheerfulness of her. The woman just couldn't have any brains. Didn't she know that the world wasn't giving her a fair break?

Bah! George would turn from such a contemplation of her dumb and unreasonable happiness and overwrite his column with scathing sarcasm about the exasperating inconsistencies of the feminine clucks. All in all, Annabelle was a great stimulus to George. He wrote more and funnier under the goad of her visible presence than he ever had before.

Of course he could not directly guy her work, now that she was employed by the same newspaper, but he did manage to inaugurate a more or less subtle burlesque of it under the sub-heading, "Hope for the Hopeless," in which he pretended to deal with the troubles of imaginary correspondents.

One of the initial entries under that banner was:

"'Dear Miss Holcomb: Our dam cow simply will not give milk. What is there to be cheerful about in that case?

"'Orphan Annie.'

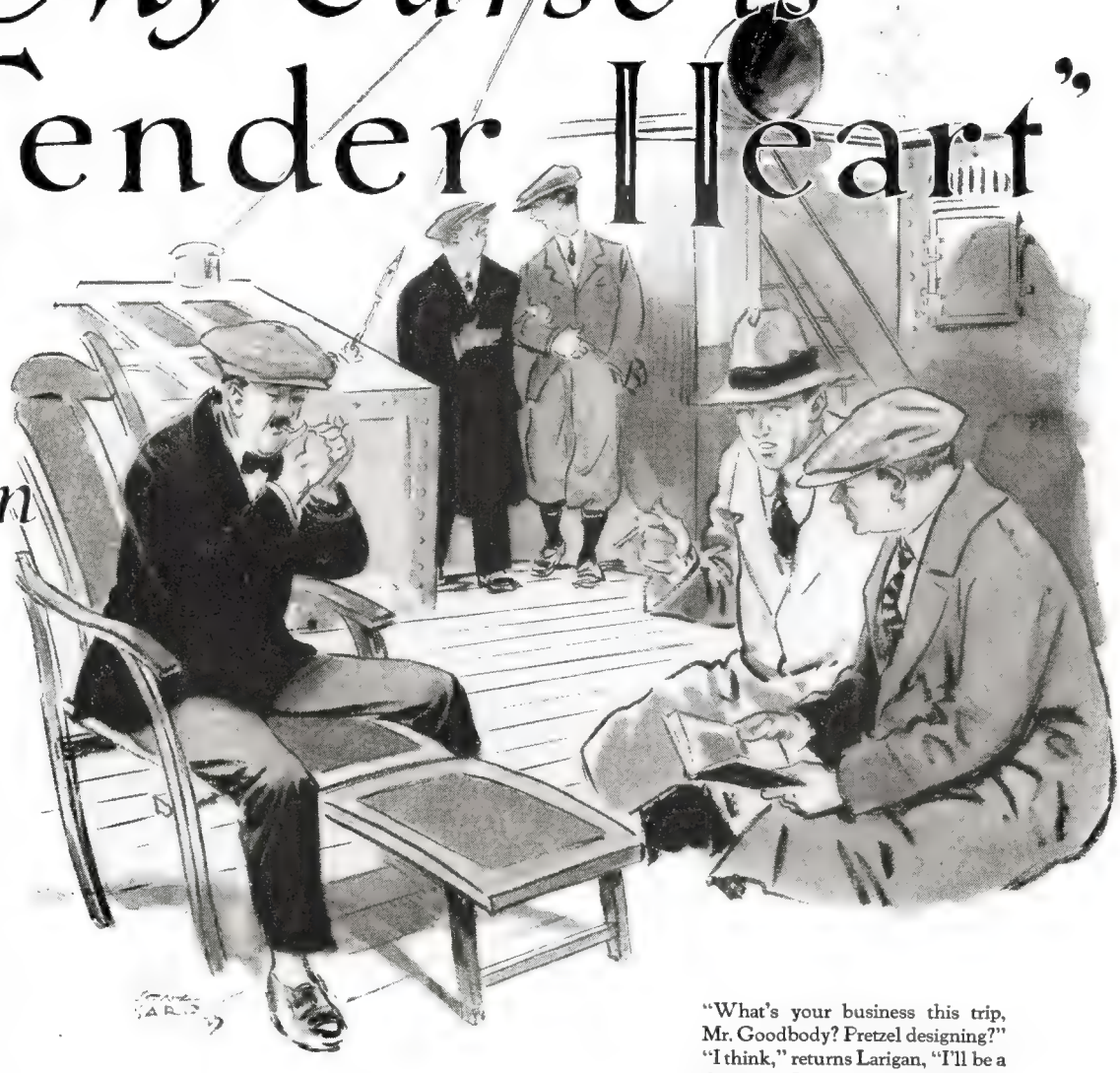
"'Why, Annie, you ought not to blame your poor heifer for not giving milk. You should be thankful for whatever she does for you. In asking for blessings it is best not to be too specific. Are you sure that your cow is not a toreador's pet?'"

If Annabelle was punctured by *(Continued on page 92)*

"My Curse is a Tender Heart"

By Sam Hellman

Illustrated by Tony Sarg



"What's your business this trip, Mr. Goodbody? Pretzel designing?" "I think," returns Larigan, "I'll be a druggist. I once worked half a day in a pharmacy."

IT was at breakfast the morning after the sailing of the *Luxoria* that I meets up with Ease Larigan. He slithers into the seat opposite me with all the clatter and crash of an eel gliding through a pool of oil. That's Ease all over—noiseless.

"Hello, crook," I greets him cordially. "Got your oceans mixed, haven't you?"

"Nope, bandit," returns Larigan. "This is the Atlantic, isn't it?"

"That's the gossip up in the smoke-room," I admits, "but when did you and the Pacific split up?"

"Well," says Ease, "it seems that some bozo got hooked for twenty grand by a couple of slick digits on a China boat a month or so ago. He let out a non-stop yowl—"

"Just at that time," I cuts in, "I suppose you were in Muscatine, Iowa, arranging to buy a franchise in the Epworth League."

"Not exactly," returns Larigan. "By a strange coincidence I happened to be on the same steamer."

"And," I adds, "by even a stranger coincidence, you filled in a straight flush against the come-on's four bullets."

"Truth," says Ease, digging into his scrambled hen-fruit, "is a stranger to fiction, but such indeed was the peculiar chain of circumstances. However, you flatter me beyond my poor merits. It was only four typewriters that I topped."

"Am I to believe," I comes back, "that you committed the crudity of drawing a queen into your straight flush?"

"Hardly," smiles Larigan. "I discarded a queen to make the hand. No," he goes on, "they had nothing on me, but the Pacific Mail and the P. and O. suggested that I take my cards and spades elsewhere."

"So," says I, "the Atlantic is to have the benefit of your company with the original cast."

"There have been a few changes," returns Ease. "Gumshoe Hawkins is still with me, but Joe Silvers has given me the out. How'd you like to cut in and play the part of the North Dakota granger who doesn't know a card from a caboose?"

"Be yourself, bobo," I growls. "This *filet mignon* is no longer fish. For two years, now, I've been so honest there's talk in Chicago of having me pinched for blocking traffic."

"Off the pasteboards altogether?" inquires Larigan.

"And how!" says I. "In the set I dissipate with now, we play for burned matches. It's only when we have a round of roudles on four pictures or better that you can put a good match in the pot. We settle ten on the hundred."

"Well," shrugs Ease, "I knew a feller once that was honest, and he got along pretty good. You're not disgustingly honest, are you?"

"Don't worry," I assures him, "about me acting the crab and crabbing your act. My honesty doesn't fit so tight it hurts. And I'm not looking for a percentage of the net for padlocking my trap, either."

"That's right handsome of you," says Larigan.

"Handsome, nothing," I grunts. "I'm doing a public service. Any sap that'll sit in on a poker fiesta with lads he doesn't know from the cradle, ought to be trimmed to the skin. Money in his hands is just as much of a menace as a bottle of nitro in the mitts of a baby with the palsy. However," I adds, "you're not going to find the pickings so easy on this duck-pond."

"Why not?" demands Ease. "Don't three of a kind beat aces up on this man's ocean?"

"They do," says I, "but it's harder to dress up a table with come-ons who'll hold aces up against a stranger's threes. In the first place the mob on these canoes is wiser than the crowd you've been hooking up with. In the second place, the Atlantic liners are all cluttered up with signs warning the customers against getting into friendly games with smoke-room athletes."

"Signs, my eye!" comes back Larigan. "They've even got 'em hanging on the equator out in the Pacific—but they don't stop anybody. I won fifteen hundred iron men one trip from the guy

that wrote 'em, and a grand from the bird that had 'em hung up. They've got 'Stop, Look and Listen' signs at every grade-crossing in America, but aren't there plenty of lads that'll gamble with a locomotive that's a perfect stranger to them?"

"Perhaps," says I; "but you'll find a cannier layout to deal with and deal to on this oil-can."

"Of course," returns Ease, sugaring his Java, "I've never trotted out my technique on this side of the Big Chaser, but I find that the yokel rate per thousand is about the same wherever you go, with a slight increase in Manhattan and Cook County. Aren't there just as many take-a-chance boys heading for Europe as there are trekking for Hawaii and China and Australia?"

"Probably," I agrees; "but from what I've seen of the passengers on this packet, it's going to take some technique to pry the leather-vests loose from their pokes. Most of 'em look like high, loose and liberal plungers who'll bet you it's wet any day it rains if you give 'em the right odds."

"Not to this camera-eye," comes back Larigan. "As a matter of fact, I've already cut out of the herd a couple of bozos with wads burning holes in their pockets and crying for a father's care. The stuffed shirt that just walked by the table is one of 'em. Name's Duffield; he's got a dollar for every brunette in Africa."

"From where I sit," says I, "he stacks up like the kind of frozen face you can't even get near without a letter of introduction and a litter of personal magnetism."

"Honesty," remarks Ease, "apparently has dulled your wits. Before the day's out, Duffield'll be begging me to take a hand in a small game, and he wont take no for an answer, either. Gumshoe's planting the seed. All I do is mow the lawn."

"Who's the other sucker?" I inquires.

"A young feller," returns Larigan, "I seen turn fifteen thousand fish-skins over to the purser for safekeeping. Monicker's Gilbert—Dan Gilbert. He's going over to Paris on some business deal that calls for cash on the hoof."

"Nice piece of change," I comments, "but what makes you think he'll peel freely? Maybe he's an Armenian brought up in Scotland and has only one-way pockets."

"They could even be lined with fish-hooks," says Ease. "Once I get him to lose even a ten-cent pot, I fetch him for the whole roll."

"How do you figure that?" I asks.

"People," replies Larigan, "don't go broke holding losing hands."

"No?" says I. "What breaks them, then?"

"Trying to get even," returns Ease. . . . .

I've got a box seat when the curtain rises on Larigan's play. We're stretched out on steamer-chairs, me getting an eyeful of ocean and Ease reading "The Life and Letters of Bishop Atwell," when Duffield strolls up with Gumshoe Hawkins.

"Care about sitting in a little game of penny ante?" inquires the come-on after a few cracks about how much weather we've been having lately.

"No, thanks," comes back Larigan coldly. "I make it a rule never to play with strangers."

"Strangers?" blusters Duffield. "Do I look like a card-sharp?"

"I never knew," returns Ease dryly, "that there was any standardized look for card-sharps. At any rate," he adds, "I merely observed that you were a stranger."

"You may have heard of me," says the sucker, producing a card. "I'm J. Horace Duffield, of Duffield, Duffield, Duffield and Duffield, Investments. This gentleman is Amos Crane, one of the biggest merchants in Des Moines."

"Des Moines?" brightens up Larigan, at that. "Know De Witt Stevens?"

"Do I know De Witt?" beams Gumshoe. "Do I know my own mother? What a laugh they'll have at Rotary when I tell 'em I was asked if I was acquainted with De Witt. Why, me and him's so thick they say out in Des Moines that I get a toothache when he has a cavity. Ever meet his wife?"

"No," says Ease. "She was a Miss Brennan, wasn't she?"

"Yeh," comes back Hawkins. "One of the Ottumwa Brennans. She's loads of fun. Where did you meet up with De Witt?"

"At the Iowa Moose convention," replies Larigan. "You may have heard him speak of me. Goodbody's the name, Jasper Goodbody."

"I sure did," says Gumshoe, "and from what he told me," he adds slyly, "you two boys did some cutting-up together."

"A little," smiles Ease. "I'd be glad to play cards with a friend of Stevens, but—"

"I'll guarantee Duffield," cuts in Hawkins. "He's one of us. How about you?" he asks me. "Want to take a hand?"

"Not me," says I. "I gave up sitting up all night with sick poker-hands years ago. I'll maybe come around a little later and kibitz awhile."

"There's a lad over there who looks kind of lonesome," remarks Larigan, pointing to a well-built young fellow leaning against the rail several yards away.

"He's got a wife with him," objects Duffield.

"Then he's a cinch for a card-game," says I. "I'll bet he'll grab you around the neck and kiss you if you ask him."

"I'll try him," agrees the customer, and the blind goes over to lead the blind into Larigan's trap.

"Remember," whispers Ease to Gumshoe, "you're from Des Moines. Don't let your tongue slip on a couple of cocktails and begin bragging what a great nine o'clock sport you are in Tampa, Florida, or Androscoggin, Maine."

"I wont," promises the slicker, "and you're a Moose. Don't go horning into the Elks by mistake. By the way," he

"Please do," begs the gal. "Dan's been drawing money from the purser all morning. I'm so unhappy I could drown myself."

adds, "what's your business this trip, Mr. Goodbody? Pretzel designing?"

"I think," returns Larigan, "I'll be a druggist. I once worked half a day in a pharmacy."

"Gilbert's hooked," announces Ease, as the young fellow towed by Duffield approaches. "Did De Witt ever tell you," he gabbles on to Gumshoe, "how me and him put over Joe Duffus on the platform committee—"

A half-hour or so later when I strolls into the smoke-room I finds the four of 'em and two other lads attracted by the scent of poker chips, picking 'em up and laying 'em down. Larigan's using his usual come-on technique.

Gilbert opens a pot for a dollar—the limit. I'm standing behind Ease's chair, and I sees his hand—a six of spades, an eight of diamonds, a ten of hearts, a queen of clubs and a trey of spades—a layout with no pride of ancestry or hope of posterity.

"Let's keep out the grocery clerks," suggests Larigan, shoving in two blues.

"And the farmhands," says Gumshoe, tilting the pot one more.

"Also the soda-jerkers and the able seamen," grins Gilbert, seeing the raises and topping 'em.

Ease draws two cards to his eight, ten and queen. The chances of filling a straight open two ways in the middle are just about as good as my chances of becoming the queen mother of Arabia, but Larigan hooks the rare and needful.

Gilbert, who's also drawn two cards, bets. Ease raises, and the rest of the chip-chauffeurs drive into the discard.

"What you so proud of?" asks Larigan, after calling a reraise from the youngster.

"Three little ace boys all in a row," returns Gilbert, facing 'em up. "What does it beat and by how much?"

"My threes and plenty," grunts Ease, and tosses his queen high straight into the deck. "If this keeps up," he adds, fingering the few whites and reds before him, "I'll be coming back this way in the hayloft of a cattle boat."

"And I'll be one of the crew," remarks Gumshoe, who's down to the cloth.

For an hour or more I watch Larigan staging his come-on charity and advertising gag, letting Duffield and Gilbert and the other two entries raise him out of pots he's got cinched, permitting himself to be caught out on limbs and otherwise playing the game with all the skill and finesse of a blind Eskimo doing fancy Irish lacework for the first time. The fruit's not yet ripe enough for the plucking, and from what I know of Ease's system, it wont be till every last picture card in the deck has been pinked.

You know what pinking is, of course. No? Well, it's the highest art of the manicure applied to the backs of cards. Give a slick digit a sharp set of scratchers, and in the course of time he'll have every ace and picture in the pack nailed and identified for future reference. You may not think that merely knowing the distribution of high cards on your own deal would be such a bear of a percentage in a six- or eight-handed game until you stop and figure that the swifty's not only pally with the prominent pasteboards in the deck but has a sidekick in the game to whipsaw the suckers with raises. You don't have to have more than a few sets of fours against full houses to make a tramp out of the Bank of England.

The stuff about sharks dealing from the top, middle or bottom and dragging aces out of their sleeves is mostly newspaper hooey. I never heard of but one slicker—a lad named Ladyfingers—who could give you the cards he wished, and I hadn't seen him operate. On the China boats, Larigan occasionally produced a fifth king or something, but only against saps dizzy with dope or drinks.

When I drifts up to the smoke-room just before dinner, the entire aspect of the little game of penny ante has changed. It's now five-dollar ante and ten-dollar limit, and both Ease and Gumshoe have a screen of chip stacks in front of 'em. Practically all the heavy play is between Larigan and Gilbert. The others are just anteing their lives away. The whipsaw is clicking on all its teeth.

I remains at the table long enough to see the youngster hooked for a couple of pots running into the hundreds. He's got nerve, and I'm almost sorry for him as he rushes in wildly, swinging raises right and left at a cool guy who's waiting for him with loaded gloves. But after all, why give a sucker an even break? He probably wouldn't know what to do with it.

"Make expenses?" I asks Larigan at the dinner-table.

"A fairish day, brother," he returns. "Three grand from Gilbert, one from Duffield and a few hundred apiece from the other big-game hunters. Don't you want to cut in for a piece of change tonight?"

"Nix, no and likewise not," says I. "Even the cockeye is quicker than my hand these days, and I'd be in the dishonorable position of having to play square in a crooked game."

"You don't think that I'd give you the run-around, do you?" demands Ease, indignant.

"I trust you," I assures him gently, "just about as far, conservatively estimated, as I can throw an overgrown elephant by its pin-feathers with my arm in a sling. You may mean well, but I never fail to count my fingers after shaking hands with you."

"I suppose," sneers Larigan, "folks find themselves with an extra finger after shaking hands with you?"

I develop such a distaste to watching the slaughter of the come-ons that I don't even go up to the smoke-room that night. I figure on staying away from the gamboleers for the rest of the hop, but such is not my luck.

"Got a straight?" asks Ease. "The information department," returns the other, "is around the corner. This is the investment department."

I'm on my way to breakfast next morning when I feels a light tap on my shoulder. Turning, I finds myself facing a dainty little knockout that I'd noticed on the promenade deck several times.

"May I speak to you a few seconds?" she inquires. Her lips are trembly, and her eyes are sad with the hang-over of a cry in 'em.

"If you don't," I comes back, gallant, "the trip'll be a total loss for me."

"The man sitting at your table in the dining-room," she goes on. "Do you know him well?"

"Ease?" I returns. "Easy," I catches myself. "I mean he's easy to know—sociable and all that."

"Is he a professional gambler?" she blurts out.

"Goodbody!" I exclaims. "He's a druggist from Syracuse. What makes you think he's a gambler?"

"I'm Mrs. Gil-

"For the rest of the trip," says the captain, "I shall have to ask you gentlemen to remain in your cabins. Professional gamblers—"

bert," returns the eyeful. "My husband has been playing cards with him, and has already lost over five thousand dollars. I know Dan's being cheated."

"Have you told your husband what you think?" I asks.

"He wont listen to me," she sobs. "And the money isn't his to lose. He's taking it abroad for his firm. . . . . I don't know why I'm telling you this, but I got to do something or he'll be ruined. For all I know," she goes on, agitated, "you may be a confederate of his."

"I'm not," I assures her.

"No," says she with a faint smile. "I don't think you are. You look honest and kind."

"Have you told anybody else about your suspicions?" I inquires.

"I'm afraid," she returns. "Dan would almost kill me if I went to the captain or the purser—"

"Well," I cuts in, "you may be all wrong about Goodbody being a shark. He's perhaps just had a run of cards. They may run for your husband the rest of the trip, and you'll be spending the winnings on the Rue de la Pay-as-you-enter."

"I wouldn't be afraid at all," says Mrs. Gilbert "if the game was square. Dan is a wonderful player—he's wonderful at everything, but how can anybody win against cheaters?"

"Just in what way do you think he's being cheated?" I asks. "You must remember there are other men in the game, besides a whole mob looking on."

"I have no idea," she returns, "but don't gamblers mark cards? I read some place where they scratch them with their finger-nails or something."

"It's been heard of," I admits.

"Wont you please talk to Mr. Goodbody?" she pleads. "Maybe he'll give the money back if he knows it isn't really Dan's. Perhaps you can frighten him into it. . . . . We've only been married six months, and my whole life is being ruined in that smoking-room." And the big blue eyes go rainy.

"I don't know what I can do," I mutters, dubiously, "but I'll see."

Along about noon I drifts up to the smoke-room, but there's no game in progress. From the steward I learns that Larigan and Gilbert had played two-handed stud for an hour or so, after which they had retired to Ease's stateroom for greater privacy. I have no idea of crashing the slicker's cabinet.

As I'm going in to lunch, Mrs. Gilbert stops me. "Have you seen him?" she asks eagerly.

"No chance yet," says I. "I'll talk to him at the table if he comes in."

"Please do," begs the gal. "Dan's been drawing money from the purser all morning. . . . . I'm so unhappy I could drown myself."

"Forget it," says I, patting her shaking shoulders. "Everything'll work out all right."

I've almost finished my meal when Larigan oozes into his seat. He's got the smile that launched a thousand chips which brought back several prizes apiece.

"Where you been hiding out?" I asks.

"Me and Danny boy," returns Ease, "have been shooting a little private table-stakes stud in my stateroom."

"What's the matter, jackal?" I grunts. "Do you have to drag your kill into a cave to tear it to pieces?"

"We had to duck," explains Larigan. "Gilbert's skirt's been hanging around trying to smear up the works."

"How much you got him in the red now?" I inquires.

"A mere matter of seventy-five hundred," comes back Ease. "I'm billing him for the rest of the roll this afternoon."

"Tell me," says I, "what kind of a game of stud does Gilbert play?"

"The kind the doctor ordered," grins Larigan. "High and wide."

"Assuming the game was square," I continues, "what sort of chance would he have against you?"

"Fifty-fifty," returns Ease. "He knows his cards and spades well enough."

"Well," says I, looking Larigan straight in the pan, "he's going to get a chance to show me."

"Oh, ho," laughs Ease. "Want to dunk your bread in the gravy, eh?"

"Nope," I comes back, "I'm just going to kibitz while you and Gilbert play on the up and up."

"What's the joke?" frowns the slicker.

"Just a little piece of high-seas humor," I replies. "You've crooked the boy out of half his poke. The rest you win honest or not at all."

"Huh?" mumbles Larigan.

"My curse," says I, "is a tender heart. As you know, I quit the sharping profession because of the attacks of sentiment I used to get every time I rolled a rube into ruin. I got an acute attack right now."

(Continued on page 140)

The ASSASSIN

THE great dusty limousine appeared a Frankenstein gone mad! On and on beneath a whitish moon it plunged, rocking down mountain curves, skidding on corners. Barstow, Summit, Victorville—through San Bernardino. Three times since sunset had motor-cops pursued. But a stoical negro worked the big wheel expertly. Their quarry soon vanished down asphalted distance.

The wizened little passenger exulted: San Bernardino to Cucamonga; Cucamonga to Upland; across into Claremont; La Verne and Azusa—Monrovia, Arcadia. Finally Foothill Boulevard.

Up in Altadena far-flung Los Angeles was a Sea of Fallen Stars. Toward a cañon in the hills the limousine now veered. Massive gates banked by acres of thick shrubbery hid a wide Italian house. White walls, long flanked balconies, ghostly white curtains—these stood out sharply in strong lunar brilliance. Yet the great pile was darkened. Even the globes on the gate-posts were lampless.

The tired limousine reached the gates of this estate.

No one saw its arrival; the district was deserted. The little man climbed down. Pushing open the gates, he swung back to the running-board. The car purred forward and mounted the drive.

Its journey ended at the foot of marble steps. The motor died to silence—ear-splitting silence broken only by insects. The piercing brightness of twin headlamps bored across a mystic, sleeping valley. Like a two-legged spider the speed-mauled passenger hurried up to the door.

Not more than five feet tall, he was, in a queer frock coat of antiquated cut. His black felt hat was circular and flat. Old-fashioned cylindrical cuffs slipped down on his wrists as a stubby thumb jabbed hard at the doorbell. Again and again it jabbed hard at the doorbell. At length a light showed.

"Who is it? What's wanted?"

"That you, Kling?" barked the one from below.

"Yeah. Who is it?"

"Me—Seba Fawkes."

"Where'd you come from now?"

"I'll tell you later. Be quick an' let me in."

"Sheriff Morse after you?"

"No. What about him?"

"They's warrants out. You know that, don't you? He's arrestin' us at daybreak."

The little man was startled. He glanced around in panic. But the nocturnal shrubbery showed no signs of life.

"Muffett was bad—irremediably bad. He killed cold-bloodedly, deliberately—a conscienceless assassin without one redeeming trait."

By William Dudley Pelley

Illustrated by Arthur E. Becher

"Turn off them headlamps!" he called to the negro. Then he kept in the shadow till the house had enveloped him.

A heavy-set man with domelike forehead, square shoulders and simian arms regarded the intruder in the strange white hall. He wore dressing-gown and slippers. His hair was disheveled; his eyes disclosed pouches.

"You darned ol' fool!" he exclaimed in disgust. "Don't you know you've come back to a trap?"

"No, I aint. I've found a way out."

The worry-plagued householder barred the great door. "Come into the library. You've found what way out?"

"They've really returned indictments ag'in' us?"

"I'll say they have—at four this afternoon. They'll round us up at dawn. They've got Wilkins already; caught him at the office."

"Has it got in the papers?"

"In the papers? Oh, Lord!"

They were scattered about the library, dozens of papers. Kling slapped one angrily where it lay on the table. The little man paled. A greenish lampshade illumined his countenance. It was evil-lined. When he pulled off the clerical-looking hat, his fringe of white hair seemed unhealthy. He smoothed the news-sheets while Kling strode the floor.

"Might as well get ready for our zebra-suits, Seba. I guess the jig's up. They've got us dead to rights."

All of the papers flaunted big-type "banners" smeared across front pages. They were fraught with catastrophe:

FAWKES FINANCE JAM UNDER GRAND JURY PROBE!

$50,000 Shortage Spells Investment House Crash

Failure of Fawkes-Panamint Mine Shows Illegal Conversion of Funds to Directors—Seba Fawkes Missing—State Corporation Commissioner Refuses Sale of More Securities While Small Investors Stand to Lose Life Savings

"Fifty thousand dollars wrecks us—a bally fifty thousand!" Kling's voice held a rasp.

"No, it don't, Jerem. Not by a damn' sight."

"I suppose you know where you can get fifty thousand dollars. After *this!*" The speaker cynically waved at the headlines.

"I do, Jerem. Yes."

Kling's thick eyebrows puckered. "Where you been? What is it you've done?"

The silence which followed the shot was horrible. Fawkes stood gazing at Tait, his gun-muzzle

"Found a way out. Found fifty thousand dollars."

A clock ticked somewhere—a grim, ghostly sentinel.

"Well," growled the first, "if you've found it, where is it?"

"I haven't got it on me. But I know where it is; that's why I came back. Since noon t'day I've bruk every speed law California ever had—to get down here an' tell you. *I've discovered Big Tait!*"

Kling sat down on the arm of a chair, staring. "You've discovered who?"

"I knew Anderson'd squeal. Wipplewaite warned me. I got outside the State. Keepin' my freedom, I might help the rest o' you. I went into Nevada an' headed for Reno. At twelve this noon I reached the minin' camp o' Coffin—you recollec' Coffin, an' how it was abandoned? The car needed water on the edge o' the camp. My nigger went one way; I went another. Explorin' the place, I come across Tait."

"Tait? *Tait?*"

"Bartholomew Tait. I knew him right off. But he didn't see me. I got away safely."

"You mean that outlaw who killed a guard at Quentin?"

"There aint a gray-haired banker in the West don't remember Big Tait an' the terror he raised some twenty year back. Wells-Fargo offered twenty thousand for his hide, dead or alive. Mind you, *dead or alive!* Santa Fe raised it ten. Bankers Association offered twenty thousand more. Don't know what the State o' California put up after his jail-break. Anyhow, he's up t' Coffin —Coffin, Nevada—I seen him there m'self."

"What's he doing up there?"

"Hidin', I s'pose. Las' place on earth that they'd ever think to look."

"Wait a minute! . . . . *Tait!* Say, I remember now. That's where he come from—Coffin, Nevada. I've heard my uncle speak o' the dance-hall he run. He killed a man named Rally—I think about some woman—"

"He's done lots worse'n that. Shot dozens o' people in his long career o' crime. He's a killer on principle—an all-around bad-man. It's a debt to society we'll be payin' to bag him."

"And he's hiding in Coffin?"

"In the back of a bank. Not another livin' soul there, that I could discover. Just up there alone, with the heat an' the lizards. Remember, Jerem, rewards aint outlawed in cases like Tait's. *Now* don't you see why I've come back here flyin'?"

Kling considered darkly. "But who's going to bag him?" he asked in slight petulance.

"It's up to us to do it—up to the Directors of the Fawkes corporation. It'll take more'n you an' me to fetch that feller in. An' to hire some outsiders means splittin' the reward. Wallace an' Grimshaw's gotta help us—"

"But I never went hunting a man in my life." After a moment, vehemently: "And I don't hanker specially to stalk this Big Tait."

"No," jeered the other, "you'd rather go to jail."

Kling flushed wrathfully. "Are you calling me a coward?"

"I'm sayin' it's up to us—whilst we got our freedom—to capture this outlaw an' fix up our finances. If we lay fifty thousand dollars, *new money*, on the blotter, we can fix the rest. I'd rather make the try than be allus a—a fugitive."

"Even if we tried it, we need some one along who can handle a gun. Tait was considered a hair-trigger expert—"

"I can find some one who'll handle a gun. I've thought it all out on that fast ride down."

wilting. Tait spoke: "Well, neighbor, you've got more nerve than you look for your size."

"Who do you know that wont want some reward?"

"A feller who wont be in any place to claim it. A chap named Muffett who's hidin' in Los Angeles."

Kling's frown snapped away. His big mouth dropped open. "You know Muffett—really?—personally? You mean that gunman who's wanted in New York?"

"Mile-Away Sweeney says when I helped him that if I ever wanted anyone for a matter o' gun-play, he knew where Slim Muffett could be got for a price."

"But there's a reward out for him—almost as much as there is for this Tait!"

"No, there aint. Just a measly five thousand, and five thousand wont help us. Muffett's the feller who suits our job fine. I'll offer him a thousand dollars to come along with us in case we have to fetch Tait in—dead. He wants money right now to get out of the country."

"But where'll we dig up even a thousand dollars to pay off Muffett—with the District Attorney in charge of our bank accounts?"

"Do you think I'm a fool? We'll pay Muffett *nothin'*. I said I'll offer it to him, but after he's turned the trick—after we've got Tait's body back here in Los Angeles—we'll tip off the officers where Muffett can be found. We'll not only collect that five thousand too, but they'll lug him back to York State an' give him the Chair. What's a better way to get rid of a feller you owe a thousand dollars?" And Fawkes laughed curtly—a dry, cackling smirk.

"I don't like it," Kling argued. But Fawkes cut him short.

"I don't care whether you like it or not. I'm the chief one interested, an' you'll do as I say. Get Wallace an' Grimshaw by tellyphone t'night. We'll start before daybreak an' reach Coffin by noon."

"You're sure o' getting Muffett?"

"If Sweeney's in Los Angeles, an' I rather think he is. I'll see him t'night an' be back by three A. M."

HE was a thin, wiry, sleek-faced fellow in his thirties. He wore an oversized buff-colored cap with swank—also tortoise-shell spectacles and a blue sack suit. In the suit a pin-line thread of white showed faintly; it gave his lean frame a well-groomed appearance. The soft white collar of a sport-shirt was upturned about his neck. His socks were black silk, his shoes patent leather.

Vaguely his face had a Mephistophelean cast—a high and slightly receding forehead, a thin, prominent, symmetrical nose, a well-chiseled mouth and a classic chin. His hair was neatly cut, his eyebrows thin and arched. He smoked cigarettes with careless abandon.

One mar on otherwise handsome and not unintelligent features was a sunken left eye—a dull, brown, lifeless eye which stared straight ahead and even in slumber was never quite closed. Ordinarily he conversed from one side of his mouth—not because he wished to affect undue toughness of character but because his front teeth were missing on the other.

"What's the use of gettin' 'em fixed up?" he remarked as the touring-car churned through heated sand. "I'll only have 'em knocked out again—when I get the third degree for this job or some other."

They were a queerly assorted party.

Wallace, in the front seat, was doing *(Continued on page 122)*

The Great Emerald

The master milliner of "The Green Hat" turns his talent for society satire to a great green gem—and proves himself a master lapidarist.

Illustrated by

Wallace Morgan

Mr. Curzon's features were arranged by Nature with a view to expressing (a) suspicion, (b) skepticism, (c) incredulity and (d) downright disbelief. "What a beautiful stone!" said Mr. Curzon.

IT cannot be too clearly understood that I do not know these people. Society has nothing to offer a serious man—that is my position. No one will deny, of course, that such a life has its uses. I am speaking of the life called high. No one will deny that it gives employment to a large number of people. Moreover, horses like it. On the other hand, it has aspects which must necessarily be offensive to a serious man. It is the intention to deal with those aspects truthfully and fearlessly.

You will be asking how I come to know such people. I do not. As a student of human nature, however, it is my duty to keep in touch with every corner of the community. Thus I hear of such people as Mrs. Angel and the fellow Dwight-Rankin from my cousin Pullman, who has degraded the exercise of a naturally feeble intelligence to the service of a man about town.

Mrs. Angel appears to have added to the advantages of being born the daughter of an admiral by having married a colonel. My cousin Pullman tells me that they are both dead. One can only regret, therefore, that one is too late to tender sympathy to the gallant men. Such women as Mrs. Angel are scarcely a credit to the Services; while as for that fellow Dwight-Rankin, one can only view with deep alarm the state of a country in which such men are permitted to die a natural death.

No one will deny that society should be a gathering of elegant people for the purposes of being elegant. One thinks of people in society as charming triflers. One imagines them as spending their days in bandying about airy nothings. One pictures them as nonchalantly engaged in the high-class diversions of golf, tennis and polo. One visualizes them as having a series of baths day and night with that fearless disregard for the after-effects of continual immersion in water which characterizes the inheritors of Vikings and Norsemen. One reads of them as going out in the evenings to dine off the more expensive fishes, the more picturesque birds and the palest vegetables. One does *not* think of them as preying on their fellows.

My cousin Pullman says that the present industrial conditions are to blame for that. He says that a beautiful widow like Mrs. Angel, finding herself in straitened circumstances, will avenge herself on the world at large. He says that she is quite right to get what she can out of life. You can see that my cousin Pullman is already tainted by the flippant materialism of the people with whom he passes his time. The influence of that fellow Dwight-Rankin is not only ruining his life, but undoubtedly shortening it. My cousin Pullman says that Dwight-Rankin breakfasts off two green olives and a biscuit soaked in rum.

Apparently it was Dwight-Rankin who introduced him to the beautiful widow Mrs. Angel. One imagines Mrs. Angel, from her frequent photographs in the modish journals, as living in surroundings of inconceivable luxury and polish. Actually, my cousin Pullman says, she lives in a garage not far from Buckingham Palace, but not very near either. The garage has been converted into a pretty-enough little flat, and there the fellow Dwight-Rankin and my cousin Pullman will sit with Mrs. Angel of an evening before dinner, and she will give them to drink, and they, my cousin Pullman says, will drink.

One evening Mrs. Angel greeted them with an abstracted air. Responding at last, however, to Dwight-Rankin's raillery, she admitted that she was thoughtful because, acting under the grave provocation of repeated invitations, she had at last promised to dine with Mr. Buggenshaw.

My cousin Pullman says he was thunderstruck. He did not know Mr. Buggenshaw personally—but who, he asks, has not heard of him? Indeed, Mrs. Angel's immediate future filled my cousin Pullman with profound depression. He saw her on the downward path, dragged down into the depths by moneylenders. He saw her ruined and desperate. That fellow Dwight-Rankin appears, on the other hand, to have viewed the possibilities with considerably less alarm. He merely suggested, with that offensive air of rectitude which has done so much to bring public-school men into discredit in the more virile colonies, that it was highly improper for Mrs. Angel to dine alone with Mr. Buggenshaw.

One can instantly see the fellow Dwight-Rankin's true character in the suggestion. He wanted a free meal.

My cousin Pullman, on the other hand, was actuated by the highest motives of chivalry in endorsing the fellow's suggestion. He says he drew a vivid picture of what might happen to

Mystery

By Michael Arlen

Mrs. Angel if she dined alone with Mr. Buggenshaw. Mrs. Angel was undoubtedly affected by this. My cousin Pullman drove home his advantage by reminding her with what consternation her late father, the gallant Admiral, and her late husband, the gallant Colonel, would view from on high the spectacle of their beloved dining alone with Mr. Buggenshaw.

"In fact," the gross Dwight-Rankin concluded, "there is only one way to put the matter right. Pullman and I will also dine with Mr. Buggenshaw."

My cousin Pullman says that Mrs. Angel's acceptance of the suggestion was cast in a thoughtful mold owing, as she pointed out, to the difficulty of introducing at the last moment two strange young men into Mr. Buggenshaw's house for no other apparent purpose than to drink Mr. Buggenshaw's wines and to eat Mr. Buggenshaw's dinner. One can see the fellow Dwight-Rankin expanding at the mere mention of food and drink. At his suggestion it was finally decided that Mrs. Angel's maid should ring up Mr. Buggenshaw's house to say that Mrs. Angel's two elder brothers had suddenly arrived from South America and might she bring them to dinner too?

My cousin Pullman says that, though actuated by the highest motives of chivalry, he was far from feeling comfortable about the whole affair. He says that whereas his feelings for the beautiful Mrs. Angel were the very opposite of brotherly, the mere suggestion of such a relationship to Dwight-Rankin filled him with apprehension.

Musing thus, he sat staring at Mrs. Angel. She, thoughtful too, was playing with a ring on the third finger of her right hand. It was a great emerald, shining deep and dark in the shadows where Mrs. Angel sat resting. Staring at it, my cousin Pullman meditated on human vanities, on the worthlessness of precious stones in the ever after, on the salvation of the soul, on money.

"Why," he ventured at last, "don't you sell that emerald? It is, after all, better to sell everything than to dine with Mr. Buggenshaw. Why, a stone like that must be worth a couple of thousand pounds!"

"Oh, it was!" sighed Mrs. Angel. "In fact, two thousand five hundred was what I got for it."

"Do you mean to say," said the fellow Dwight-Rankin, "that you've sold the real emerald and that's a dud?"

"But it's a good dud, isn't it?" smiled Mrs. Angel, holding the great emerald up for him to examine. One can imagine the fellow devouring it with his conceited eyes. One can imagine him twiddling about with it under the light as though he knew a thing or two—which was obviously about all he *did* know.

"I paid forty-two pounds," sighed Mrs. Angel, "to have that copy made from the original stone."

Dwight-Rankin at last gave it back to her, complimenting her on a perfect imitation emerald. "I'd bet anything," the fellow added, "that it would take in anybody who didn't know something about emeralds."

My cousin Pullman here makes a confession. He says it was he who suggested that they should try "the emerald" on Mr. Buggenshaw to see if he was as clever as he was rumored to be.

One cannot, in this whole business, help sympathizing with Mr. Buggenshaw. No doubt, he was not a good man. No

doubt, he was a grasping and unscrupulous financier. Nevertheless, it appears that he welcomed my cousin Pullman and the fellow Dwight-Rankin in all good faith as Mrs. Angel's brothers, and was more than cordial in his hospitality. Moreover, of the ingredients of that hospitality, both separately and as a whole, my cousin Pullman speaks very highly indeed.

The fellow Dwight-Rankin, it appears, was in high good humor from the very beginning. He did not so much drink the proffered cocktails as delete them. My cousin Pullman says that Mr. Buggenshaw was undoubtedly puzzled by some of the things the fellow said, and that, as they sat down to dinner, it was with an effort that the good man pulled himself together and, turning to the hitherto silent Mrs. Angel, said heartily:

"Well, well, it is indeed a pleasure to see you again, my dear Mrs. Angel. You have not allowed me the privilege for years—not since poor Angel died, I believe."

The last remark, my cousin Pullman says, was unfortunate, as it was well known that Mr. Buggenshaw had so pestered poor Colonel Angel to repay loans which the gallant Colonel had done Mr. Buggenshaw the honor to borrow from him, that the persecuted soldier had embraced death from pneumonia with relief. Therefore, actuated by the highest motives of chivalry, my cousin Pullman was about to change the subject when the fellow Dwight-Rankin, doubtless with the same idea in mind, in so far as he was capable of entertaining an idea, raised his very second-rate voice and said:

"Tell us about yourself, Mr. Buggenshaw. How is business these days? For my part, I am finding the usual difficulties. As a confirmed borrower of twenty years' standing I must say, Mr. B., that I find you moneylenders extraordinarily skeptical about the financial background of a gentleman's word of honor."

One sympathizes with Mr. Buggenshaw. He had been brought up in England on the clear understanding that a gentleman may commit murder but must never (a) shoot a fox, or (b) talk of money. And here, at his very dinner-table, was a so-called gentleman committing (b). My cousin Pullman says that the atmosphere throbbed with Mr. Buggenshaw's correct indignation.

"Sir," said Mr. Buggenshaw at last, "I do not lend money. I negotiate loans."

My cousin Pullman says that, actuated by the highest motives of chivalry, he sought to distract his host by addressing him in the following terms:

"You will no doubt be wondering, sir," said my cousin Pullman, "how it is that my brother and I have different surnames."

"Now you mention it," said Mr. Buggenshaw coldly.

My cousin Pullman was then about to develop a lie or two in a cultured way when the fellow Dwight-Rankin, filling his inferior mouth with caviar, said:

"It is due to the fact that our mother, my dear Mr. B., had a highly developed talent for marriage."

"Quite," said Mr. Buggenshaw coldly.

"In all," continued the fellow Dwight-Rankin, sipping his champagne with offensive enjoyment, "our mother married three times, and we three are each the children of different fathers. Her last two husbands were not, unfortunately, up to the standard set up by the first, who was a remarkably able and handsome man, and whose son I am. Of her second husband, a Mr. Pullman, we cannot say too little. He died of drink, and his son, I regret to say, is an interesting if somewhat unwholesome example of the effects of heredity on a naturally weak constitution. Her third husband, on the other hand, Mrs. Angel's father, was a very lovable man, but singularly lacking in character. Having gambled away two fortunes, he died of eating pickled herrings on an empty stomach after a night's card-playing and left his daughter penniless—except for that magnificent emerald ring!"

Whereupon the fellow Dwight-Rankin kicked my cousin Pullman under the table to remind him to play up to the exceedingly overrated joke about the "emerald." But before he could so demean himself, Mr. Buggenshaw had turned to Mrs. Angel with a gentlemanly smile.

"I have," said he, "already remarked your emerald. As you know, Mrs. Angel, I am considered to be something of a connoisseur of precious stones. I therefore take this opportunity of congratulating you on the possession of a singularly fine emerald."

My cousin Pullman says he was thunderstruck. On the other hand, it was with difficulty that the fellow Dwight-Rankin repressed a boorish guffaw. The fellow turned with an objectionable air of solemnity and asked:

"How much, my dear Mr. Buggenshaw, would you, as a connoisseur, say an emerald like that was worth?"

My cousin Pullman says that it was with pleasure he heard Mr. Buggenshaw's dignified rebuke.

"One does not," said he, "talk of money while sitting at table."

"Well, get up and tell me," said the unattractive Dwight-Rankin.

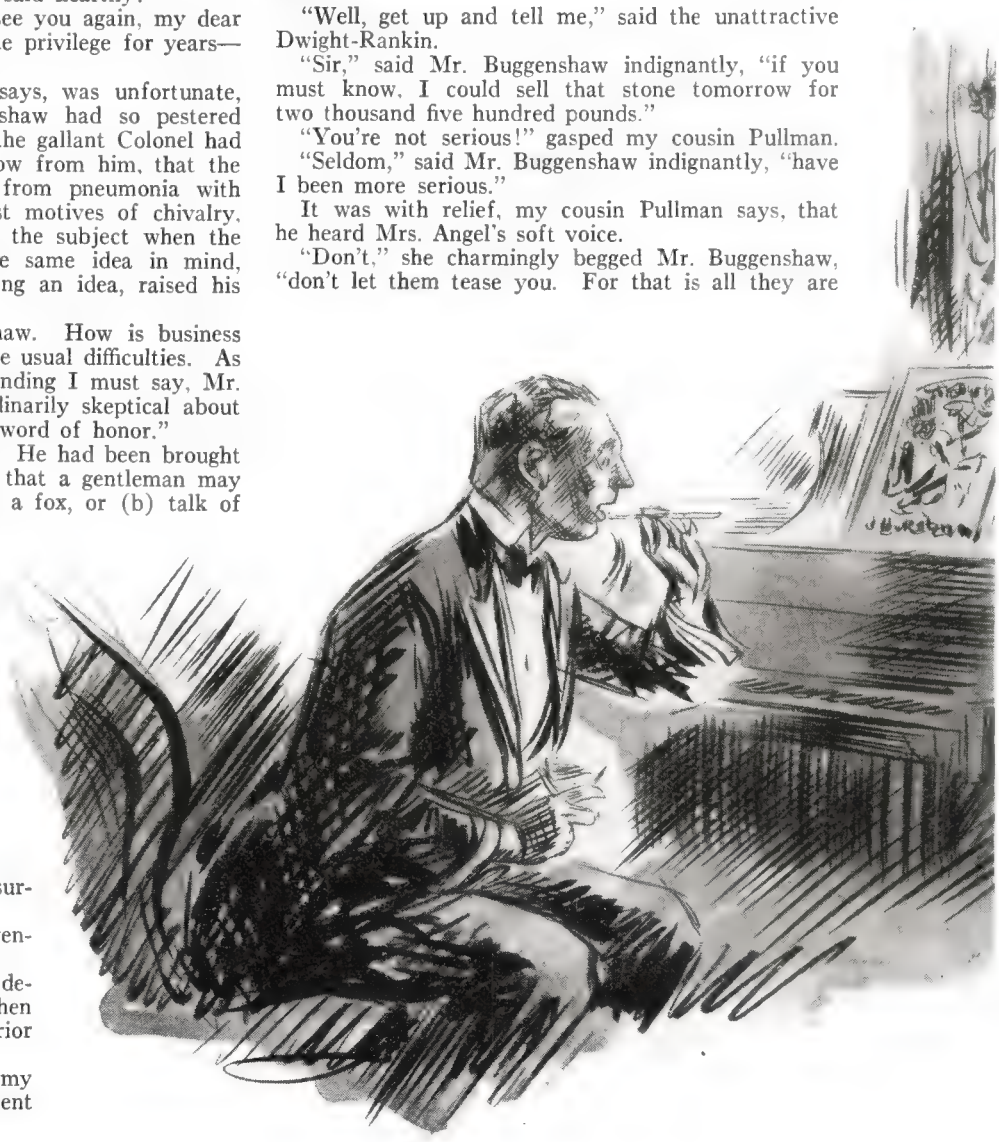
"Sir," said Mr. Buggenshaw indignantly, "if you must know, I could sell that stone tomorrow for two thousand five hundred pounds."

"You're not serious!" gasped my cousin Pullman.

"Seldom," said Mr. Buggenshaw indignantly, "have I been more serious."

It was with relief, my cousin Pullman says, that he heard Mrs. Angel's soft voice.

"Don't," she charmingly begged Mr. Buggenshaw, "don't let them tease you. For that is all they are doing. They know as well as I do that this isn't a real emerald at all."



My cousin Pullman says that Dwight-Rankin's uneducated laughter at his host's expense must have been peculiarly offensive to one who, like Mr. Buggenshaw, had been brought up in England on the clear understanding that gentlemen do not laugh with their mouths open. He then swears that the following conversation took place:

MR. B: "You are telling me, my dear Mrs. Angel, that the emerald on your finger is false?"

MRS. A: "Oh, come, Mr. Buggenshaw! Of course it is false! And the boys were just trying to—"

MR. B: "But it is you who are trying to tease me, Mrs. Angel! That stone is no more paste than I am!"

My cousin Pullman says that at this point Dwight-Rankin made an interruption which took this form: "Good old Bug! Go it, baby!"

"Why," said Mr. Buggenshaw, very properly ignoring Dwight-

Rankin, "I don't even have to touch that stone to know whether it is real or not! Who, my dear Mrs. Angel, told you that it was paste?"

"I didn't have to be told," said Mrs. Angel, "as I had it made for me. It cost me forty-two pounds."

My cousin Pullman says that Mr. Buggenshaw received Mrs. Angel's statement with gentlemanly restraint. The dinner continued. The food was distinguished, the wine peerless. And behold, says my cousin Pullman, there was asparagus.

"Have you ever," said Mr. Buggenshaw to Mrs. Angel, "tried Tokay with asparagus? They go together very well."

When they had done, the fellow Dwight-Rankin apparently again began making an ass of himself about that emerald, saying:

Twiddling it under the light as though he knew a thing or two—which was obviously all he did know. "I paid forty-two pounds," sighed Mrs. Angel, "to have that copy made from the original stone."

"Imagine being taken in by a dud like that!"

"Sir," said Mr. Buggenshaw indignantly, "that is no dud!"

"Haw, haw!" said the fellow Dwight-Rankin. "Good old Bug!"

"I repeat," said Mr. Buggenshaw vehemently, "that Mrs. Angel is the fortunate possessor of a very fine stone worth not less than two thousand pounds."

"You are not serious," said Mrs. Angel.

My cousin Pullman says that nothing made Mr. Buggenshaw more indignant than being told he was not serious.

"But," said Mrs. Angel, "it would be sheer robbery on my part to take even fifty pounds for a little piece of paste! I might be arrested!"

"Arrested?" said Mr. Buggenshaw. "What for?"

"Good old Bug!" cried the low Dwight-Rankin "He'd know to a dot what one could be arrested for."

"Sir," said Mr. Buggenshaw, "I resent that."

"Rightly," said the tactful Dwight-Rankin.

My cousin Pullman says that, actuated by the highest motives of chivalry, he sought to distract his host's attention by breaking a few plates against the side of the table to the accompaniment of a negro song. He denies *in toto* the following allegations: (1) that he was under the influence of wine, (2) that he was under the influence of spirits.

On the contrary, he is ready to go into the witness-box and swear to the following conversation having taken place:

MRS. A: "Can it be that I am mistaken?"

MR. B: "It should not be possible—but that is a real emerald, Mrs. Angel."

D-R: "Good old Bug! What a man! What a connoisseur!"

MR. B: "Sir, I was not speaking to you."

D-R: "As your guest, Mr. B., I resent that."

My cousin Pullman says that at this point he would have arisen and left the building to mark his disapproval of Dwight-Rankin, had not the butler chosen that moment to pour him out a spot of brandy. As for the affair of the emerald ring, that was now quite beyond him. He was listening to the discussion with only half an ear, when a word woke him up. Nothing can be gained by concealing the fact that the word was "bank-notes."

"What!" said my cousin Pullman, startled.

Mrs. Angel looked round at him with eyes so bright that their effect, when my cousin Pullman again applied himself to the real business of life, was to make him think he was drinking blue brandy.

"Can you imagine it!" she laughed excitedly. "He is offering me two thousand pounds for this thing!"

"In bank-notes," said the attractive Mr. Buggenshaw. "I always keep a certain amount of ready cash on hand."

"But *look* at it!" cried Mrs. Angel, pulling off her ring and giving it to him. "You will see at once that it's only paste."

My cousin Pullman says that Mr. Buggenshaw's expression while examining the stone was one which manifested all the earmarks of an unusual degree of pleasure. He gave it back to Mrs. Angel with a smile.

"I shall get more than two thousand for it, Mrs. Angel," was all he said.

"And I can't be arrested for selling you an imitation stone?"

"The police cannot, and your conscience should not, trouble you, Mrs. Angel. You are not selling the ring under false pretenses."

"All the same, Mr. Buggenshaw, I am not going to let you spend such a large sum without first consulting an expert. I simply insist on that."

"As you wish, Mrs. Angel. But you *(Continued on page 90)*

Shall We Develop a New Leisure Class?

By

Mrs. Cameron Tiffany

FEW women in America are as well equipped by birth, background and perspective to deal with the problem here discussed as is Mrs. Cameron Tiffany. An aristocrat by birth, Mrs. Tiffany is intensely American, a passionate believer in the principles of our national democracy, and vitally modern in her point of view. A member of what is known as the most exclusive circles of society, and belonging to a famous old New York family, she is active in politics, gives generously to charities, is the member of various hospital boards, and during the War was one of the most prominent workers both here and in Europe in Red Cross and other war activities. Traveling throughout the length and breadth of the United States organizing the Red Cross in 1918, she came to see many sides of our national life, especially in the West, such as are unknown to many New York women. World travel, one trip taking her into the far Orient, has also widened her experience and point of view.

To the problem as to what America shall do with its increasing wealth—as to whether or not we shall develop a distinct leisure class here in America—she brings a background of a girlhood spent abroad. Her father, Sir Roderick Cameron, was a Scotchman whose father came to Canada as head of the Northwest Trading Company, the rival of the Hudson's Bay Trading Company, and who had built Fort Garry, the foundation of Winnipeg. Her mother was American, a daughter of Nathan Leavenworth, four of whose sons were killed in the Civil War. Her great-grandfather was one of the founders of Yale University.

Mrs. Tiffany, having lost her mother, was practically brought up by her aunt, Mary King Waddington, the wife of M. William Henry Waddington, French Ambassador to the Court of St. James for over ten years. Mrs. Tiffany was educated in French convents in Paris and on the Isle of Wight, and was presented at Court before she was seventeen. Madame Waddington was doyenne *of the diplomatic corps in London, and was an intimate friend of Queen Victoria and both King Edward and Queen Alexandra, then the Prince and Princess of Wales. The French Embassy was a scene of brilliant social affairs, the rendezvous of royalties and diplomats; and Mrs. Tiffany—permitted as a girl to come down to dinners at dessert—remembers world-famous personages most intimately. So it may be said that from girlhood Mrs. Tiffany has known what is called society, in its best sense, from the inside.*

Since her return to the United States when she was eighteen, shortly after which she married, Mrs. Tiffany has lived in New York. Making many visits abroad, she has never lost her European contacts. Familiar with the traditions and rigid conservatism of the Victorian period, she has observed changing conditions here, especially as they have affected the younger generation since the War. Has the change been for the better or worse?

We have become the richest nation on earth—what shall we do with our money? Shall we develop a leisure class, somewhat along the lines of Europe, which will not be ashamed of its leisure, and which may contribute to a new culture? To the discussion of these questions—of profound import in this day of unrest and change—Mrs. Tiffany brings a mature experience, a wisdom founded on world-wide social contacts, and a vital freshness of suggestion.

NO other country in the history of the world has ever accumulated such enormous wealth as America. Presumably we should be enjoying to the full the immense rewards which riches give. No other people on earth today are becoming financially independent in such mounting numbers and so quickly.

We have developed a vast middle-class whose comfortable fortunes should free them from material worries, of the need to work and accumulate further, and give them the power to afford everything, in a substantial way, which life has to give. Hundreds of thousands of these should be happy in possessing what they strained for and desired.

Our laboring classes are better paid and better off than the working element in any other country. They own, or are acquiring, homes—model dwellings and apartments supplied with plumbing, gas stoves, vacuum cleaners, washing machines—all and every convenience to lessen the burden of the housewife. All this makes for the ease and comfort of living.

In no other country have women such opportunities. Armies of girls earn salaries which make them independent; they can not only meet their needs but they enjoy luxuries. Girls who would, in Europe, be of the peasant and domestic classes, are able to dress as well, and even as fashionably, as the upper middle-classes. Professions formerly monopolized by men are now open to women, and they make their mark in the arts, sciences, law and finance. It is commonplace to hear of salaries from five thousand dollars to twenty-five thousand dollars a year being earned by business women.

We are universally becoming a moneyed people. We have come into an age of almost vanishing poor. All of this would presumably make for universal contentment, enjoyment and happiness. But does it?

Have you ever paused to observe the faces of the people you pass on the street—in busses, street-cars, subway trains, theaters and restaurants? If you have not already, make a mental note of the prevailing expressions on the faces you see; and you will probably ask, as I have, whether they betray a mental and spiritual condition—of certain things fundamentally wrong—in American life.

The people of America, surely those of large cities, have sad faces—not only sad but tense, drawn, solemn faces, sometimes

Photo by Samuel H. Gottscho.

Mrs. Cameron Tiffany

Above is reproduced a photograph of the Long Island country place which is Mrs. Tiffany's residence for a part of each year.

dissatisfied and always worried. Few seem pleased or pleasant, contented or even relaxed, and once your attention has been drawn to this condition of things, it becomes an obsession to look at the general mask of the passer-by with the desire to find yourself wrong. But you never are. Of course I am speaking of the solitary passer-by, not of those in conversation with a friend. I think, as a whole, we are an animated people in conversation—perhaps too animated for the conversation to be more than question and answer.

There is no European precedent for this gloom. In Norway, Sweden and Denmark it is a delight just to go about and mingle with the throngs. These northern people are not generally supposed to be effervescent or brilliantly temperamental; but they are pleasant-faced, amiable and happy. They enjoy their rest and recreation, and at all times are pleasantly at ease. In France, Spain and Italy one is constantly impressed by the extraordinary power of enjoyment that the working people find in the simplest pleasures. Even in England, where native spontaneity and humor are not supposed to be of an exaggerated quality, people's countenances are certainly more relaxed and more contented than in any part of our country. The British may look bored—oh, yes; but they do not wear the strained or distressed expressions you find on the majority of faces here. Even in the Far East where, heaven knows, there are millions of people who have a very good right to look tragic, one finds a complacency arising from philosophy which is far less distressing than the harried, nerve-tensioned features one meets in America.

Nor is this lack of repose and happiness confined to the faces of those you see rushing to their work in the morning or homeward in the late afternoon. I have watched solitary people entering or leaving a theater or motion-picture house who looked as if they were attending a funeral. Compared to the people of other countries where there is less money and where there would be presumably less means and opportunity for pleasure and play, our people *en masse* go about generally looking like tragedians.

What is back of it? Why is there so little ease and composure? Even the young seemed trained to an overseriousness and intensity in carrying the burden of life. It seems as if the blight of a premature age had descended upon the striplings, imposing a false responsibility.

What is wrong with American life today? What, with all our achievement, with our amazing massing of money, is missing?

It seems to me that our heritage—our Puritan ancestry—must carry the responsibility for this lack. Formerly the psychology of life in the United States was based on the insistence upon work. If you didn't work, you couldn't eat. If you didn't work, you should, in fact, suffer. That idea was the keynote of the Puritan existence. I think it has largely tinctured with its drab color the whole pattern of American life since then. Work being the most important thing in existence, it eclipsed everything else.

The Puritans, whom we have become accustomed to idealize as noble-minded and heroic pioneers, models of national virtue,

came to our shores as refugees who had, more or less, not been great successes in the scheme of life at home. Or if they had been measurably successful men, they frequently emigrated under a cloud—religious or political. They came seeking freedom from oppression, and new opportunities. Yet in founding a new democracy, they inflicted upon themselves the strictest kind of arbitrary and disciplinary government. They forced through laws to provide liberty which were so despotic they defeated their own ends. Those forefathers became the most dictatorial and dominating people, more uncharitable and bigoted than the rulers from whom they sought escape. They were class-conscious and self-conscious, especially of their own moral righteousness, and at once set about drawing lines of class distinction which survive somewhat to this day. Generally they hated the ruling classes of their native lands. They abhorred as lures and artifices of the devil everything which the cultured aristocracies of Europe enjoyed—luxury, leisure for pleasure and play, beautiful surroundings, paintings and statues, colorful clothing, jewels, dancing, music and song, mirth and laughter. All these spelled damnation for the soul. Yet they all desired money. They had a wholesome respect for the power of money, which they wished to acquire.

Coming to an inhospitable and uncultivated land where even the necessities for existence were hard to procure, work became the end and aim of existence, next to saving their souls for a heaven as disciplined as their life on earth. Labor, thrift and frugality, with a penny-pinching saving of money, were idealized into eminent virtues. Their men and women wore drab raiment, denied themselves nearly all beauty and pleasure, and rose in sanctity according to the depth of their drudgery. Their houses were bleak, bleaker than even necessity demanded. Their food was not only rendered poor by necessity, but tasteless by choice. They literally believed in earning their bread in the sweat of their brow and in eating it in sorrow all the days of their life. And certainly a large class of them found a morbid and almost perverse satisfaction in the doing of it. Sloth became one of the capital sins and those who idled were expected to suffer dire and divine punishments. Something gave birth then to the idea which has come down to us that anything to be really right must be fairly painful.

To understand the impress which the New England founders left upon American life, and the deep-rooted influence which descended as a heritage, it must be remembered that many of those refugees were not educated or cultured people. Many of them had middle-class limitations and exaggerated prejudices, associating the beautiful and finer things of life with the upper classes whom they hated as their oppressors. And so they came really to fear beauty and all the softer things which make life endurable. It would seem as if we have yet to escape from this Puritan blight and acquire the art of happy living.

IF the problem in America at one time generally concerned the necessities of life, that condition has utterly changed. We have passed, most of us, beyond the problem of necessities. Work has ceased to be the inevitable means and end of existence with a prodigiously growing number. The Puritan ideal that labor alone is noble is out-of-date. But, unfortunately, the influence survives.

With thousands of the newly rich and their families, the problem has become, not how they shall occupy themselves with further work, but how they shall use their opportunities for leisure. It would seem that we must abandon, or at least modify, the old ideas about the glory of industry and the ignominy of leisure. Therefore isn't the time ripe for, and don't conditions justify, the development of a new leisure class in America—people who, having attained an adequate financial competence, will be conscious of their rights and opportunities, who being free of that need will seek other things than making more money, who will develop a class philosophy and functions of their own, and for whom no apology need be made?

Must the enormous number of people who have accumulated comfortable fortunes in comparatively recent years, and their children, simply go on making money? Aren't there other and better ways in which they may occupy their time and employ their income? Having accumulated wealth, isn't the problem how best, with benefit to oneself and society, to expend it?

The Puritan founders were a one-sided and therefore unbalanced and morose lot, and their impress has made America lopsided. What we now need is a rounding out, with a development of our cultural faculties.

The main trouble in the United States is that our men still work too hard, and even when they play they take what little recreation they get with a deadly seriousness. I am speaking of the great middle-class who, like Mr. Sinclair Lewis' *Babbitt,* rush from their homes at nine A. M. and return after five P. M. They are practically strangers to their families. There is little home life here as Europeans know their homes, and as people get better off these conditions don't seem to improve. They send their children to schools and allow the family to travel—Paris in the spring, Florida in the winter. Sons of rich men who follow in their fathers' footsteps in finance or manufacture are looked upon as admirable citizens. But sons of rich men who raise horses, play polo or do nothing—even if they do no harm to anyone—are popularly considered wastrels open to censure. And until quite recently women of the leisure classes—popularly supposed to be occupied only in bridge, social frivolities, dancing, squandering fortunes while they neglected their children, or seeking to sell off their daughters to titled noblemen—were looked upon as beautiful drones of no use in human society. Industry and thrift, frugality and the saving of money, being national apotheosized virtues, our heroes were generals of finance, the commercial makers of America, bankers, manufacturers, empire railroad builders. To the young of the land they were held up with our eminent Presidents as models of what youth should strive to become. To work and to save was the way to success. To enjoy what success gives, or should give—to spend money, to enjoy luxuries—was looked upon with fearful misgivings. Instead of encouraging their sons in cultural pursuits, generally rich men tried to force them into commercial lines, often with dismal failure.

FOR women conditions have become infinitely better. In the last century many women of privileged position had no serious interests in life. The fight for suffrage and the attainment of the franchise brought about a change. Today I know few women in what is known as society, between the ages of twenty and fifty, who do not devote a great deal of time to constructive work. The average American woman was driven from leisure to occupation. Now, I think, we must drive the American man from business to leisure.

The word "relax" has been so overused that like many other popular words in America it has become a horror to hear. But in this case it is the only term that can express the first principle that must come to us before we can learn to benefit by our well-earned leisure; and we must, as a people, learn to make such uses of wealth as will contribute to the riches of culture as well as to individual happiness. And this applies to all classes if we are to ease the tension of our nerves and rid our faces of their solemnity. Perhaps Mr. Henry Ford is right in believing that the five-day week for workers is what we are coming to.

Our families of established fortunes and older independence must learn to devote more time to cultural occupations, as the aristocracy of Europe has done. They should seek to foster, by their own example and by financial backing, the development of the arts and sciences, sports, and such new fields as aviation. As the upper classes of Europe have done, they should take up politics as an avocation and by their activity in a field monopolized formerly by illiterate men raise the standards of American political life. By their own example of living, in manners, achievement and culture and by setting a standard of uprightness of mind, they should set a pattern for those who are rising from the bottom.

We are in fact tending toward such a defined and distinct leisure class, and this group of the sons of rich men has increased enormously in the past few years. Recently a newspaper published a roster of young men, all sons of rich fathers—Roosevelts and Bacons, Davisons and Mills—all prominent at this time in the politics of their party. It is to this class that we need recruits. Would not the crystallization of such a class, setting up standards and giving a new pattern to American life, be a good thing for us?

The course of history shows us that with the development of great wealth, either through production or conquest, every nation has evolved privileged classes who have dominated and colored the national life. In the prime of their vigor and culture, the superior classes of all countries held up exalted ideals, fulfilled high responsibilities and functioned usefully.

Aristocracy, a word generally misused in its strict sense, meant and means "rule of the best."

The glorious art of the Renaissance blossomed forth through the cultivation and financial help of the wealthy classes, the ruling families and rulers of the Church. Leonardo da Vinci began his magnificent career under the patronage of Lorenzo

the Magnificent and continued it by help of Ludovico Sforza, ruler of Milan, the Medici and King Francis I of France. Michelangelo developed his colossal art under the favor of his ducal patrons and the popes. The greatest art in the world has not grown out of unaided struggle and unrelieved poverty. The world's supreme literature was not inspired in garrets. To flower, genius, like vegetation, requires culture. We know, of course, what the defining of the aristocratic idea did for English civilization and what the drama, flowering in Shakespeare, owed to its royal and noble patrons; and what developed in chivalry, manners and ideals of living. The upper classes of Europe set a pattern of life.

AN American aristocracy? No. Such an aristocracy as was developed in France, Italy and England would not be possible here. We have no titles, and we have no law of primogeniture, which entails an estate to the oldest surviving male member of a family. Nor do we have a system of dependent tenancy which, as in England, rigidly defines and sets apart the land-owning classes. Our system is more just and finer. If an aristocracy in the European sense is not possible, for economic and sociological reasons alone, we are going to produce, and are producing, out of the heterogeneous middle classes who are becoming financially competent, a vast class of people of charm and culture who are, in the highest sense, ladies and gentlemen—such a class as could not exist in France or England and is possible only in a country of no social barriers.

The middle classes of France and England remain middle-class all their lives. In London society certainly you may meet men and women who have risen from the bottom, who have become so enormously wealthy or politically powerful they can force themselves to be received; but on the part of the people of the old régime there is an invisible and ever-existent barrier, a mental aloofness and attitude against which the others remain outsiders.

It is quite different in America. No country has produced such a malleable middle class of people, a people who are so adaptable and sympathetic, folk of the simplest origin who in the course of a few generations should, and do, become ladies and gentlemen. America excels in a class, such as exists in no other country in the world, who in manner and behavior have achieved gentility. Whatever their antecedents were, they have made themselves. They talk like gentlemen. They behave like gentlemen. And they think like gentlemen. Therefore I maintain that they are gentlemen. And after all, given the opportunities, it is so easy to develop culture.

We are free of the repressive European system, based on inherited titles and estates, of subservience to hereditary superiors. It wasn't so long ago in England that even doctors and lawyers were treated as being in the same class as tradespeople. The marriage of a member of the nobility to a physician or a lawyer was regarded as a *mésalliance*. Some of the most unregenerate people were dukes and duchesses, but when a new millionaire forced himself upward he had at least to pretend that he was of good birth. Here people are accepted for what they make of themselves and no one need be ashamed of his humble origin. There are many people in New York City who came from the simplest ranks of society, and who, in personal distinction, charm of mind and quality of heart, are as genuine ladies and gentlemen as those of the oldest blood. No other country, as I have said, can produce such people. And with our growing wealth and mounting number of rich people, a rising tide of prosperous middle-class folk, we are going to produce, I believe, a leisure class who will attain a culture such as no other nation in history has ever attained.

This cannot be done in one generation, but it can be started at once.

It is significant that abroad we are being accepted for what we are making of ourselves. When I was a child more Englishmen came to the United States than women. It was considered the proper thing to do for a smart Englishman to pay at least one visit to America. Generally they came for the shooting in the far West. We weren't enormously popular, and even then they liked our women better than our men. But fifteen to twenty years ago they began to like our men, and now I think they like us really. Then, again, our women have intermarried with foreigners to such an extent that, as was once said, "the future dukes of all the earth are half American by birth."

We have come into a golden age of youth—nor is it at all an age of youth recklessly sowing its wild oats to the winds. We are in the dawn of an age of actual youthful accomplishment. Big business is today practically in the *(Continued on page 107)*

Photo © by Harris & Ewing.

OGDEN L. MILLS

Photo © by Underwood & Underwood.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, JR.

Typical examples of the class to which Mrs. Tiffany feels we need recruits—sons of rich fathers who have devoted themselves to politics and social work.

Photo © by Wide World Photos.

F. TRUBEE DAVISON

Aurora Mary was not conscious of Joan and Allan Somer standing arrested; she brought her clenched hand against the bronze jaw.

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

The WOLF

The author of "The Prairie Wife" presents a fascinating novel of extreme contrasts in the life of our day—a girl reared in the rude environment of a forest frontier suddenly is taken into the New York "Four Hundred."

The Story So Far:

THEY called her Dynamite Mary, this girl whom wealthy John Caver found was manager of the North Woods camp he had purchased for his daughter in her great difficulty. And it was this girl, who had made her lone way and defended her integrity here in the wilderness—who had found her father murdered for his little hard-won gold; who had chopped wood in order that her mother might be decently buried in spite of a blizzard; who had indeed already saved Caver's own life after a canoeing accident—it was upon this girl Mary Moyne whom his daughter Joan would have to depend, Caver reflected. And he recalled that dreadful family conference in his luxurious New York library, when he had proposed compelling a marriage between Joan and Ronny—

"Joan," her sister Gail had commented, "says that stuff went out with crinolines. She says she couldn't morally live with a man she doesn't love. I think she almost hates him."

"I must say," asserted her Aunt Agatha over a black-bordered handkerchief, "that she chose a particularly peculiar way of demonstrating her hatred."

"She still regards herself," explained Gail, "as engaged to Allan Somer."

"Where is Allan now?"

"Somer's down in Costa Rica," announced Uncle Ellis, "studying the banana-blight."

And then—the telephone had rung, bringing the news that Ronny had been killed in an airplane accident. . . . .

So Joan Caver's friends were told that she had been sent to the North Woods because of threatened lung trouble, and she came to Trail End and solitude and the care of Mary Moyne till her baby was born. And when unexpectedly her fiancé Allan Somer was reported coming to see her, Joan fled to New York, leaving Mary to care for her baby and to meet Allan.

"You'll—you'll have to lie for me," exacted Joan before she left. "You will?"

"Till hell freezes over," proclaimed the girl in the smoke-stained hunting-suit.

For Mary had agreed to assume responsibility for the child; in exchange Caver was to take her into his own home and give her the education and the opportunities of metropolitan life for which she had so longed.

Somer arrived at Trail End, accepted Mary's story of Joan's departure and stayed on for a few days in which he did his best to prepare Mary for the inevitable disillusionment that New York would bring to her.

And then after he had left, Mary herself made the strange journey to New York and the country-house of the Cavers, taking with her to this place of luxury and liveried servants the child—and her snowshoes and big revolver. *(The story continues in detail:)*

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WOMAN

By Arthur Stringer

IT was Allan Somer, circling up to the Westbrook porte-cochère in his own dust-covered car, who unexpectedly drove the gloom out of Aurora Mary's day. She had had a depressing morning of it, what with hastily summoned costumers and couturières and an even more hastily dismissed *masseuse* and rather inconsequential conferences with Mrs. Pusey as to the more immediate needs of Martie—for her Saggy, she remembered, was thereafter to be known as Martin.

She had put off for a day or two the question of a secretary for herself and a trained nurse for Martie. She had escaped from the house and made her way out to the open, where she wandered about looking over the conservatory and the stables, the swimming-pool and the Italian garden, the parklike lawns and the partly denuded arbors. They were all very wonderful, in their way, but they did nothing to lighten the intangible heaviness about her heart. She felt oddly friendless and forgotten, until suddenly she caught sight of Somer's car crunching along the driveway and heard his baritone call as he swung down from his seat.

When he advanced toward her, he came pulling a young wire-haired Irish terrier on a leash.

"What's that?" asked the perplexed Mary, staring down at the russet-colored pup, which showed his friendliness by first sniffing at her new silk stockings and then abandonedly biting at her ankle with his needle-pointed teeth.

"That's a pinch-hitter for Pancake," explained Somer as he placed the leash-end in her hand, "and his name is Rusty."

"You mean he's for me?" demanded Aurora Mary, bending low over the stubby-tailed young terrier.

"If you want him," acknowledged Somer, wondering why he should like the way in which she puckered her eyebrows.

"He's a darling!" murmured the stooping girl. The word was a new one, though the gesture was old.

"I thought he'd—he'd fill in," confessed Somer.

"That's lovely of you," proclaimed Aurora Mary, still kneeling on the greensward. If she was conscious of any constraint in the other's manner, she chose to disregard it. "I'm just beginning to understand how much you tried to help me, up at Trail End."

He stood silent a moment. Then he asked: "How are you getting along?"

"I guess I haven't started yet," was the answer, unexpectedly subdued. "But now that Joan's back, I'll probably find the going a little easier."

Still again Somer stood silent a moment.

"You must be patient with Joan."

"I guess it's Joe," observed Mary, "who'll have to be patient with me."

"She's not herself yet," explained Somer, with a small frown of perplexity as he stared toward the house. "I rather fancy that illness of hers hit a little harder than she imagines."

"D'you mean she's changed?" asked the girl, stooping over the dog.

"In some ways, yes," acknowledged Somer. "She seems quieter, and more serious-minded. But I don't like to see her face so thin and drawn."

"She'll be all right in a few weeks," Mary's sense of loyalty prompted her to assert.

"Then let's do our best to see she is." Somer spoke casually, yet Mary searched his face with a quick side-glance, as though in quest of some inner meaning which might be escaping detection. It seemed almost like a warning.

"Are we as civilized as you expected?" he was asking with some shadow of his old spirit.

"It's so different. Things aint never—things *are* never quite what you expect. And I can see where I've bit off considerably more than I can chew. But I'm not going to back-trail. I'm going to mush through, now, or blow up into crow-bait."

SOMER noticed, studying her, that she had already lost a little of her woodland ruddiness of coloring, just as some rougher note had slipped away from her voice. But she was neither tamed nor intimidated, though a frown of perplexity remained on her face as they turned side by side toward the house. There they could see the door open, and Joan, in chinchilla and black velvet, inspecting them from the glimmering broad step.

"What's that?" she demanded, her face hardening a trifle as she stared down at the Irish terrier.

"That's a pup I've brought for Mary," explained Somer.

The girl from the North noticed the vague clash of their contending glances.

"Hasn't she enough animals around here?" was Joan's unexpectedly reckless query.

Somer stood silent, digesting his shock.

"A dog," he finally observed, "can be a pretty good friend, when you haven't any too many of the other kind."

"But she seems to have quite a number of the other kind."

Mary, studying the other woman with cloudy eyes, noticed for the first time the diamond ring that flashed from the third finger of her thin white hand, just as she noticed that Somer's smile became a remote and meditative one.

A footman, stepping out through the open door to hand Joan a suède vanity-bag and a chased gold cigarette-case, added sudden selvage to the ragged edges of their unrest.

"Allan," Joan said through a trailing small cloud of smoke, "would you mind running me over to the Rhinelanders?"

"Of course not."

Mary stood watching them as they flowed away along the smooth-winding drive. The feeling that crept through her was not altogether one of betrayal and not altogether one of defeat. But it was very far from one of happiness. She had expected too much of life.

She did not bathe long, however, in the lethal waters of self-pity. She was not a claim-jumper, and her youth had been too turbulent to permit any promise of opposition to leave her passive. If they couldn't take her on credit, they could take her the other way. But she would not be turned back. The grade, apparently, was going to be steeper than she had expected. But she intended to make the hill.

There were, accordingly, new lines of resolution about the rebellious red mouth as she reëntered the house with Rusty at her heels. She made her frowning way to the library, where Perkins the footman was filling the ink-well clasped to the shoulder of the Clytie in gold.

"How do you use that thing?" she demanded with a nod toward the telephone. And once Perkins had made clear the rites of getting a connection, she heard in an incredibly brief time John Caver's voice over the wire.

"I've changed my mind about what you suggested last night," she explained. "I think you're right, after all, about taking out those papers of adoption, or whatever you call 'em."

"Then you'd better come to my office," was Caver's prompt reply. "Have Gleason motor you in, and we'll be ready."

MARY, on her way in to the city, discovered that there was less thrill in covering ground for the second time. Parkways seemed less glamorous, and the country flowing by on either side seemed less Edenic. Even the towers and cañons of lower Broadway failed to take her breath away, and the tumultuous flume-way of Wall Street, where they stopped before John Caver's office-building, made only a vague impression on her mind. She might have to bend to their ways and look at life as they did and learn those mysterious traffic-rules that kept one from collision; but, she told herself, they could crowd her only so far.

Some trace of that quiet determination remained with her as she confronted John Caver in his unexpectedly luxurious private office, where she found herself looking into a singularly bland eye and shaking hands with a large-bodied man who was introduced to her as Mr. Crofts.

"My client has explained to me how you so courageously saved his life last summer. And I'm glad to see him rewarding courage as it ought to be rewarded."

The course she was taking, he pursued as he turned back to the papers in front of him, should be more satisfactory for everyone concerned. And the trust fund which Mr. Caver was establishing for her would insure her a personal income of twelve hundred dollars a month, with an additional three hundred dollars for her child.

"But it's not *money* I want," interrupted the somewhat bewildered Aurora Mary. "I've got enough money of my own."

"Perhaps so, Mrs. Moyne, according to frontier standards," answered the imperturbable Mr. Crofts. "But all that is changed, naturally, with your change of locale. You understand, of course, the nature and purpose of this trust fund?"

"I don't," admitted the girl. "And that's what I wanted to speak about. I've over nine hundred dollars of my own, and with that—"

Mr. Crofts interrupted her with a wave of his pince-nez.

"My dear young lady, you are being legally adopted by a man of—well, of unchallenged financial and social standing. When these papers are duly approved by the Supreme Court of New York, you will rank as one of his own children. And as such you will have a position to maintain."

"But the money you speak of shouldn't be needed for that," protested Mary. She had a feeling of being in rapids she could neither fathom nor master.

It was Caver himself who spoke up, before the other man could frame an answer to her protest.

"It's not primarily a matter of money. It's more a matter of security, the only security I can really offer you. And I take it you want to be secure."

She was conscious of the kindliness of his tired eyes as they rested on her face.

"I was hoping it wouldn't need to be this way," objected Mary.

CAVER winced, at that, the lines hardening once more about his lips.

"I hoped the same thing. But I still happen to be the captain of this ship. And while I'm on the bridge, I'm going to have a word or two to say about our course, even if I can't altogether control the weather."

"But you can't compel people to be kind to you by law," complained the girl with the pen in her hand.

"Then we'll try some other way," proclaimed Caver. And she knew, even in the bewilderment of the signing and witnessing of an intimidating number of papers, that he was still on her side, that he was campaigning for her happiness. But there were certain things, she remembered, that couldn't be hunted down like a wounded doe.

"And that, I think, covers everything," Mr. Crofts was announcing as he restored his pince-nez to its case.

"Does it?" asked Caver of the solemn-eyed girl as the door closed on the attorney.

"You puny-hearted pup-killer, I'm goin' to blow your soul out o' your rotten carcass!"

Mary, as she met his gaze, found it hard to say just what she wanted to say.

"I'm used to hard goin'," she hesitatingly explained, "but I've never tried to crowd other people off the trail. And I don't want to travel with folks who are ashamed of me. I'd rather—"

"Who's ashamed of you?" demanded Caver. But she refused to answer that question.

"I've got to get like the people I'm going to live with," she grimly pursued. "And the sooner I'm busy at that job, the better. I want to buy things, the right sort o' things. And I want to learn. So the quicker I get the right teacher, the sooner I'll get civilized."

"Let's call it a private secretary," suggested Caver.

"I don't care what you call her," retorted Mary, "but she's sure got her work cut out for her. She'll have to be an animal-trainer and a grammar-sharp and a shop-guide and a mule-driver all in one."

"Allan Somer tells me you are very quick at learning things."

"Only some things," amended Mary. If Caver detected a touch of bitterness in that retort, he chose to disregard it.

"We were speaking of Somer," he resumed. "You understand, of course, that Allan is going to marry my daughter Joan."

"I know," said Mary. The somberness of her half-averted face did not add to his peace of mind.

"And you don't approve of it?" he exacted.

She was able, this time, to let her gaze lock with his.

"Do you?" she countered.

"I'm merely a modern American father," he explained. "It wont be long before you realize how unimportant we stand in the eyes of the younger generation."

"But can't you make her play square?"

"With you?" countered Caver.

"No, with Allan Somer."

She was conscious, even as she spoke, of the remote look that came into those none too happy eyes of his.

"Isn't Somer," he finally inquired, "capable of taking care of himself?"

"Isn't it," parried the other, "more a case of taking care of Joe?"

That, obviously, gave Caver a good deal to think over.

"I'd say, knowing Joan, as I do, that she'd be much more unhappy if she didn't marry him. And we all seem to be groping, in our own blind way, for our human share of happiness."

"But will it work out?"

"That," asserted Caver, "all depends on you."

"On me?"

She was too aboriginal, Caver realized, to know that she was trespassing on territory not lightly invaded by the outsider. But candor demanded its right of candor.

"Yes, very largely on you. You had your own idea of happiness, and to reach it you're paying a certain price. We can't even argue now whether it's foolish or not. It's too late for that. But the happiness of the Caver family, apparently, pretty well depends on whether or not you keep your compact."

"When you get me that teacher," Aurora Mary said as she rose to her feet, "she wont have to learn me how to keep a promise!"

Yet getting the right preceptress for Mary, Caver soon found, was not as easy as it seemed. The girl from the North may have been self-contained and acceptive, rather than diffusive, but her fixed ideas as to the type of woman to whom Martie might be surrendered had resulted in the rejection of his first three trained nurses and the acceptance of the fourth because she was an Ottawa-born girl trained in a Montreal hospital. So Caver interviewed dowdy and listless ex-teachers; he third-degreed agency applicants and unsatisfied governesses; he examined thin-lipped and tight-mannered school mistresses without a school; he even sought out an aged and atrabilious Corypheus highly recommended by the Bishop. Caver was, in fact, on the point of abandoning the sterile unfair sex for the more combustible sterner sex when Betty Wilder blew like a belated autumn leaf into his office and suggested herself for the job.

Betty, although a university graduate, was neither pompous nor pedagogic. She was a small-bodied and birdlike person somewhere in the indeterminate thirties, with a quick hazel eye, a sense of humor, and the ultimate impression of having lived and had her being in the midst of people inadequately known as "smart." She had taught dancing and French in a girls' school for a year; she had tried writing for the magazines; she had been social secretary to the wife of a Detroit automobile magnate for eleven unhappy months; she had sold antiques on Madison Avenue and had attempted on the next avenue to run a tea-shop that was as marked a social success as it was a financial catastrophe, and she had just chaperoned a travel-party of Cleveland girls through the art-galleries of Europe. She dressed well, notwithstanding her confession of being still dolorously in debt; she had complete confidence in herself even while she acknowledged that she was a colossal failure at everything she attempted; and she spilled epigrams in that well-modulated voice which marks one as emanating from the urbanized urbane of her native Island.

So Caver, having explained his predicament, promptly mentioned a salary-figure that rather took Betty Wilder's breath away.

"Why, I'd tutor a Bengal tiger for that," she as promptly acknowledged.

"This," ventured Caver, "may be a trifle more difficult. But I'll have Gleason bring her in to the Ritz, and we'll all lunch together at one-thirty."

So if a slightly incredulous Betty Wilder waited in her murmurous archipelago of tables until a free-swinging and firm-lipped and cloudy-eyed and dark-skinned young woman silently seated herself in the chair next to the balcony-railing, a little of the skepticism slipped out of the older woman's eyes as she caught

the note of ardency behind the newcomer's narrow facade of indifference. For Aurora Mary was ill at ease, and as was customary with her during her moments of disquietude, she remained singularly silent and watchful. She was in the encampment of hostile tribes, and it behooved her to tread softly.

"I see it's not altogether Alice in Wonderland stuff," observed the astute Miss Wilder. "Why don't you like us on parade like this?"

"I don't understand it," acknowledged Mary.

"It's much simpler than it looks. The rather badly dressed people, you'll find, are the really smart ones. They're so established they can even afford to cover their motorcar nickel with black paint—on the same principle, I suppose, that the shabbiest hat I saw in London last summer happened to belong to a duke. And the overdressed younger set you see all about us are either our Island idlers or the outside climbers who want to run along in their dust."

"I can't even smell their dust," admitted Aurora Mary. "It's like trying to read a book when you don't even know the language it's written in."

"Well, some fine morning you'll find it opening up like a chrysanthemum, and there wont be romance in it any more. Personally, I'm not greatly given to eating like a goldfish, but when you're merely a cliff-dweller on a street turned up on end and called a skyscraper, you've a natural craving to emerge from the cell and see a bit of the world about you. And we do that nowadays in places like this. You may like it, or you may not. But, if I'm not greatly mistaken, you're an open-air woman. And if I'm not equally mistaken, it's going to be hard for me to call

"There's a limit to everything," cut in Joan. "If this keeps up, you'll be losing more than your dog; I still have the right of taking Martie back!"

anything as young and virginal as you 'Mrs. Moyne.' If you don't mind, I'll slide right over to 'Mary!' And now, John Caver, I want at least eighteen hundred dollars to buy this girl some city clothes," concluded Betty as her host signaled for his waiter.

Caver's glance, as he looked at Aurora Mary, was almost a supplicant one. He knew her, he remembered, a little better than the other.

"We'll be implacably businesslike," he explained, "and keep most careful track of all expenditures. Then at the end of the year they'll be charged against your trust fund. But I'll most assuredly draw the line, remember, at diamonds and motorcars!"

Betty laughed at that, as was expected of her, and most blithely got up from her chair.

"Then we'll run along, old dear, and make hay while the sun shines. For when you save the surface, remember, you save all—and we're going to begin by turning our Carnegie medal into clothes."

Chapter Nine

AURORA MARY'S memory of her initial afternoon of city shopping was always a somewhat misty one. No single impression stayed with her as wave after wave of bewilderment beat on her stunned mind. About all that survived was a confused picture of incredibly vast emporiums stocked with incredibly luxurious wares, of long-aisled bazaars heaped with elaborate riches, furs and fabrics, silks and laces, colors and softnesses, the thousand and one things instinctively loved by woman. It seemed the marketplace of the world crowded along one opulent Avenue, a many-chambered and many-odored marketplace with floor-spaces as wide as beaver-meadows, and patient-eyed salesmen, and elevators that brought your heart up into your throat, and fitting-girls who asked if you got that wonderful tan at Southampton, and suave-voiced duchesses who suggested that the newer French model went best with the high-shouldered figure, and haughty grand-dukes in frock coats who inquired if the deliveries were to be made to the Long Island or the town house, and hydrogenated couturières in heavily carpeted rooms that looked like Parisian salons, and pallidly efficient bootmakers housed in mahogany-paneled chambers that looked like the waiting-rooms of royalty.

It brought to Aurora Mary a new respect for Betty Wilder, who could so miraculously know and remember every turn and every shop and every street, who could so promptly decide that kasha cloth was more desirable than *(Continued on page 142)*

By
Arthur K. Akers

Wheels whirred; lamps lighted; cogs clicked: and slowly issued a fifty-dollar bill!

Illustrated by
Everett E. Lowry

Big Money an' Frequent

AT Cairo one Cephas Green, sore, southbound and colored, limped forward into another car and felt better. Cephas liked white folks, but he hated to mix with them socially. Old railroad had been rubbing him wrong all day by making him ride with them. Now he could spread himself out and take his ease among his own kind, in a car where there was lots of ice-water and big talk, and old Cap'n Conductor calling him "boy."

Though Cephas groaned whenever he moved, he kept right on riding and telling Chicago good-by. He was through with big towns. The next labor agent that got him out of Sylacauga, Alabama, was going to have to be a bigger liar than that last one was. Kept a nigger all wore down in Chicago carrying his wages from the Big Boss man to the landlord every Saturday night. Food was another trouble. Wasn't any nourishment in being called Mister. Restaurant gentlemen talked four languages and understood just one—cash money. And a boy never could find the kitchens in those big apartment-houses to talk a cook out of a snack of eating-victuals. Cephas liked his kitchens on the ground floor.

Nor was that the worst of it; too many bad negroes from Alabama up there—"Big Ugly" Snews, for instance. Big Ugly was from Sylacauga too, but hadn't let that deter him when Cephas had inadvertently contradicted him in public. Shortly after which, a lot of perfect strangers had carried Cephas into the back part of a store and poured cold water over him for the better part of an hour before he could see, smell, taste or hear again. Whereupon Cephas had arrived at the unanimous personal decision that no town smaller than London was big enough to hold him and Big Ugly at the same time.

Hence Cephas was homeward bound with twenty-seven dollars, a mouth-organ, and a notion of letting the Sylacauga negroes see the high metropolitan polish a Talladega County colored boy took when he was even half exposed to it. Beyond that, his only plans were not to go to work. What he needed was to do a lot of personal resting around a restaurant, and see how his girl Julia had borne up under his absence.

Cephas awoke in the morning to the low red hills of Alabama racing past. He cast an appraising eye over the hurrying fields and congratulated himself: cotton was about all picked. White folks wouldn't be pestering a boy about a job of work now until after Christmas. And piling up miles between himself and Big Ugly sure did make him feel better. Cephas got out his mouth-organ and celebrated aloud and at length until, in time, there came a checking of the long train's speed; then marble quarries, sawmills, cotton-mills, thunder of trucks on the L. & N. crossing, and—Sylacauga!

Cephas held back to give the home-town negroes a bigger thrill and the full benefit of his return. Then, with a fanfare on the mouth-organ to focus attention properly upon his vestibule, he appeared, to let the multitude gaze admiringly upon him.

The big trouble was, nobody gazed. Worse, all available attention had already been captured and held by a large sleek-looking colored man in a white vest and spats, who had alighted from the same train. Cephas gazed disgustedly at the furore this newly arrived "big nigger" was creating. Must be Grand Worthy Presidential Potentate of a lodge, or something, the way these small-town niggers were running around carrying on! These Sylacauga niggers never had *seen* no lodge presidents, like up on State Street. Which reminded Cephas again of Chicago and his wounds—painfully so, until he was cheered by a distinctly personal greeting. Cheered, that is, until he saw from whom it emanated. Then he relapsed into a depressed state. Whoever said that no man was a hero to his valet said a mouthful, was Cephas' view. And that went for the proprietor of his pressing-club, too. For here, hailing him as a social equal, was Willie—Willie Freeman, colored: one of the lower forms of human life infesting Sylacauga. Willie pressed pants, and swapped gossip, and never forgot—or repaid—the loan of two bits. Now he was obnoxiously attracting attention by whooping and guffawing: "Look who back *now!* Aint nothin' make a southbound nigger in de fall like bein' a nawthbound one in de spring! 'Bout *time* you wuz back, too, Cephas!"

"Shet up! Somebody might think I knowed you! Huccome hit wuz time?"

"Huccome?" chuckled Willie. "Yeah, huccome? Wid dat Sam Reed nigger beatin' you out dat way! He been spendin' all he spar' time over at yo' gal's house ever since you gawn. An' spar' time somep'n whut dat nigger all broke out wid. Gits him pa'r dese heah golf britches an' frock-tail coat, an' strut round yo' gal Julia twel she caint remember is you de cat's teethin' ring or one dese heah new kind cigarettes."

Cephas sobered and detected signs of a fresh knot in his luck. Hadn't got back to Sylacauga good yet, and already this mysterious big nigger had grabbed off his glory, and Sam Reed was

about to grab off his girl. Cephas had come home to put on a big show—and found the house empty. As for Julia, Sam was making it appear that twenty-seven dollars and a mouth-organ and having been to Chicago wasn't going to be enough. The trouble looked mainly like the golf breeches. In which case Cephas' first thought was to wait up an alley for Sam with a brick. But his second was to go slowly. Caution and sore ribs reminded him that it might be well to let investigation precede annihilation. Always give a bigger man the benefit of the doubt, had become Cephas' creed. So, parking his pasteboard suitcase with Willie, he turned toward the abode of Julia.

Arriving, he found her neutral, noncommittal and lukewarm in her welcome.

"I's done back," stated Cephas preliminarily.

"Is you been 'way?" inquired Julia.

Cephas' mind floundered and sought a fresh tack. Evidently Julia thought somebody else had more money than Cephas, sight unseen. The wearer of those golf breeches had plainly been doing him more dirt than he had figured on. Which meant just one thing: Cephas had to make a bigger social and financial impression, and make it quick. Otherwise, Sam had him sunk. It was up to Cephas to get prominent for something besides short pants, too. The question was, what?

A twinge in the ribs was most opportune here. It reminded him that personal publicity might outweigh plus fours. If Cephas couldn't perform, there were no laws against claiming. And cave-man stuff was what got the feminine ear. A way out, a course of action, suddenly opened before Cephas.

"Maybe you cain't read de papers," he suggested to her. "Does you, you sees whar at gits my name dar in printing. 'Cyclone Cephas,' dey calls me in Chicago. Prize-fightin'. Hawspital calls fo' de other niggers at de ringside right after I gits through wid 'em. I's champeen of de world jes' 's soon's I licks Jack Johnson an' dis heah Volstead. You know dat Sylacauga nigger, Big Ugly, whut live in Chicago now? I's still sore from lickin' *him*."

Julia's mouth and eyes opened slightly but insufficiently. "Is you? I been puttin' in heap my time wid swell-dressin' boy whut live heah, twel I aint notice none de rough stuff in de papers."

Cephas gulped and tried to figure out who was winning the war. Wasn't any use in a boy spraining his voice lying if he wasn't going to be believed. Yet Cephas was in a position where he *had* to be. He had to boost pugilism and decry golf-pants; otherwise Julia was going to make the mistake of Cephas' life.

"Shawt pants done gone out style in Chicago," he advanced hopefully. "Nigger come out wid dem on dar, dey tames him wid dese heah machine-guns. Fo' minutes de longes' dey lets 'em live in de Loop like dat."

"Aint nobody tame Mist' Reed dat way!" sniffed Julia haughtily. "An' he got money, too—ever since de big crap game back de Baptis' Chu'ch las' week. Sam only one had sense 'nough grab de money off de ground when de po-lices comes. Showed me mo' 'n hund'ed dollars. Lemme know when *you* kin do dat. Is you leavin' soon?"

Cephas saw his luck getting knotty in another new place. Clearly, while he had been seeking his fortune in Chicago, Sam had been entrenching himself in Sylacauga. Dislodging him now was going to call for a change of venue, clothes, and financial status on Cephas' part.

In which triple extremity he shuffled glumly forth into the streets. "Brains," he addressed a seldom-used portion of his make-up, "I aint call on you often, but when I does, I means hit. Whar us gwine? An' whut us gwine do when us git dar?"

Three blocks apparently without an answer brought him to a fresh but unmarked fork in his career. All that he saw was the entrance to Willie Freeman's pressing-club. An undue crowd jamming Willie's front room courted investigation, anyway. Once within it, admittance to the back room appeared desirable but limited to the occupants of the social and Bradstreet's registers. Fragments of conversation whetted Cephas' appetite for information without in the least satisfying his hunger for details.

"Rich if yo' arm hold out." . . . . "Nemmind whut hit cost—hit cheap." . . . . "Hires me nigger to tu'n hit fo' me in de sun while I sets in de shade an' watch him," drifted variously past Cephas' eager ears. He didn't know what it was all about, but he was distinctly interested. Then Willie caught sight of him, only to commit further breaches of etiquette.

"Heah come de Chicago boy!" whooped Willie. "Us sees action now. Heah somep'n, Cephas, whut you used to—big money an' frequent. Git in line an' I tells Mist' Toombs you's *right*. He mighty p'tic'lar 'bout who he lets in de back room heah. He caint talk to nobody but financial niggers whut wants to git mo' so. Po' ones uses de other side de street."

"Toombs? Who he?"

"Dat de big nigger wid de spats an' vest whut git off de same train as you does. He got somep'n in dar fo' curin' hard times."

"Boy, hard times gittin' too many miles to de gallon out me now. Needs whut you specifies. Craves to git 'quainted wid Mist' Toombs."

Cephas' wish was gratified, but not immediately. And while he waited, earlier

"I knowed nigger in Chicago wid pants like dem," he recollected. "Dey buried him after he git fresh wid me."

comers—significantly among them Sam Reed—entered the mysterious inner room, to emerge again shortly with protruding eyes and gleaming teeth.

At length came Cephas' turn. Willie's rear room was darkened, but not so much so that Cephas could not discern the important things in it—the portly and confidence-inspiring Mr. Toombs, and the large shiny machine on the table beside him. Mr. Toombs fanned himself and awaited introductions.

"Dis heah Mist' Cephas Green—from Chicago," Willie presented him. "He's *right*—jes' back wid wad of money he caint hardly see over."

Mr. Toombs evinced more interest. "Dat so? All time proud to meet gent'man whut kin 'cumulate de cash. Dem aint got no seed caint plant no crop. He'pin' de crops whut I's fo'. Lemme show you whut I means, Mist' Green."

Mr. Toombs—"Ho'ace J. Toombs of Bumin'ham," he described himself—took from a well-padded wallet a crisp one-dollar bill. He fed it into the machine, and cranked the latter vigorously. Wheels whirred; lamps lighted; cogs clicked: and from the opposite end slowly issued a fifty-dollar bill!

Cephas doubled up. His mouth became dry, eyes enlarged and brain active. Vistas opened staggeringly before him. Let a boy have one of those machines around the house, and he could buy watermelons in January! Catfish for breakfast every morning, and a red bathrobe to eat it in! Have to hire somebody to help him think up new things to want.

"Jes' one to a town," Mr. Toombs was continuing. "Dey de marvel of de age. I has 'sclusive rights to Alabama. Dem dat buys 'em got to work fas'. Over in Gawgia fo' niggers gits cripple' in de rush to buy 'em."

Cephas took his miracles literally. No use in biting one to see if it was genuine, when his eyes had already seen it work. Boy couldn't argue with his own eyes.

"Whut hit cost?" was his sole question. Cephas was sold.

"One hund'ed dollars, cash money. Delivers when you fawks over de money. No credick; an' 'struction-book free wid each machine."

Cephas gasped again. The liberality of Mr. Toombs was astounding. It would take fully twenty minutes for the machine to pay for itself: after that Cephas saw himself with more money than a cotton-mill paymaster.

Then mathematics intruded. Horace Toombs had him stopped before he started. Of all sad words of tongue or pen, "no credit" were the saddest. A boy could starve to death in front of one of these machines with twenty-seven dollars in his pants pocket, that way! Cephas was feeling the pangs already. He looked at the machine and he felt of his twenty-seven. Mr. Toombs looked at his face—and motioned for the next prospect to enter. Long experience had taught Mr. Toombs uncanny methods of knowing if a man was financial.

Cephas felt himself dismissed. He had been taken up into a high place and shown a lot of money, and then thrust out. He couldn't forget the machine, and he couldn't buy it. Not to speak of his other troubles! He was ruined for work and ruined if he didn't work. He exhibited poor judgment, on top of everything else, by shuffling over toward Julia's house. Julia was on the porch but didn't see him. Her eyes were too busy with Sam Reed. Sam was there seven ways from the tee, completely obstructing her view of lesser and more poverty-stricken admirers than he. Cephas' feet continued to lead him astray, until he found himself belligerently upon Julia's veranda, without definite plans and but half as welcome as a wet dog at a wedding.

"Somebody all time leavin' de gate open," complained Sam. "Most anything liable come in."

"Some folks aint know when dey outclassed," commented Julia coolly. "Take a country nigger to Chicago, an' he git light-haided. One round heah now think he a prize-fighter. Heah him tell hit, he lick a truck fo' breakfas' an' a steam shovel fo' ex'cise ev'y day."

Cephas was fast getting his tonnage in insults. Some people needed to be impressed or crippled.

"I knowed nigger in Chicago wid pants like dem, shawt-like," he recollected aloud. "Dey buried him coupler days after he git fresh wid me, over on de South Side. Dey *would* done hit sooner, but dey couldn't find all de pieces of him prompt'."

"Boy, only reason you's livin', I's got *waitin*-list," returned Sam. "I lets 'em come round jes' once, so Miss Julia kin see de diff'ence 'tween dem an' a real man—den I jes' natu'ally abolishes 'em. An' when I 'bolishes a nigger, he *stays* 'bolished. Does you crave su'vice, I puts you ahead of yo' tu'n. Bum prize-fighters is my fav'rite bev'rage."

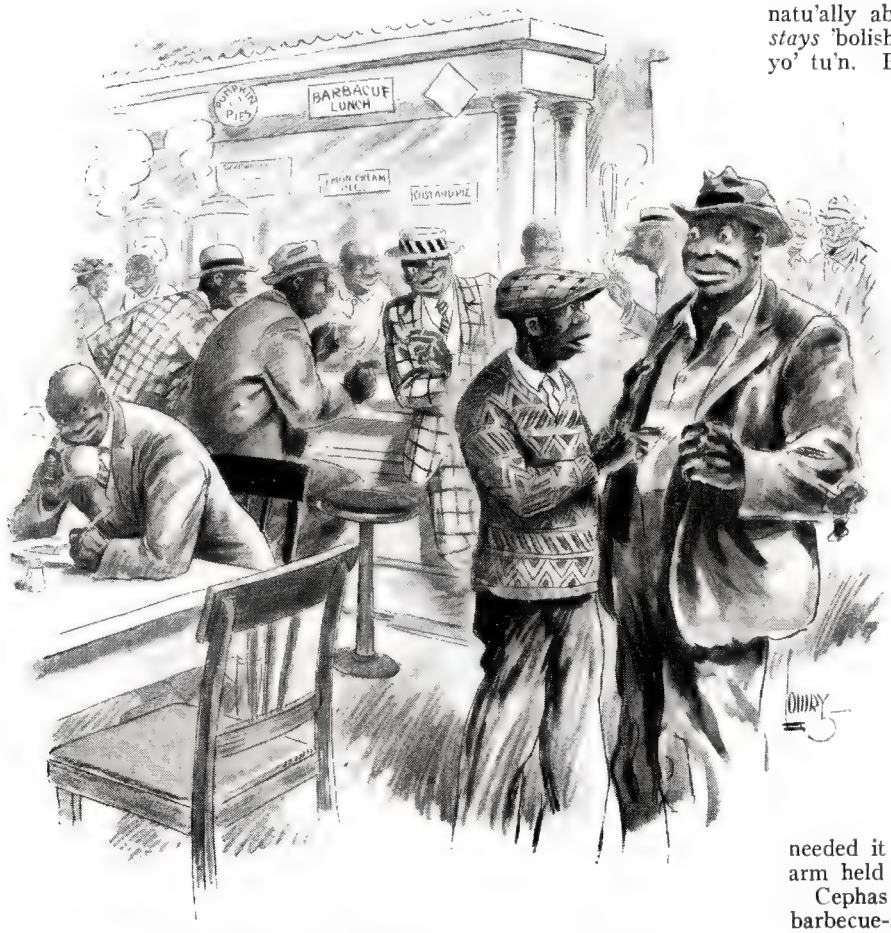
"Midnight, whut keeps you healthy is, when I fights I waits twel dey's cash cust'mers to see hit. 'Cyclone Cephas,' dey calls me. When niggers mess wid me, acc'dents happens. Hawspitals contracts wid me fo' dey raw material. Amb'lances follers me fo' bus'ness. I's de world's champeen overweight of Chicago an' all points south. I takes de big niggers first an' works down; but my mommer teach me not to lick no li'l boys in shawt pants less'n dey gits fresh—"

Just here Cephas' sixth sense told him it was time to leave.

But no sooner was his mind off Sam, than it was on Horace J. Toombs and his money-machine. Cephas had seen it—one-dollar bill going in at one end, fifty-dollar note crackling forth at the other. He didn't know anything that he needed worse in his business. And Sam was trying to buy that too: Cephas had seen him coming out of the exhibition-room looking both interested and financial.

Besides all of which, the less encouragement Julia gave Cephas, the more desirable her favor appeared. And Julia leaned toward men of money. In fact, she could hear the rustle of a dollar the full length of a busy boiler-shop seven miles long. Not to speak of the general proposition that, around women, nothing out-talked a snappy dresser except a bigger bank-roll. Cephas needed a minimum of seventy-three dollars more, and needed it quickly. After that he would be wealthy if his arm held out.

Cephas frequented the pool-rooms, barber-shops and barbecue-stands set aside for Sylacauga's darker population, and admitted that he was good. "Cyclone Cephas" —and why—was his theme. He had himself half hypno-



At Cephas' headquarters Willie stuck around uncertainly. Willie had four dollars to bet and no mother to guide him.

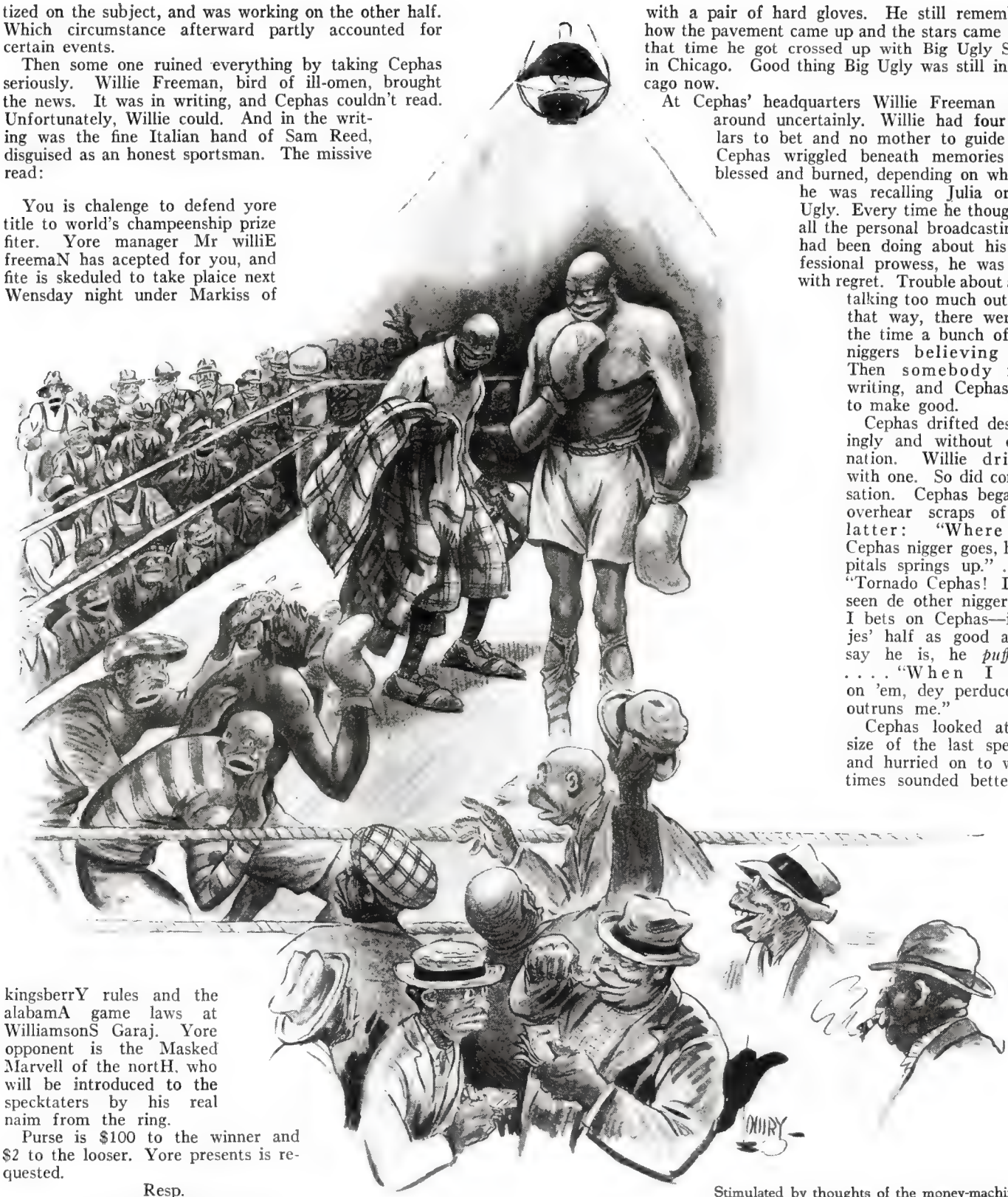
tized on the subject, and was working on the other half. Which circumstance afterward partly accounted for certain events.

Then some one ruined everything by taking Cephas seriously. Willie Freeman, bird of ill-omen, brought the news. It was in writing, and Cephas couldn't read. Unfortunately, Willie could. And in the writing was the fine Italian hand of Sam Reed, disguised as an honest sportsman. The missive read:

You is chalenge to defend yore title to world's champeenship prize fiter. Yore manager Mr williE freemaN has acepted for you, and fite is skeduled to take plaice next Wensday night under Markiss of kingsberrY rules and the alabamA game laws at WilliamsonS Garaj. Yore opponent is the Masked Marvell of the nortH, who will be introduced to the specktaters by his real naim from the ring.

Purse is $100 to the winner and $2 to the looser. Yore presents is requested.

Resp.
SAM REED, Promoter.



Stimulated by thoughts of the money-machine and Julia, Cephas achieved a partially upright position and a close facial resemblance to a goggle-eyed perch.

Cephas took to the parachutes. He had been flying high and taking in more territory than a real-estate subdivider. Now look what had happened! Only thing that sounded good in that paper was the one hundred dollars. Boy could use that. Yet it would probably take one as good as Cephas claimed to be to win it. Nevertheless, it would be just enough to buy Mr. Toombs' money-machine, with something left over for bait. And if Cephas had it, he would accomplish the further necessary feat of seeing that Sam didn't get it. Cephas turned cold at the thought of the devastation Sam could wreak upon him if he beat him to that machine. And he chilled again at the thought of a strange opponent without a real name coming around messing him up with a pair of hard gloves. He still remembered how the pavement came up and the stars came down that time he got crossed up with Big Ugly Snews in Chicago. Good thing Big Ugly was still in Chicago now.

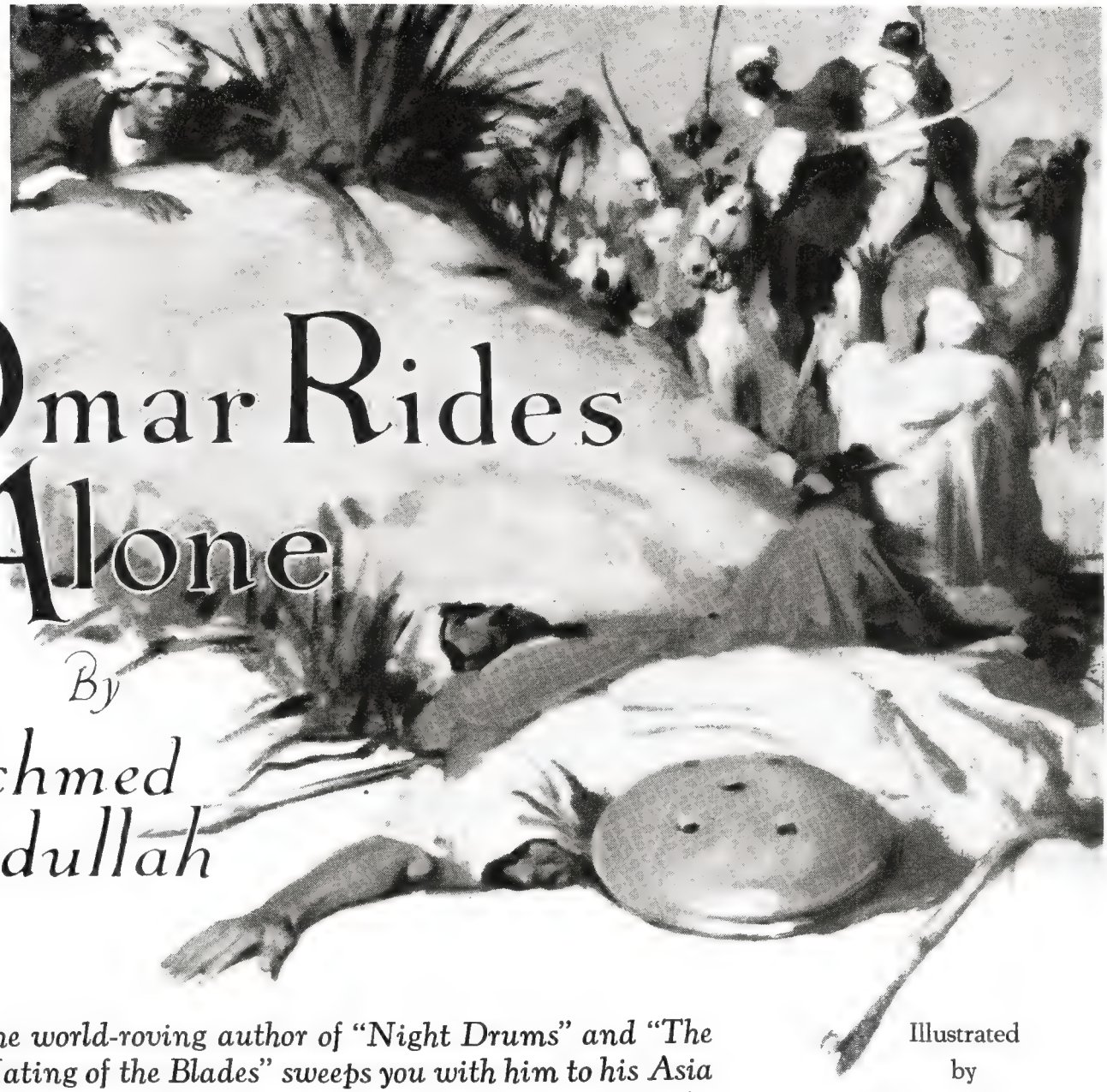
At Cephas' headquarters Willie Freeman stuck around uncertainly. Willie had four dollars to bet and no mother to guide him. Cephas wriggled beneath memories that blessed and burned, depending on whether he was recalling Julia or Big Ugly. Every time he thought of all the personal broadcasting he had been doing about his professional prowess, he was wild with regret. Trouble about a boy talking too much out loud that way, there were all the time a bunch of fool niggers believing him. Then somebody made writing, and Cephas had to make good.

Cephas drifted despairingly and without destination. Willie drifted with one. So did conversation. Cephas began to overhear scraps of the latter: "Where dat Cephas nigger goes, hawspitals springs up." . . . . "Tornado Cephas! I aint seen de other nigger, but I bets on Cephas—if he jes' half as good as he say he is, he *puffect*." . . . . "When I bets on 'em, dey perduces or outruns me."

Cephas looked at the size of the last speaker, and hurried on to where times sounded better.

Each morning thereafter found him a day older and a day nearer the prominent sporting event in Williamson's garage. Sylacauga's blood and caution mounted accordingly. The former was evidenced in prodigious bettings, both ways; the latter in questionings to the effect that even a self-admitted world's champion surely needed at least a daily work-out, to keep him limbered up and give weight to the odds. The criticism was that Cephas wasn't exercising anything but his mouth.

"When dey sees me in de ring, dey *(Continued on page 102)*



Omar Rides Alone

By

Achmed Abdullah

The world-roving author of "Night Drums" and "The Mating of the Blades" sweeps you with him to his Asia for this tale of High Tartary—and the Altamish Horde.

Illustrated by J. Clinton Shepherd

THERE had been, for many a month, days that were peaceable and frank, with people at their honest, trite business, and nights filled with sleep and not with wild forebodings and rude alarms. So it was time and high time—since this was Central Asia—that trouble should come again, with raid and counter-raid, and the nasal, sardonic thump of the war-drums, and men dying a hero's death, and some, belike, not quite so heroic, and the women crying: "Go forth, O strong men!" though, later on, these same women would grieve and wail. And trouble did come when two Tartars, one town-bred and the other desert-bred, met by chance at a small oasis of the steppe, three days north of the city of Moghul-Serai, where the former traded and prospered, four days east of the brown felt tents of the Altamish Horde which was the desert-bred's tribe.

Their names do not matter. But here were they, two men of brittle patience and hard daring, each with his servants and his string of snarling, thirsty camels, and disputing heatedly who should be the first to use the water-hole for his animals. There was enough water and to spare for all their camels. But it made no difference. They argued and bickered as if it were a question of honor. Indeed it was—to them.

Voices peaked shrilly as tempers rose.

"I came here before you did!"

"No! I did!"

Insults flew like chaff in the meeting of winds.

"You lie!"

"Liar yourself!"

The town-bred Tartar flushed. He spoke in a purring, deceptively gentle voice:

"If you do not go away from here at once, O hound of the wilderness, I shall be angry. And that—by Allah!—will be the great mistake."

"A mistake," came the jeering retort, "to *be* angry?"

"A mistake—to make me angry!"

"There is, doubtless, a reason?"

"Doubtless!"

"And this reason is?"

"The matter of your neck, O creature! A neck which I do not like—an ugly, scrawny neck easy to cut through!"

"If you are as bold with steel as you are with tongue—"

"I am that same!"

"Suppose we find out if you are right, my dear?"

"A most excellent notion—by the honor of my teeth! Look!" With a rapid, gliding movement of right hand and left haunch and a sidewise twisting of his voluminous robe, the town-bred brought a long sword to view. "That's himself—Red Mustaffa is this hornet's name, and he is my twin brother. Look again!"—whipping the blade about his head in shimmering circles, with a whistling noise. "Is he not slender and quick?"

The other, too, drew steel. "There are two things," he said carelessly, "I never travel without."

"Your arrogance—and your feet?"

"No. My Koran—and my sword. The sword to plunge into my enemies' hearts—and the Koran to bless and speed their

"Crafty, are you? So is the polecat crafty—till he meets the fox. Strong, are you? *Wah!* So is the tiger strong—till he meets the buffalo."

souls when their bodies feed the carrion-crows. If I were you, I would now say my prayers!"

"And if I were you, I would now order a shroud! Here!"—with a vicious lunge. "How do you like the song of death?"

So they were at it, on a fine, sunny afternoon. Leaping up and down, thrusting and slashing, with a dry stamping of heels and harsh, exultant yells; with weapons dancing a swishing, triumphant measure, sparkling from point to pommel like diamond pins. Two reckless men evenly matched in fence and parry. Iron rattling on iron like sticks on a drum.

Then suddenly the town-bred's foot turned on a pebble. He tried to steady himself, could not. His right arm jerked up. The sword flew from his fingers, and at the same moment the other's blade shot out between his shoulders. He gave a cry; just a single cry—weak, futile. He stumbled, fell, died; and the desert man sheathed his crimson sword and remarked composedly:

"It was the will of Allah!"

After a short pause he added:

"Allah's will, too, that I should ride back to the tents of my tribe with twenty camels—when I left with only seven!"

He gave orders to his men. They laid hands upon the dead man's animals, including their loads of rich Bokharan silks and velvets, and drove them off, though the town-bred servants shrieked their protests.

"Away!" he cried, plying his knotted *nagaika* whip about their legs. "Back to your kennel, O dogs and sons of dogs! And tell the people of Moghul-Serai that here is a man of the yellow desert who mocks at their noses!"

WEEKS later, weary and footsore, having had to walk the long miles through the sands, the dead merchant's servants arrived at Moghul-Serai. Loudly they clamored at the palace gate of Chengiz Ali, the Khan, the Prince.

He listened to their tale. He swore. Then he smiled. Swore at the insult to his beard—and there was not a finer, more curly beard in all High Tartary; smiled at the thought that now was an end to fat, lazy peace, and as good an excuse as any to try his hand once more at the war trade.

He sent out messengers. Everywhere, throughout the alleys and bazaars, they spread the Khan's command:

"Gather in, my children! Hurry! Hurry! For the quick way is the best way—and we ride tonight—and no better lamp than the moon!"

"Praised be the Prophet Mohammed!" shouted the men of Moghul-Serai, as eager as any brisk lads for a bit of a fray, not to mention a bit of loot.

They sharpened weapons; they saddled and bridled camels and horses; and the women too—most of them—rejoiced.

"Go forth, O strong men! Go forth, O brave men!"

"If you capture a female slave, be sure she can cook well—and never mind if her eyes be blue or brown!"

"Should you see a length of stout duffel cloth in the tents of the nomads—remember, it's the very thing I need for my new winter cloak!"

They prepared food.

"Stretch your hands, O heroes, and eat your fill!"

"Aye! The world's choicest morsels are not good enough for you!"

Yes—the women rejoiced as if it were feast, not strife, their men were going to. Yet a few, whose husbands or sons had died in former battles, sighed or shrugged their shoulders in resignation; and there was one—Mabrouka was her name—who squatted on her heels in her little shop in the Bazaar of the Potters and rocked from side to side and said:

"Allah's curse on them and their rowdy fighting! And Allah's pity on the widows they must make, and the hearths and beds they must leave lonely!"

Then, suddenly, she laughed.

"What is their fighting and dying to me?" she thought. "Should I not be the happy woman, that my own son has not to saddle and go and try a trip with the Khan's riders to the foreign war? Am I not the happy, happy woman that I and my son are strangers in a strange land—vassals to none—and no masters except ourselves? Ah—here, today, is the answer to the insults of years, the contempt of years!"

For insults and contempt it had been ever since, eleven years earlier, with her son Omar, then a young boy, Mabrouka had come to Moghul-Serai out of the Kirgiz Steppe, where plague and famine had struck the villages of her tribe; killing the hearty men at the plow, the babes at the breast, the white-beards at prayer, the women at their milking and carding; scattering the few survivors to the seven winds—some to the Outer Mongolian Steppe, some to the Steppe of the Gray Sands far in the bitter, frozen north, and Mabrouka and her son to Moghul-Serai.

THERE, passing beneath the great horseshoe Gate of the Father of Swords, insults and contempt had been their greeting for no other reason—though reason enough in High Tartary, a land so tightly and suspiciously clannish—than that they had been aliens, speaking an alien dialect, wearing alien clothes—at least whatever rags had been left them. Besides, there had been the fear that they might spread the black plague; and so stones had been poised in brawny fists, and voices had been raised threateningly:

"You cannot enter here!"

"Back whence you came, O unclean foreigners!"

Tartars of Tartars were the folk of Moghul-Serai, hard as the green rock's lichen, as the ancient saying has it; and mother and son would have been driven back into the steppe, to die, to fill the bellies of jackal and vulture, if just then Chengiz Ali, the Khan, had not ridden past the gate.

Mabrouka had thrown herself at his feet, had put lips to his stirrup leather.

"Behold, O Prince!" she had cried. "I have alighted at your threshold! I crave the protection of your heart and hand!"

On that particular evening the Khan had dined well. He had smoked three nargilehs of Persian tobacco cut with soothing hashish drug. He had divorced his oldest wife, whom, for a number of years, he had cordially disliked; and from his cousin, the Khan of Samarkand, he had received a present of seven Tscherkess slave-girls with ruddy hair and sloe-black eyes. So he had been in a most excellent humor, at peace with the world and himself. He had thrown Mabrouka a purse of clinking gold, and had replied:

"Protection is granted! My mantle is about your shoulders, O daughter of Adam!"

Since then mother and son had modestly prospered; Mabrouka in her shop where she sold the crude pottery of the Tien Shan Mountains which the Kirgiz cameleers brought to town; and Omar, now a strapping lad of twenty, as gardener in the Khan's employ. No lack of food or drink, no lack of proper clothes, and a neat house. Too, good health. Yet they were still the foreigners. There was still contempt and, frequently, insults; and few people to wish them the decent time of day or asking them heartily, "How goes it with you?" or "Come round tonight and pass an hour or two with pleasant pipe and coffee and spiced gossip!"

Lonely was Mabrouka, a little bitter.

Not bitter, though, today as she thought:

"Am I not the happy, happy woman? For vassals we are to none—and it is not my fine son who will have to ride out with steel on hip and come back, as like as not, with steel in heart!"

But she would have been less happy if, just then, she could have seen Omar, in a shaded, leafy nook of the Khan's garden—and who should be in his arms, but Nurmahal, the Khan's only daughter!

SHE kissed him. "From the beginning of Allah's creation," she was saying, "my mouth was meant for yours!"

"And the crook of my elbow to cradle your small head!"

"You love me, Omar?"

"I love you, Nurmahal!"

"Why do you love me?"

"I love you—because—oh—" He stammered, slurred, stopped.

"Don't you know?"

"My soul is lilting the very tune of my song of love—but I cannot sing the words, child!"

Again she kissed him. There was no sound except, presently, a bird rising from the thicket with a flurry of brown wings, flying into the west, trailing behind him a golden chain of melody. . . . .

They had met for the first time a few months earlier. He had been at work, trimming the rose bushes, in a sheltered corner of the garden. She had strolled about, alone, without a face veil.

Because of her simple dress he had thought her a palace kitchen girl. A wisp of a girl who hardly came up to his shoulders. But—oh, my dears!—the wanton chestnut curls of her, the fullness of her red lips, the steel-gray, hooded eyes. And Omar had forgotten that he was the despised alien, had felt, so suddenly, a great tenderness sweeping through his soul; and—to hide this tenderness, perhaps because he was a little ashamed of it—he had spoken to her banteringly:

"Your mother must have been the pretty woman!"

"How do you know?"

"Judging from her daughter's looks!"

She had smiled. She had thought:

"He has no idea who I am, and I am glad of it. For I am tired of pompous old men and polished young men salaaming to me just because I am the Khan's daughter—and nobody ever telling me I am lovely and desirable; and I am both—and I know it!"

Aloud, in like banter as he, she had replied:

"What about your own mother? Is she too a pretty woman?"

"Decidedly!"

"Judging—ah—from her son's looks?"

"Again—decidedly!" Omar had stood up straight, had squared his shoulders. "Not ill-looking, am I? Strong and young, and with a stout house that is big enough for my mother and me—might be big enough to hold you too, at a pinch, O moon of the world. Tell me,"—with a disarming smile,—"would a girl with any wisdom and no other lover on her mind turn her back on such as me?"

"Suppose I have a lover?"

"I hope not. For there would be soon, soon—were he my best friend—my dagger in his heart, and he himself below the sod—may his soul reach Paradise!"

"You would kill—for my sake?"

"I would kill—for the sake of one of your eyelashes! And what have you to say to that?"

"That you do not lack boldness!"

"I have always carried myself with a good chest—as the saying goes. And—oh—how my lips long for your lips!"

All at once, surprised at his own rash daring, he had swept her into his arms, had kissed her, had felt the soft, quivering answer of her mouth; and at that moment love had come to both—love sweet and sharp and sudden, like a breath of the very earth, the virgin earth, untrod and unspoiled, like a voice of ancient puissant wizardry that shook some deep chord in their souls no other thing in life had ever reached.

WHEN, after long minutes, she had told him who she was, he had been neither amazed nor afraid.

"The Khan's daughter to all the world," he had said, "but to me nor more nor less than the girl I love!"

"The gardener to all the world—but to me nor more nor less than the lad I love!"

Since that day they had met every morning, unbeknown to all, even to his mother, in the little sheltered, leafy nook of the palace garden.

They did not worry about the future. Why should they? They were so young. The future would take care of itself; was, even now, taking care of itself—and of them, they thought. For there came to them, across the garden wall, the bull-like roar

"Yes," agreed Nurmahal. "You must go. And—you will return to me—surely?"

of the war-trumpets, the thump of the kettledrums, the cries of the Khan's messengers:

"Gather in! Gather in!"

Omar turned to go.

"I must be on my way," he said.

"Yes," agreed Nurmahal. "You must go. And—ah,"—her voice faltering a little,—"you will return to me—surely—surely?"

"Indeed! Alive I shall return—with golden fame trotting at my heel like a dog! *Wah!*"—with the careless, reckless boasting of youth. "I shall do such deeds in battle as will be round and round the world in a rumor of wind! Such grand, glittering deeds that your father will say to me: 'Here is my daughter's hand—the price of a hero! And—in truth—it's little enough payment for such as you!' "

Once more he kissed her; then he went straight from the palace garden to the Caravanserai of the Turkoman Horse-traders, where he bought himself a broad-backed roan stallion with sturdy fetlocks and a chest like a barrel; thence to the Bazaar of the Persian Swordsmiths, where he purchased the pick and pride of keen weapons; thence to his home, where his mother, seeing him, asked astonished:

"And why all this grandeur of beast and weapons, O my son?"

"Because I am riding to war with the Khan's troopers."

Mabrouka trembled. "No, no!" she cried. "Why should you? What are the Khan's quarrels to you?"

"The Khan granted us protection."

"Protection or not, we are not his vassals. Foreigners we are in Moghul-Serai—despised, insulted by all."

"By all," he interrupted, "except one. And it is for her sake—"

"Ah!" Mabrouka looked up, sharply, suspiciously. "A girl?"

"Yes, little mother. A girl whom I love—and who loves me. Nurmahal is her name—and she is the Khan's daughter."

He told the full tale, winding up:

"Praise Allah that war has come! For it is only in war that I can prove myself worthy of her."

There was a pause. Then Mabrouka spoke, dry-eyed and calm:

"You are right, O my son. You must ride with the Khan's troopers."

She cooked his supper, filled his saddlebags with food; and later on walked by his horse's side to the Gate of the Seven Purple Cranes, whence led the desert trail toward the tents of the Altamish Horde.

ALREADY night had come. But atop the Khan's palace a great beacon had been lighted. The flames of it stabbed through the velvety gloom with an *(Continued on page 128)*

Mark Antony at the MIKE

With some of the contemporaneous comment which undoubtedly accompanied its reception in Rome.

By J. P. McEvoy

(Stand by one moment, please. When you hear the gong it will be exactly . . . . er . . . . thirty-eight seconds after nine o'clock. . . . . Ready. . . . . BONG!)

SCENE: *The Forum*
CHARACTERS: *Chairman of the Meeting*
Mark Antony
The Body of Cæsar
Citizens

CHAIRMAN: Folks, we got a rare treat in store for us today. What I mean is I'm sure you'll all be glad to hear that your committee has secured for the principal speaker on this occasion a man of great eloquence and profound learning with an unequal grasp and scope and yet withal one of vast penetration and deep insight. What I mean is a man who has all of these things and more, and yet is one of those simple common people who has never lost touch with deep insights and vast penetrations and has scope. I mean I might say horizon, and above all integrity and a penetration shot through with sunny wit and yet at no time unmindful of the wrongs which we have suffered. What I mean is need I say more? Folks, Mark Antony.

MARK: Friends, Romans, Countrymen.

FIFTH CITIZEN: 'Ray! Whoopie!

FIRST CITIZEN: Who's that guy speaking?

SECOND CITIZEN: I didn't get the name.

THIRD CITIZEN: So I says to her, I says, "Look here!" I says. "Wake up!" I says. "I can't drive you all over Rome all night. Straighten up," I says; "you gotta go home. Do you hear? It's four o'clock," I says. "We'll stop in at Reuben's and I'll get you some black coffee—"

COFFEE (*kofe* or *kofe*), n. (First in 17th century, in various forms coffee, coffa, cauphe, etc.;—D. *koffij*—G. *koffee* (after E.), now *Kaffee* (after F.)—Dan. Sw. *kaffe* (after F.)—Russ. *kofe kofei*—F. *caffe, coffe,* now *café* (whence the half-English *café,* a coffee-house)—Sp. Pg. *café*—It. *caffe*—Turk. *qahwe* (pronounced *kahve*)—Ar. *qahwe, qahwa,* coffee (as a liquid); cf. Ar. bonn, the coffee-berry. . . . . You get the idea.)

MARK: I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

FIFTH CITIZEN: 'Ray! Whoopie!

FIRST CITIZEN: What's he squawking about?

SECOND CITIZEN: He's running for something.

FOURTH CITIZEN: What did she say then?

THIRD CITIZEN: She gets sore, gee, she gets sore for no reason. Takes off one of her slippers and starts breaking the windows. And the driver gets sore and he says, "What's the matter back there?" And I says, "How the devil should I know?" "Walk that frail," says he. "Walk her yourself," says I. That stopped him. Say, is that some guy speaking up there? What's the crowd here for, anyway?

FOURTH CITIZEN: Search me. I think he's selling something. Let's listen.

MARK: For Brutus is an honorable man.

FIFTH CITIZEN: Whoopie!

FOURTH CITIZEN: That's a lot of bologna.

FIRST CITIZEN: I heard Brutus give a talk over the radio one night. He laid an egg.

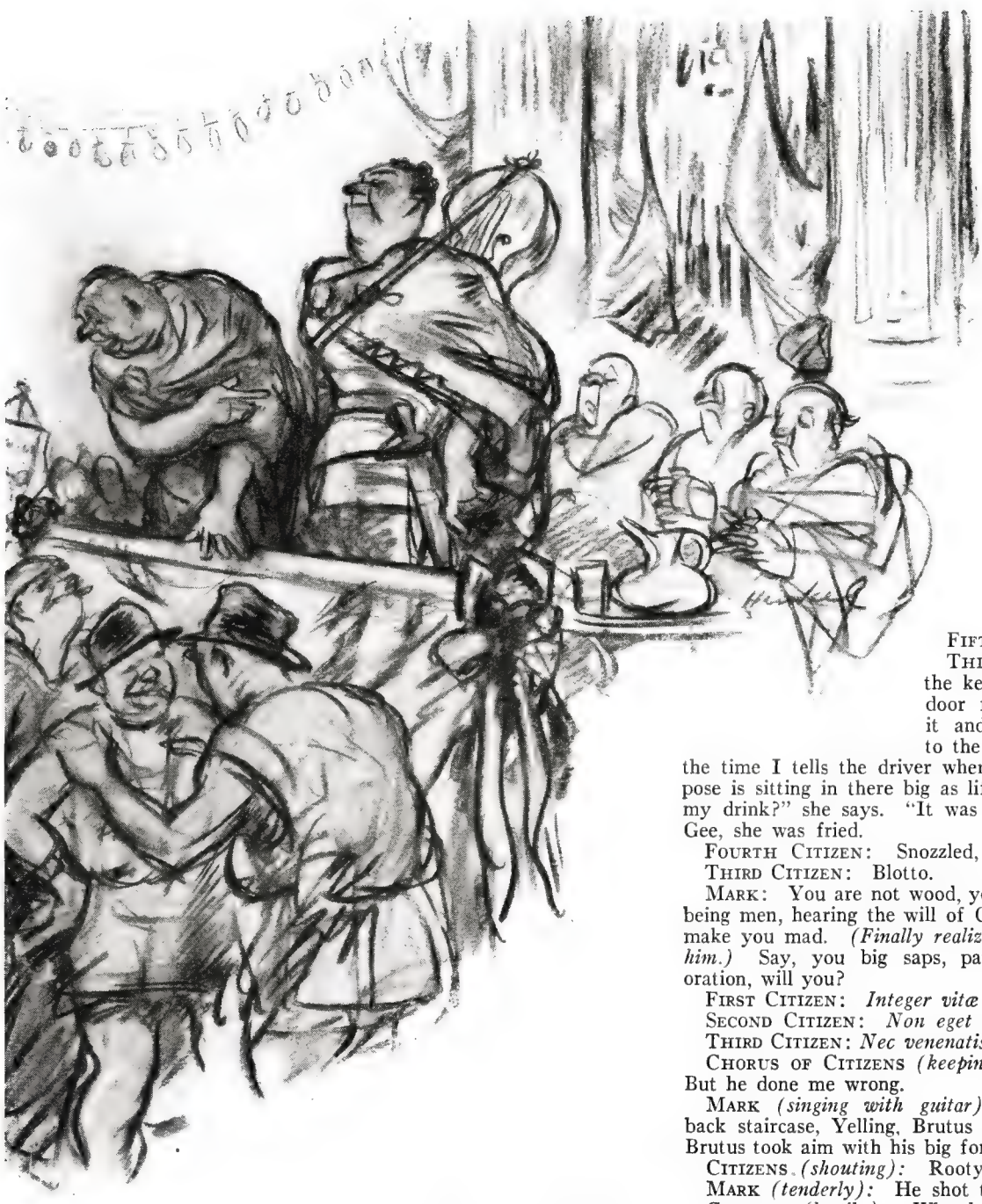
SECOND CITIZEN: What do you mean he laid an egg?

FIRST CITIZEN: He was a wet smack. I'll bet his father was an acrobat.

SECOND CITIZEN: Cassius aint so bad. He's the best one of the team. They sure got a bum routine now.

FIRST CITIZEN: Riley and Sells, that's a team. That guy up there could use some of their stuff to advantage right now. What's he talking about anyway?

SECOND CITIZEN: Aw, I wouldn't know about that.



Illustrated by August Henkel

FIRST CITIZEN: Ha, ha. Aint it swell where he explains how he makes olives by soaking green peas in vinegar? And the other guy says, "How do you get the stones in them?" And he says, "What's your idea of bringing that up?"

THIRD CITIZEN: So I finally gets her home and she decides she wants to go back to Jimmy's. And I says, "You can't go back to Jimmy's. It's closed now." And then she says, "You're holding out on me," she says. "Other boys don't try to rush me home in the middle of the afternoon," she says. "You're trying to get rid of me," she says, "and just when the evening was picking up," she says. And then she sits down on the front steps and starts crying. Can you feature that? Four o'clock in the morning and half an hour before that she was dead to the world. And now she's all pepped up and ready to start all over again. I tell you this young generation of puellæ is nerts.

MARK: You all did love him once, not without cause. What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?

FIFTH CITIZEN: Whoopie!

FIRST CITIZEN: It's a riddle.

SECOND CITIZEN: Yeh, ask me another.

MARK: My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar. And I must pause until it comes back to me.

VOICE: Ooh, what a liar!

VOICES: Throw him out! Kill him!

FIFTH CITIZEN: Whoopie!

FIRST CITIZEN: What's the big package up there on the platform with the flag draped over it?

SECOND CITIZEN: Don't point.

FIRST CITIZEN: But I want to know.

SECOND CITIZEN: I think that's Cæsar's body.

FIRST CITIZEN: He aint dead, is he?

SECOND CITIZEN: I hope to tell you.

FIRST CITIZEN: Imperial Cæsar, dead, and turned to clay, might stop a hole to keep the wind away. That's from Shakespeare.

SECOND CITIZEN *(tenderly):* I like Eddie Guest. He's a friend of Henry Ford.

FIFTH CITIZEN: Whoopie! Get hot!

THIRD CITIZEN: So finally I takes the key out of her bag and opens the door for her and pushes her through it and slams it shut and goes down to the taxi; and believe me or not, by the time I tells the driver where to take me, who do you suppose is sitting in there big as life? That mad cluck! "Where's my drink?" she says. "It was sitting right here on the table." Gee, she was fried.

FOURTH CITIZEN: Snozzled, huh?

THIRD CITIZEN: Blotto.

MARK: You are not wood, you are not stones, but men. And being men, hearing the will of Cæsar, it will inflame you, it will make you mad. *(Finally realizes no one is paying attention to him.)* Say, you big saps, pay some attention to this swell oration, will you?

FIRST CITIZEN: *Integer vitæ scelerisque purus*

SECOND CITIZEN: *Non eget Mauris jaculis neque arcu,*

THIRD CITIZEN: *Nec venenatis gravida sagittis, Fusce, pharetra.*

CHORUS OF CITIZENS *(keeping time):* For he was my man, But he done me wrong.

MARK *(singing with guitar):* Then Cæsar ran down the back staircase, Yelling, Brutus for God's sake don't shoot, But Brutus took aim with his big forty-four and the gun went. . . . .

CITIZENS *(shouting):* Rooty, toot, toot.

MARK *(tenderly):* He shot that man.

CITIZENS *(lustily):* Who had done him wrong.

(Stand by one moment, please, for your station announcement. . . . . This is station WWWW signing off until seven-thirty next week when we will have another one of these merry little happy South Chicago Drop Forgings hours. . . . . Goooood night, everybody.)

Hot Toddy

By Rupert Hughes

Who carries on his graphic chronicle of an American family today by presenting the daring doings of the eighteen-year-old daughter, Louise Todd, who already is known to her high-school companions by the sobriquet "Hot Toddy."

Illustrated by
John La Gatta

SEATED at the wheel of the borrowed car, Miss Louise Todd reached out and turned the mirror over the wind-shield so that it reflected her own fierce young beauty.

She red-penciled her lips to an even fuller fullness than already advertised their amorous eagerness. She rubbed down her cheeks and her keen little nose with a pink powder-puff. She adjusted her frock at the throat so that one edge of it should expose, as if by accident, the ivory boss of one shoulder. She gave her tiny felt pot-hat a yank so that one eye was all but hidden. She drew a few strands of her bobbed hair from under the brim and adjusted them across one cheek to the last note of coquetry.

She draped her left arm across the window-sill and studied its postures carefully, narrowing her eyes.

She practiced a gamut of expressions, from sullen languor to haughty amazement, to amused tolerance, to challenging audacity, to dreaming tenderness, and back to sullen languor.

She decided she would look a little sportier slumped a little lower along her spine. So she slumped a little lower.

If anybody had seen her performance, he might have thought that she was making ready for a camera to set down a permanent record of her graces. But there was nobody to see and no camera to record.

If God saw her, He must have recognized that she was doing what billions of girls had been doing for a million years—dressing their shop-windows to attract the passer-by.

Pretty as she was, she was neither grateful nor contented, because she was not so beautiful as she wished to be. Still, one must make the best of oneself, so she reached up to the mirror and twisted it back to the normal position for reflecting the traffic in the rear. She released the brake, shifted the gear; and the car, which had been throbbing all the while, snorted, bucked and glided sweetly out of the garage into the crowded stream of the street.

Miss Louise Todd—known to her fellow-inmates of the high school as "Hot Toddy"—was out on the hunt for big game, at least for bigger and better game, or anyway, for the thrill of the hunt. She was not quite sure what she was really after.

It was only a few weeks since she had told the infatuated and infatuating Charley Scudder that her days, and nights, of foolishness were over; that she would "neck" no more with Tom, Dick and Harry; that she was eighteen and had had enough of flirtation; that she was going to stop worrying her poor old mother and settle down to be a model daughter. She would not be ready to marry for at least five years, and in the meanwhile she had resolved to "cut out the males."

If she was breaking her vow, she was not the first one to break a vow. She would hardly have admitted even to herself that she was breaking it. She was merely bending it a little to keep it elastic.

She glided up and down the Los Angeles streets just for the pleasure of seeing and perhaps being seen. She waved to girl friends, nodded to boy friends and felt a glow of strange pride when a traffic officer saluted her with a smile. This was like being presented at court, as marvelous as being bowed to by the leader of a jazz band, almost as glorious as going to lunch in the Montmartre Café, and having Paul or Alex call her by name and show her to a reserved table, and winning a cup in a dancing contest.

Louise had found it very useful to make friends with the traffic officers, since she was always on the brink of being arrested for her incessant breaches of motor-laws.

Many people stared at her. Hungry-eyed men on the sidewalks turned to gaze after her, for she was a mighty pretty thing—a pretty thing, and a mighty thing for good and evil influence. She was as comforting to the eye as a bed of roses or a shawl of wistaria, and she was as hazardous to herself and others as a slender stick of dynamite.

It gratified her to see the men she passed craning their necks and bumping into people. It made her laugh and crinkle inside as if some one tickled the soles of her feet gently. She took a flattery even from the looks that other women threw at her, missile-looks, dagger-glares; for she set them all down to jealousy, the highest tribute one woman can pay another.

When rude drivers of trucks and the rabble in rusty flivvers

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He could not bear to wait until the morrow, so he ventured: "How'd you like to have dinner with me tonight in the open somewhere?"

shouted at her in derision or in sardonic admiration, she pretended not to hear, but it pleased her. She was not nobody, anyway.

Young men and old in other cars gave her the eye—some insultingly, some with prayers in their stares. Some sneered as if they thought her wicked, as if she were out trying to pick up somebody or be picked up.

For these last she had a glare of contemptuous rebuke. Who did they think she was? Just let a stranger try it, that's all. Just let somebody get fresh and see what happened. She did not have to make acquaintances that way, thank you. There were plenty of boys who would be glad enough to have her ride in their cars, nice boys of nice families whom she had met in the most conven*shn*al way.

And yet there was something not so very exciting about the small group of fellows one met in a convenshnal way. They made up a dozen or two, high-school boys, brothers of high-school girls, Sunday-school boys, and friends of her brothers—a tame lot encountered in a tame way. Far more numerous and far more mysterious were the strange men who went by on the sidewalks and in the other cars. Seeing them was like looking at moving pictures of foreign countries, of sailors, explorers, and wonderful lovers. They were an ambulant picture-gallery, a living library of adventures that she would never enjoy.

Of course she would not dream of anything wrong. She had no ulterior thought. She was just skating. The ice was thin and the water deep and black below, but it was all right so long as you kept on skating.

She was a nice, decent, clean-minded youngster at heart; yet it was stimulating to the imagination to stare into the eyes of men she would never know, windows of shops that she would never enter, portholes of ships that would never carry her away to curious scenes. She lived in an exotic city that all the world imagined the very bazaar of romance, but it was her birthplace, her home. Everything was commonplace to her, and she yearned for towns where people yearned to visit Los Angeles.

Meanwhile, it was fascinating to feel the impact of unknown eyes upon her, to feel herself studied, admired, appraised, even criticised.

A scientist would have said that Miss Todd's hankering to be ogled was a heritage from the ancient animal and savage days when the female studied the male, and selected the one she wanted while seeming to be the helpless prey of the one who defeated his rivals.

Louise Todd would have been horrified if she had put the thing in words even to herself. Her mother would have been crushed with shame. Yet her mother, when she had been a girl back in Iowa, had washed herself shiny every summer afternoon, dressed herself in her best clothes, and walked down to the drug-store for an ice-cream soda, or had ridden about town in a girl-loaded surrey, all the blossoms pretending to be laughing at one another's jokes, but all posturing for the benefit of the dull yokels who needed the stimulus.

Her mother had forgotten, perhaps; but she too had felt pleasant cold chills when a stranger in town or a traveling man gazed at her with approval. If Miss Todd should live to have a grown daughter of her own, she will forget that she once motored about to see and be seen. She will be shocked beyond words to learn that her daughter's fondness for aviation is not altogether due to her interest in air-currents and astronomy.

Future generations will have their wings—or what not?—to shame the slow-going sweet old-fashioned mothers of the demure, departed virtuous automobiling days. The quaint and innocent diversions of the sheiks and shebas, who merely necked and petted in their sweet little flivvers, will take on sanctity when the sheiks and shebas become stodgy parents who see nothing clearly and forget everything through a haze of distance.

But there will never come a more amazing time than the Twentieth Century, when women became men's equals in law and custom, and when the girls were suddenly released into all the liberties of the boys.

It was by the greatest luck in the world that Louise had obtained this car. Her father would never let her run his, though dozens of high-school girls rolled their own. Just as Louise was about to go mad from sitting at home and watching her poor mother try to entertain her, Ethel Luke, her fellow-senior at high-school and a member of the same sorority, got into a bit of trouble, and her parents whisked her away to the Atlantic Coast, leaving her perfectly good car in the family garage.

On the last interview Louise had with Ethel, Ethel slipped to her buddy the key to the car and the key to the garage with the warning:

"Go as far as you like, old gal; but remember the mischief the little old bus led me into, and have a care."

SO Louise went to Ethel's deserted home and took the car out for exercise every afternoon as soon as she was released from school. She always told her mother that she was going over to Ethel's to do home work on her studies, and neglected to mention that Ethel was across the continent.

It was deception of a sort, but what other protection have the young against parents that are always too cruel or too kind? Her mother had been a pretty good old scout, except for an occasional amusing effort at bossing. But as a permanent companion, she was maddening, simply maddening. The Lord did not mean mothers and daughters to be too congenial. He had other plans.

That was an interesting man who just passed! And what a swell car he drove—lavender color, too!

Nowadays Louise identified strangers by the names of the cars they drove. There was the chummy roadster, the foreign racer, the red touring car, the olive sedan. She knew all of the makes by their little differences and could talk all the garage language. She could drive anybody's car, and tell a machinist what to do.

But who was this new man and what was the make of his car?

She turned to get a better glimpse, and nearly collided with a blithering idiot who shouted: "Whyn't ya look where ya goin'?"

Largely in the pursuit of knowledge, she whirled her car around without waiting to reach a cross-street, and thereby compelled six drivers to throw their cars back on their haunches while the brakes emitted howls, and odors of burning.

But she made the turn, though a clanging street-car tweaked her rear fender. Then she stepped on the gas and put out after the lavender foreigner.

She darted across one street after the bell had rung and the stop-lamp was aglow, and passed her smiling friend, the traffic cop, with a shout of:

"Going to the dentist. So sorry!"

That anyone should hurry to a dentist was so dazing that the traffic officer's head swam like his own semaphore.

At length she overtook the car she sought, and was glad to see that it was headed out of the business streets on the long road to the sea.

As she drew near, she could see the face of the driver in the little mirror on his wind-shield. He was paying no heed to her, and his handsome face wore what she felt to be a tragic look—bronzed and keen-eyed, and all that. How perfectly gorgeous! —"gorge," as she put it. She saw herself now in his mirror, a tiny elfish self, showing much too much interest. She slumped lower on her spine, assumed her expression 6B, which was that of a disillusioned, heartbroken cynical woman with a past.

She was level with the mysterious stranger now. And he did not even notice her—the pill! He was thinking of something else. What was he thinking of? What right had he to think of anything else, of anybody else, when Louise Todd was honoring him with her royal interest? If he had stared at her and hinted at a smile, she would have snubbed him cold, but it was pretty rotten of him not even to know that she was on earth.

She pushed on ahead of him. He made no objection. He had no pride in the speed of his car, then. Or perhaps he could afford to let anybody pass him, knowing that no other car could compete with his if he let it out. The fittings on it were of the most elaborate sort. Gorge!

NOW she could see the man in her mirror. He watched only the road. He seemed morose, gorgeously surly and insolent. He must be rich to own such an imported car. He probably had it made to order in Spain. He must have had a heap of adventures. She offered to bet herself that he would have a wonderful line of talk. Perhaps he had a criminal past, or was divorced, or involved in some intrigue with somebody's wife. Whew! He was like a French novel with uncut leaves, and she could not read French, except the foolish exercises in the schoolbook.

She let her car run just enough faster than his to keep ahead of him. As they reached the long boulevard through Westwood there were almost no other cars in sight, so she slowed down, steered with her elbows and lighted a cigarette.

The first skein of smoke swept across his face as he ran by. Now he looked. He turned and stared. She pretended to see nothing save her next cloud of smoke, but her heart was beating as fast as if she feared he might accost her in this lonely stretch. She really feared that he might not. And he did not.

But when she appeared in his mirror he studied her. He did not smile. He looked very sorrowful. Perhaps he was wishing that he had met her before he became involved with that wicked woman. Perhaps he was thinking that if he had only met some pure girl like her before he went wrong, he would never have come to—whatever he had come to.

She felt so sorry for him that she wanted to take his haggard handsome head in her arms and soothe him to sleep on her breast. Her eyes went wet with sorrow for the sorrow he might be suffering.

Why was it that they had not met? Why was it that nobody ever met anybody interesting nowadays?

Seeming not to know of his existence and yet aching to know him utterly, she trailed him all the way out to the Santa Monica cliffs and down the road to the sea, and along the highway.

Suddenly he whirled his car into one of the enormous new beach clubs. As she did not belong to the club, she had to go on by. Her sidelong glance showed her that he was standing by his car and watching her—oh, so yearningly!

She felt as lonely as the gray ocean looked, tossing along the edge of her solitary path. She came opposite the spot where she and Charley Scudder had gone into the moonlit water that night, and had debated life on the lonely sand. She had forsworn men then, and broken Scuddy's heart. How different it all looked by daylight! How stupid the beach was, cluttered with rubbish and a few shabby shivering swimmers, and a few seagulls.

After all, Charley Scudder was only a boy, only a kid of twenty, while this other man was a man. If he really needed her, she had no right to deny herself to him.

THE clock on the dashboard caught her eye. She would be late for dinner by the time she left the car at Ethel's and reached home. Always there was something prosaic and humdrum like dinner-hours and homes and families with nagging questions.

She turned back in a torment of visions of that Man. He had probably dashed out to the club for a dip in the water before he dressed for dinner. He looked like a man who would always dress for dinner, even on a desert island. How wonderful it would be to be loved by a man who always dressed for dinner!

When would she see him again? How? Where? What if she never saw him again? But that was unthinkable. Even fate could not be so cruel as that—

She pushed on ahead of him. He made no objection. He had no pride in the speed of his car, then. He watched only the road; he seemed morose and gorgeously sullen.

Wasn't that her brother who passed her in his car and whistled at her? She craned her neck and ran off the road. If it was her brother, he never looked back. A little more, and Ethel's car would have turned over and smothered her in the mud.

She had the devil's own time getting her car out of the ditch. Why couldn't that man have come along and saved her? Some day he must save her from something. Something told her that.

WHILE Louise was waiting for a shabby Samaritan with a truck to fasten a rope on her car and pull it out of the ditch, her mother was thinking tenderly of her in the assurance that she was studying the next day's lessons with her friend Ethel Luke. What a relief it was to have her daughter spending her time with a studious girl classmate instead of gallivanting all over the world with some vicious boy!

Mrs. Todd, being human and a mother, was really immensely glad to have her daughter off her hands for the afternoon. She loved the child, of course, but she was a nerve-exhausting problem. It was terrible to have her gadding with the fast lads of her coterie; but it was terrible, too, to have her home all the time. If she stayed home all the time she would become an old maid, and then—she would stay home all the time, forever!

Mothers are women too, and there are few who do not look forward to the marriage of their daughters with a longing not altogether altruistic.

While Mrs. Todd was brooding, the door-bell rang. Mrs. Wildey had come to call and had caught her unawares. Mrs. Wildey was one of those neighbors who circulate like local newspapers. She poured out unending news of all her relations and her children. She rattled on about their escapades and their flaws and their evil ways as if she were their worst enemy. She spread gossip about her household more ruthlessly than any of her best friends or relations could have.

Mrs. Wildey today began as usual with a brief scarification of the other members of their circle before coming around to the exposure of the scandals of her own household:

"I declare to goodness, it just gets me to see how some of these mothers let their girls gad about *(Continued on page 134)*

"Don't Call No Cops"

A Tale of the Bowery

By Maude Zella Herrick

who is "teacher," in New York, to these eager, noble, pathetic, irrepressible children.

Illustrated by Dudley Gloyne Summers

Zip's mood changed. "Hey, what's eatin' you?" he growled. "You can set here by the fire and play with the kid."

RICARDO VICO seemed to Rosy a wonderful stepfather to her little brood. To be sure, she had been married only three weeks, and one could not judge. But at any rate he had brought her and her four children from the drudgery and squalor of a Bowery tenement to this good comfortable upstate farm with its white cottage snuggled in fir trees, its red autumn woods, its brilliant October skies; and he seemed much pleased with their companionship after his loneliness.

Now the only worry that darkened Rosy's horizon was a fear that her eldest child, her mettlesome twelve-year-old Angelo, might by some hot-headed doing antagonize Ricardo and jeopardize this happy dreamlike peace, maybe send them back to the old nightmare life in the slums.

Both her Angelo and her Ricardo were lovable, impetuous, headlong. But Ricardo was not the most patient man in the world perhaps; and her Angelo—*misericordia!*—he acted first and did his thinking after, if at all. Ready to fight two or three boys at once, he was—but so good to work or to take care of the three younger children!

If they could only fare through the first six months of this new life without friction, however, Rosy felt all would go well. And to this end, one morning while she canned quinces, she contemplated her firstborn, washing up for school with Tony and Teeny in the spacious white kitchen—regarded his warm brown eyes, his quick easy motions, his curly brown hair.

"Angelo," said Rosy, "how you like earn money and buy Ricardo nice present for his feast-day? You glad you here? But he don' know! If you maybe earn money and buy present, then he know you like!"

Angelo's eyes lighted. "Me, I will buy Ricardo big present!" He was generous by nature, and Rosy sensed that if by his own efforts he made Ricardo a gift, it would have a uniting effect upon them both. Ricardo was quick to appreciate and vastly affected by any kindness on the part of others; and Angelo, in turn, would be moved by his stepfather's appreciation.

Ricardo had had very little of the softer things in his life, she knew. Yet he had held to a blitheness of spirit, an unquenchable gayety. In the sparkle of his pleasant black eyes, in the quick flash of his white teeth when he smiled, there was something fine and valiant that kept Rosy in a perpetual state of charmed wonder. . . . .

As Angelo walked to school that morning down the new road curving beside the pasture, sunlight glinting through oaks where the squirrels chattered and ran, he winked his dark eyes and pondered means of earning money. Down on the Bowery, Cesare Garoti had promised him a job that very month. There were no jobs here. Yet how quiet, how beautiful this new life was—no evil smells, no dirty streets, no beggars, no crowding, no stint of food! Queer to see his mother laughing instead of worrying and fretting. So pretty she looked now—letting her brown hair curl and wearing a pink dress the color of her cheeks. How he would like to go back just once to tell the Bowery kids about this magical thing that had happened to him—the only chance he'd ever had to tell of something as good as they could tell. Hitherto he'd always had the least of anyone.

He felt suddenly lonesome for Philip Ruzzi and Illuminato Pelosani. Didn't these people up here get just a little tired sometimes of all this quietness? Of never seeing a fight, or an arrest, or a fire? There wasn't much to talk about—never any children lost or kidnaped, no one falling off roofs or out of windows, no burglars, no gang wars. He never had to fight wood feuds here over fuel. . . . . He had reached the little brick school, with the pine-covered hills behind it; a bell rang, and he went in.

At the eleven o'clock recess a man came along on foot driving some cattle. "Mr. Elburt, that lives two miles up the road," one of the boys enlightened Angelo.

Seeing them, Mr. Elburt called from the road: "One o' you boys want a job drivin' cattle?"

Angelo at once stepped forward: "I take it."

The man looked him over, noted his rugged, compact build. "All right," he said. "You go to the rear and keep 'em movin' along."

Teeny came flying out from the school with his cap. "How long you stay?" she whispered.

"Oh, a week," answered Angelo hopefully. "I buy Ricardo nice present now."

"You come home next Tuesday?"

That Teeny—always believing everything! The man hadn't said. "Mamma don' care," he told her. "She tell me earn money."

Teeny ran back, and Angelo went to work with a will. It was wonderful, driving cattle along this grassy country road! Thick branches along the sides sifted the sun brightly through. Crickets sang in the wayside fields. Teeny would tell the teacher it was necessary for him to go. He hoped they wouldn't send a truant officer, as in the city. He had known truant officers unpleasantly well.

Over the brooks they prodded the cattle, past farms and orchards, and at last arrived at a little railway station. Angelo was disappointed to see that the herd was merely to be loaded into cars. When the last animal was corraled, Mr. Elburt turned to Angelo, handing him a dollar. "We're all finished now, son. You can ketch a ride home in any of these autos goin' your way; they're always willin' to give a lift."

Angelo walked happily off toward what he thought was the shortest road home. He'd been to the station once before. A car came along almost at once, two men busily talking in the front seat. They passed, then seeing Angelo's wistful face, halted. "Want a ride, Buddy?"

Angelo politely pulled his cap from his curly head, thanked them, and climbed into the back seat.

Oh, that ride! Such fun sitting back in a car, watching the woods and pastures slip by, the sun so yellow upon them, the sky so blue.

A long time they rode. Suddenly Angelo bethought himself—he should be home by this, even if he'd walked! He sat forward. A sign loomed up—"To New York, 39 Miles." The arrow pointed in the direction they were going.

To New York! It would be fun to go to New York to take that job with Cesare Garoti for a week. What a present that would buy—maybe the calf Ricardo admired, for sale at the next farm! He could catch a ride back any time. Teeny would already have told his mother he'd be gone a week! . . . . He had on his best suit.

Therefore when the driver, excitedly arguing about New York markets, at last remembered his passenger, and turning, asked: "Where are you going, kid?" Angelo replied stoutly: "To New York."

"Oh, well, we're going down almost to where the subway begins." They resumed their discussion and forgot him.

AT half-past seven Angelo entered the subway. He had stopped first to buy a hot-dog, peanuts and a taffy. It was fun, this traveling!

He knew what train to take. Once when he played truant, he'd earned a nickel, entered the subway, and spent the day riding up and down.

He left the subway at Bleecker Street. How much worse the East Side seemed than he remembered—more grimy and messy, more run-down and foul-smelling, after these weeks in the

country. The crash of the elevated, the grinding jar of trolleys, seemed louder; the bums tottering along on the Bowery more sodden, red-nosed and ragged.

He could spend the night at the Ruzzis'. Near their corner he met Illuminato Pelosani, who promptly fulfilled all his hopes of a rousing surprise. And when he informed Angelo that Carmelo Verelli had said the subway was going to be blown up, Angelo felt it was fortunate he had come, and hoped he'd be near by to see it when it went up.

Presently Illuminato said: "You come on my house and sleep. My brothers and me we lay only three in one bed. They small. It's room for you."

Mrs. Pelosani, a tired-looking woman, was busily pulling down beds to stow away for the night a family of nine in three rooms. Though crowded, these rooms were clean and neat, the old floors covered with bright linoleum, white curtains at the windows.

Mrs. Pelosani's greeting to Angelo, however, was tinged by anxiety over his advent into the city with no one to look after him. "You muz' go home tomorrow," she insisted. "Too much bad things round Bowery for boys by theirself! It's no good!"

Angelo laughed dauntlessly. "Me, I not afraid! I good fighter!"

"Bad things what you aint know, come at you!" But he turned away in stout-hearted incredulity.

And just as he had anticipated, he struck them all cold with statements like, "I learn cow-milking already!" and "I learn horse-riding!" and "We got such a acres with berry vines and apple trees!" and so on.

NEXT morning Angelo was out bright and early to Cesare Garoti's—only to be rewarded with a shrug and the statement: "I hire good boy already two weeks. You too late."

Angelo was not depressed. There were other jobs. He could not resist taking a couple of hours off, however, to go to visit his old school and flourish his new circumstances before the boys.

After paralyzing those in the school courtyard with the glories of life in the country, he decided to go up to the classroom of the only teacher who had won his heart. He had been in Miss McRae's class two terms before; and for her, during the whole of the term, he had given up fighting, crap-shooting and any thought of going on the hook. He had worked like a beaver. For her, he would have passed through fire.

Miss McRae was placing books on the shelves of the book-cupboard. Her boys were just entering in white blouses and more or less smoothed hair.

"I hang the books up for you, Miss McRae," offered Angelo helpfully.

"Why, Angelo! Where did you come from?"

"I living in a country now. I come visit the school little while."

Miss McRae was small, round, blue-eyed, kindly, and wore dresses just the color of her eyes. "Why, I'm very glad to see you, Angelo! Yes, I need a good monitor—a desk monitor. Sit in front with Arturo and Solomon, if there's room."

"It aint tight," reported Angelo squeezing into the old-fashioned quadruple seat.

A boy entered late, and tugging at his cap, approached Miss McRae. "I mus' have a pass to be excused from school, Miss McRae!"—looking at the floor the picture of woe. "Today and tomorrow I can't come. My mudder she die."

Miss McRae gazed in amazement at her downcast pupil. "Why, Luigi Villerimo! Is your mother dead again?"

Luigi gave her a startled glance; then his eyes again sought the floor. He looked suddenly rather sick.

"When your brother Dante was in my class four terms ago, *he* planned a funeral for your mother one time when he wanted to stay out. After he got all through with the ceremonies, I met your mother. She said if any of you got up any *more* funerals for her, your father would attend—"

LUIGI was galvanized into action. "Oh, Teacher, I jus' make little joke! Teacher, my mudder aint dead. I jus' say it extra. Teacher, please excuse! Please, Teacher, don't let my fadder know. I swear by my dead godmudder I never do nuttin' no more—"

"Oh, careful! Don't speak of any more dead relatives! I'll see you at three, Luigi. And now,"—going to her desk,—"this would be a good time to have one of our lessons in ethics. I hope Luigi can learn honesty from what we'll dramatize."

Luigi wilted into his seat.

"We'll have one of our honesty games. Angelo is here to help us, and Angelo was my best actor in the honesty plays when he was in my class. We'll dramatize the boy finding a purse. Angelo may be the boy, and Sebastian his friend. Isidore may be the rich Wall Street man; Nicholas is the policeman, and Giovanni the sergeant at the station. Arturo is stage-manager."

Arturo, with pleasure written large upon him, rose. "Da pencil case is da purse wid fifty dollars. Near Teacher's desk is da sidewalk. Da cop stand in da corner. At back bees police station."

The children of the Bowery lack the self-consciousness that the more prosperous classes are plagued with. Isidore Cutlerowski, Wall Street magnate, selected from the crowded wardrobe the best-looking hat and coat. He donned them and swaggered to the front of the room. In pulling out a handkerchief, his purse fell to the floor carefully unnoticed by him. He passed on and out of the picture.

Angelo, accompanied by Sebastian—whose shoes squeaked audibly—now sauntered in. At the rear of the room a frantic hand sawed the air; then a voice burst out: "Sebastian's shoes they holler too much, Miss McRae. I likes I should be Sebastian's part!"—wistfully. "I shouldn't never get no chance to play the honesty game!"

"Why, Felix, you played last time!"

Angelo had picked up the purse and opened it. "Aw, fifty dollars!" he exclaimed. "God bless me! I must find who belongs to it!"

"Why you don't keep," counseled Sebastian, "and buy wit' it?"

"Aw, I'm not no skinner," responded Angelo, proceeding to the policeman, who was having a hard time to pace up and down his crowded beat.

"I find a purse," said Angelo, handing it over. "I didn't knew who lose it."

"Thank you," answered the policeman. "I give it to police station."

Here another hand was shaken violently. "Maybe da cop he don' wants to give it in!" suggested the pessimistic owner of the hand.

But the policeman made for headquarters. "A purse a guy finds," said that blasé officer.

"I put it in my desk," said the sergeant. "The owner come soon."

A moment later the opulent loser of purses wailed his way into the station, clamoring that he had lost his pocketbook.

"You could tell me what kind and how much?" suggested the wily sergeant.

The purse was described with accuracy, and was thereupon handed over by the sergeant.

"I was so crying and hollering that I wouldn't never hold it again," said the wealthy Wall Street magnate sociably, all smiles now, as he bowed himself out.

THE game was over all too soon. Angelo passed the pencils, checking them before and after. It was just as well to hold the class to an accounting for all property.

A little later when he heard the voice of the assistant-principal in the hall, he abruptly took his departure. The assistant was not friendly to visitors. Anyhow he must find a job.

He had noted "BOY WANTED" signs on the Bowery the night before, and he hurried thither now. But at each place he applied they asked for his work-papers. When they found he had none, they would not risk a court fine by hiring him.

At noon he went to meet Philip Ruzzi. Philip had asked him home for lunch.

As they ate, Mrs. Ruzzi was more insistent on his at once returning to the country than Mrs. Pelosani had been. "You get something happen on you! Such bad things to this Bowery—you don' know!"

Angelo laughed fearlessly.

Mrs. Ruzzi fairly wrung her hands. "You don' go home, I have to get a cop after you."

Angelo decided to give the Ruzzi and Pelosani homes a wide berth until he'd earned his gift money and had seen the subway go up. He'd always wanted to try sleeping in those empty boxes back of Kadetski's store, anyhow.

He left Philip at the bottom of the stairs, going now to see if he could get a job watching autos, though this was uncertain, with truant officers always about during school hours. They were sure to take you up if you were of school age—and oh, so fond of getting you put on parole!

He walked toward Second Avenue to look for autos. Suddenly he glimpsed a policeman approaching! Now for the empty box back of Kadetski's! Doubling on his track, he slipped down the alley. Five minutes later he reached the box and crawled in.

The box was clean and comfortable, and before long Angelo slept. He dreamed that his pocket was being picked, awaking

"I have to go now," said Miss McRae. "Will you take care of Angelo? I've always found him a very honest boy."

with a hazy notion that a hand had passed over him. And indeed one had! When he felt for his money, it was gone!

Dejectedly he crawled out of the box. It was beginning to rain, and he hadn't yet found a job. He hadn't even subway fare! And he couldn't go back to Illuminato's nor Philip's after being ordered home. As he proceeded disconsolately toward the end of the alley, he spied a figure loitering there, a figure that resembled a former truant officer with whom he'd had bitter experience. . . . .

It *was* the truant officer—his old enemy!

He popped down an areaway.

A moment later a pale, weasel-faced undersized man opened a door of the basement. He smiled fawningly at Angelo. "Runnin' away from a cop, kid?" he asked in a sly, laughing tone. His clothes were shabby and grayish, and his beady eyes had a manner of looking sidewise a good deal.

"From truant officer," answered Angelo truthfully.

"Ha, ha! you playin' hook?" His tone was almost too jolly.

"Not from here. From country school. I come in from country and somebody steal all my money!"—miserably.

The man's quick-moving eyes picked up interest. "Aint got no home here in the city?"

"No. I am trying to get job, but I didn't had no workpapers."

The man's eyes suddenly gleamed, but his next words made Angelo forget his natural caution. "You look like a smart boy. *I* got a job for somebody. Come on in or that truant officer'll nab you. It's goin' to rain cats and dogs too." The man acted very friendly, and Angelo—a bit reluctant—followed him into a small basement room little better than a cellar, unheated, and with dingy brick walls. *(Continued on page 108)*

Six in the Fore

Photo by Henry Waxman

VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON

is one of the few men of our time whose position in history is secure. He first did an important thing which can never be forgotten. A great region of the North would remain on our maps marked as "unknown" but for him. In the realm of purely physical exploration, he has done a tremendous work.

His great achievement, perhaps, has been in making really "known" to us some of the regions which have long been mapped and explored. Indeed, his own journeys proved to him most graphically that much of our "known" world was very badly mistaken indeed. So he has followed his fascinating account of "My Life with the Eskimo" and "The Friendly Arctic" with a searching little volume, "The Standardization of Error."

Photo by Dworshak

Photo by Rayhuff-Richter, Chicago

RUPERT HUGHES

is well known, as a novelist, to every reader of this magazine; and nearly everyone knows, also, that he has written a biography of George Washington. Rather, he is writing it; for it will be in four volumes, of which only two are completed.

The first stirred a storm of criticism from those who preferred to maintain a deified picture of our first President, because it dealt, chiefly, with Washington's life as a Virginia country gentleman at a time when he could have had no consciousness of the rôle later to be required of him.

The second volume, which has just appeared, has been received much more favorably; for Mr. Hughes has now entered upon the representation of the more familiar years of Washington's life when, almost alone, the Virginia gentleman bore the burden of military and political decision in a cause come to chaos.

It was the decade of Washington's greatness which Mr. Hughes dramatically portrays.

MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

That New York City is "not America" has been attested often and authoritatively. It is scarcely disputed. Nor is Chicago "America." Where is America? Not now on the farm nor in the country town, as it used to be.

Perhaps the great number of growing small cities throughout our land, today contain the most authentic groups of "Americans." At any rate, it is difficult to find, in current novels, more characteristically American people and American situations than those brought to us by Mrs. Banning.

Living in Duluth, Minnesota, she knows the ways of a city midway between the metropolis and the town; how very vividly she presents it, you may see upon another page of this magazine where starts Mrs. Banning's new novel, "Money of Her Own."

Front of Comment

Photo by Underwood and Underwood

MRS. CHARLES H. SABIN

The importance of the personnel of a National Committee is beginning to be appreciated by the electorate; and there is no better omen in political skies than the participation in the work of the Republican National Committee by such members as Mrs. Charles Sabin. She is a native of Chicago, but represents New York on the National Committee, having married Charles H. Sabin, who is Chairman of the Board of the Guarantee Trust Company, New York.

She was elected, first, member of the Republican County Committee of Suffolk, New York, in 1919, was made member of the Republican State Executive Committee in 1920, and next year was president of the Women's National Republican Club; and in 1924 she was a delegate from New York to the Republican National Convention.

ELIZABETH NORTH

A little cousin of Forbes-Robertson used to spend her holidays as assistant "prop-boy" in the theater. She is now stage manager for that most recent success "Broadway." Elizabeth North, who was born in Mexico of English parents, is just twenty-two. She began with dancing and acting; but finding that, averse to acting, she yet loved the stage, she switched her talents to the mechanics of her profession. For a year Miss North worked as technical director for a Denver stock-company; since then she has been assistant stage manager of one musical comedy, "Dearest Enemy," and technical director of another production.

Eventually she means to be a producer and therefore believes in mastering the details of stagecraft.

Photo by Nickolas Muray

Photo by Moffett

CONINGSBY DAWSON

It is well-known that Coningsby Dawson is an Englishman; how much he is also an American ought to be known.

Almost immediately after his graduation from Oxford, he came to Canada and then to this country, where he was living when the war broke out. Joining the Canadians, he served at the front as lieutenant of Field Artillery; when wounded, he returned here to lecture, rejoined the Canadians and, again wounded, was once more detailed to the United States under the British Mission. After the war, he spoke in every State in the Union upon the results of the great conflict, and then, at the request of Herbert Hoover, inspected stricken districts of Eastern Europe.

He married an American girl and lives in New Jersey, where he writes the delightful, diverse stories rising out of his varied experience, which have been printed and which will appear in this magazine.

Lounge Widows

By Virginia Dale

Illustrated by Everett Shinn

Miss Dale, who is a dramatic critic as well as a short-story writer, draws a sharp, vivid picture of people playing parts in the comico-serious theater of a fashionable hotel lounge.

"My dear, did you ever see anything like the way

"I DON'T believe in talking about other women." Little Mrs. Sheridan, who liked to be called Sherry, looked appealingly at her dearest friend out of wide blue eyes. "I don't think anyone at the Lakecrest could accuse me of it. But—"

"Of course not, Sherry darling," Leila Page nodded sagely. "What were you going to say?"

"Well, simply this: where did she come from, my dear?" It was far from necessary for Leila to ask who was meant; both women gazed across the lounge at the red-haired girl. The red-haired girl, in a pale green frock, stood talking easily to young Dr. Hunter.

"I had a dress that identical shade last season, and I always felt it looked the color of mold, my dear," Sherry reported plaintively.

"It doesn't look like mold on her—except that it seems to be molded on her. Oh, sorry! That was a rotten pun. But she does look well, doesn't she?" It was the sort of delicate thrust a dearest friend couldn't resist.

Sherry shrugged pale shoulders. "If you like her type." She indicated that anyone with taste would find the red-head intolerable.

"Dr. Hunter seems to, and about every other man around this hotel."

"Did you ever see anyone that simply invites attention the way she does?" Sherry demanded intensely. "Why, she wasn't here two days before she had the Doctor talking to her, and you know yourself, Leila, how *aloof* he always is. Even when he comes down to dance Saturday nights, he just stays a little while."

"I saw you one-stepping with him last Saturday, didn't I, Sherry?"

"Oh, yes. I believe he dances with me more than with some around here," Sherry answered with pointed nonchalance suggesting she could say a lot more if she wished. After all, ladies in a lounge must use their wits for something. "I tell him he's too good-looking for a physician." Sherry laughed to show how little she really cared for Dr. Hunter. "But I think it is most amusing to see that red-haired girl lay traps for him. You can just tell by looking at her she would flatter a man to death just to get his attention, my dear. Well, I'm happy to say I never ran after a man in my life. I may be old-fashioned—" She waited for Leila to deny it. When Leila did, she took up her thread again: "But I'm not sorry. My dear, a woman alone as I am has to be so careful. You can't imagine what it is with that fine handsome husband of yours around to protect you. You just can't realize the cats around here that are just ready to pounce and gossip about poor little me."

Leila stirred impatiently at the reference to that "fine handsome husband." A look of something like envy passed over her smooth face at Sherry's mention of being the target of gossip. And feeling that she must put the complacent Sherry down, she said sweetly: "Why, now, my dear, I never heard anyone say a word about you."

Sherry smiled. She had a way of intimating that Leila's rôle of wife was a rather pitiful one, that poor Leila lost something of excitement and very much of freedom by being tied to pudgy Fred Page. So when she said "fine handsome husband," it was quite clear to Leila that her best friend was being painstakingly kind. So, "I don't think people talk about you as much as you think," she added with some asperity.

Sherry, maddeningly, didn't seem to hear. She bowed to old Mrs. Plummer on her way to her usual evening bridge. "Good evening, dear Mrs. Plummer. This your lucky night? That's right. . . . . My dear, wouldn't you think with all her money

she hangs onto Dr. Hunter? It certainly is amazing the way the cleverest man can be taken in."

she'd get some decent clothes? I should think it would embarrass her son to death. . . . . Evening, Harriet. Yes, isn't it? But the nights are still pretty cold. . . . . I don't think much of her wave, do you, Leila? Oh, my dear, I've found a new place where they give the most perfect waves. Look! Don't you think this swirl on me is awfully good in the back? Look, Leila!"

Leila's resentment passed. "It's divine. When are you going again? I'll go with you."

"Well, I'm not going to tell anyone about this place but you, my dear. She seems to take a special interest in making heads individual, my dear, and you know how they get; if everyone goes, they don't take the pains."

"That's Hilda. The people I've sent that woman, too! Isn't it always the way?"

"Always," Sherry agreed firmly. "How old would you say that red-haired girl is, Leila?"

"She's probably a lot older than she looks. Well—standing there she looks about twenty-four or -five."

"My dear! If she's twenty-five, I'm fourteen! Did you ever see anything like the way she hangs onto Dr. Hunter? Well, it certainly is amazing the way even the cleverest man can be taken in."

"I hear she writes advertising," Leila offered.

"Oh, you could tell she *works!* The Lakecrest isn't half the exclusive residential hotel it used to be. They seem to let anyone in, though goodness knows they're still high enough. Now, you know, my dear, a girl like that simply couldn't earn enough herself to live here. I wouldn't put it past her a bit if—er—"

"Fred says she makes a hundred a week. He knows some one in the agency where she works. Fred says this man says she's one of the best writers there."

"Oh, is that so?" Sherry shifted her pretty lips into a smile that said plainer than words, "You can believe that, you poor confiding wife, but not I." She went on: "There's something about these working girls—I don't know. They get so hard, my dear! And brazen. Look how she's vamping poor Dr. Hunter."

"Well, I must say he seems to be enjoying it." Leila remembered unpleasantly how long it had been since she had "vamped" anyone: Fred was so unreasonable. Sherry was thinking that to be safely married again without the necessity of "vamping" any-

one must be quite comfortable. Both women looked across the lounge with a strained nonchalance masking their interest. It is so hard for a pair of attractive women to concentrate on each other. The young doctor was laughing down at the red-head; several other men lounged near by apparently eager to get in a word. Certainly the red-haired girl was holding court.

"It isn't," Sherry broke the silence, "that I care a continental for Dr. Hunter, my dear. You know that. It simply disappoints me to see any man let himself be made a fool of. As if any woman couldn't get him if she laid herself out to be as common as that little snip. Well, all men are alike, aren't they? Ned Sheridan was the same way. I've no doubt in the world that stenographer he's married to now caught him just like that." Her wide blue eyes added definitely, innocently: "A stenographer—after me!"

"He's doing awfully well, I understand, isn't he?" Sherry's dear friend asked casually. She had wanted to get that in for a month. It became unbearable sometimes to see the way Sherry swanked on her alimony, and she had to contrive to make what Fred gave her suffice.

"I'm sure I don't know," Sherry answered primly. "I'm sure I have no interest in him whatever. All I know is that I get my alimony regularly. I'd better! My dear, if you could know what I went through the two years I put up with that man. He has the old-fashioned idea, Leila, that a wife should simply look after her husband. He just wouldn't realize that nowadays women must—must"—what was the phrase?—"be themselves! I used to tell him; I'd say, 'Ned,' I'd say, 'I wont be any man's slave. Is it my fault the maid is late with your breakfast?' I'd say, 'You know, my dear, the day is past when women haven't anything better to do than look after some man's house.'"

"All men are alike," Leila contributed on her own account. "I don't think a week passes that Fred doesn't begin about leaving the Lakecrest."

SHERRY was bright with sympathy. "Oh, my dear! Don't you do it! Why, you'd be so tied down you wouldn't have time for a thing."

"I'm not," Leila told her promptly. "Oh, did you say you were going to that hairdresser tomorrow? I do want to go with you."

"No, Thursday. Tomorrow I'm going to that fortune-teller Mrs. Foley was talking about. My dear, she is too funny. She believes everything they say. I'm just going for fun. But you know, it was too queer, my dear; one told me just before my divorce that I would be married again—to a professional man! Isn't that a scream? Not that I take any stock in them."

"Oh, I don't believe in them either. Still—it's sort of uncanny, isn't it? What time are you going?"

"Well, I want to run downtown in the morning. I see in the paper they're selling georgette for a dollar ninety-eight—or was it two ninety-eight? Anyway, I thought I'd make myself a negligée. Oh, it makes me wild, Leila, when I think of the way I have to economize, and that stenographer probably buying anything she wants. It isn't fair. I gave the best two years of myself to Ned Sheridan. The divorce laws in this country are made for men."

"Here comes Fred," Leila said patiently. "Hello. What? No, I don't think I feel like bridge tonight. I'm tired. I've been playing all afternoon. Well, Fred, it isn't my fault if you said I'd play! I can't help that; if you'd learn to consult my wishes just a little— Get some one else to make a fourth, then. I'm going up."

Sherry darted a quick glance of sympathy at Leila and another to Fred Page. Both looks said carefully, "I pity you," to Leila for having such a husband, to Fred for having such a wife. Men always said Sherry was their pal. "And I think he noticed it too," she told herself agreeably. Fred wasn't really so bad-looking.

"No, thank you, Fred," she said aloud. "I can't play either. I—I want to see Mrs. Foley—an important address—" Sherry's voice trailed off.

She crossed the lounge to where the red-haired girl still held court. A burst of laughter urged Sherry on as she drew nearer the group so manifestly unaware of it. Anyone would have said—but no one would have thought—that Sherry was making for the elevator. Three feet from the young doctor, she dropped her vanity-case with a little clatter. He turned obediently and went on his knees to retrieve it: the cloisonné powder box, flat and slim, the lip-stick holder that matched, the pencil, handkerchief, forgotten cards, keys, memo-book, peppermints, all the paraphernalia an idle woman finds so necessary.

"Oh, thank you, Doctor." Sherry gave him her best smile. "I'm such a careless person. I always need some one to look after me. . . . . Isn't it a divine night?" She waited tentatively. "I thought I'd take a little stroll along the beach—"

The red-head's laughter with her remaining males mingled with Dr. Hunter's laughter.

"Yes, why don't you?" he said idly. "Do you good." His eyes wandered back to the gay group.

"You don't think it's dangerous out there, Doctor—for a woman alone?"

He glanced through the tall windows that gave to the brilliantly lighted beach, revealing its strolling couples like active silhouettes on some mammoth lamp-shade. "No, I don't think you'd be in any danger," he said at last gravely.

A brave little smile lifted her lips. "I don't know what's the matter with me lately," she reported. "I do get so nervous. And low. You don't think it's the forerunner of an illness, do you, Doctor?"

THE inroad upon his professionalism stirred him weakly. She caught the faint emphasis of his interest as he regarded her. "I hope not," he said. "I hardly think so. Perhaps your liver needs jogging up."

"Oh, Doctor Hunter!" She gave a tiny playful shriek. Why were weak livers indelicate and weak hearts romantic? She was conscious of people passing and repassing in the lounge, noticing the good-looking young man's attention, probably wondering what witty, perhaps wicked thing he was saying to the pretty widow. (Sherry liked to think of herself as the pretty widow.) She nodded sweetly to the passing Leila, really hardly seeing her, and it seemed suddenly as she stood there that there was the same romance about livers as hearts when Dr. Hunter mentioned them. She carried away the convenient thought with her as she stepped into the elevator finally, the little smile still playing about her delicately painted mouth, giving every indication her very-much observed tête-à-tête had ended on a merry personal note.

But once in her own apartment, Sherry's smile vanished. Her small parlor, her smaller bedroom where the maid had already turned down the bed and laid out the froth of silky nightgown,—which Sherry would wash in the bath, and iron when she was sure of no interruption,—seemed like a prison cell. From below she could hear the melody of a popular song. Were they dancing? Just her luck! She couldn't go down again after everyone had seen her leave! She stood listening, then unhappily slipped out of her frock, color of ripe tangerine, and in a velvet robe went back to her parlor for a cigarette.

Her windows gave to the street. Sherry was always saying to some one: "Oh, you're on the lake side? It's perfectly silly of me, but I simply can't stand to look *down* on water." The lake side apartments were more expensive.

It was warm, and with the windows open the whir of dashing motors came from the drive; horns cut into the night; brakes creaked; and every now and again the furious noise of a smash crowded above everything. She banged down the windows in her bedroom furiously. "Oh," said Sherry, facing reality for the space of a second, "what do I have out of life?"

But she threw her frock from the *chaise-longue* thoughtfully,—the maid would hang it up in the morning; no use spoiling them by doing things oneself,—and she snuggled down like a kitten, not to brood, but to plan. Her cigarette went out unheeded as she plotted on.

LEILA came in the next morning about ten and found her dear friend still in bed, the remains of a substantial breakfast indicating the reason for Sherry's chin-reducer, also abandoned.

Sherry was sitting enshrined in orchid marabou and the morning papers, the headlines of which she had glanced over and all the "features" of which she had carefully read. She had learned of three girls' most embarrassing moments, what to do for the half-moons on one's nails, and how the bathers at Cannes, where she had never been and probably never would go, were wearing long braids sewed into their caps, and any number of other interesting things.

"I just dropped in to say I couldn't go with you today," Leila imparted. "Fred got word late last night he had to go East and I just told him I was going too. He needn't think he can have all the fun in the Page family."

"Oh, my dear, I should think you'd be glad of a little vacation." Sherry raised surprised, plucked eyebrows. "Not that Fred isn't a dear," she added hastily. "But don't you think husbands and wives are better for a little holiday away from each other?"

"You need a change," he said. Sherry was in a quandary: tell him she couldn't afford it, or keep up her carefully planned luxury?

"But I'd like to go to New York," Leila objected stubbornly. "I've been dying to go ever since you got back last spring."

"Ah!" Sherry gave a reminiscent sigh. Leila gathered anew that Sherry had had a wonderful time. "But of course I was alone," Sherry reminded her. She left it to Leila's imagination to fancy the heaven of that. Leila imagined. "I have the names of some splendid little shops," Sherry said suddenly, "where you can get some really splendid bargains. Hats, now. You know that little toque of mine? Forty-two dollars, my dear! I'll get you the address."

Leila stirred uneasily. "Well, not that I'll use it. Fred would have a fit if I paid that for a hat!" she added in a little rush. Sherry intimated her sympathy. The two women sat quietly for a minute, each busy with her own thoughts, each strangely filled with envy for the other. Presently Leila kissed her friend and left.

Sherry decided not to go out. She put in her usual morning: A bit of washing, a nibble of candy—was she gaining? Perhaps she'd better go to that new masseuse some one was telling her about. As Sherry often said, she simply had no patience with women who let themselves go! She ran ribbons through a couple of bodices. But through all the foolish fabric of her hours there worked the plan she had designed the night before.

The red-haired girl held her little court again after dinner that night. Sherry, when she was dummy at the bridge-table, found her eyes drawn like magnets to that girl's group, where young Dr. Hunter once more matched his smile to hers. Mr. Foley shuffled the deck.

SHERRY: "Oh, my bid? So sorry. What did you make it, partner? I feel just a little ill. I—very well; I double."

MRS. FOLEY: *(sympathetically)* "You do look tired, dear. You ought to have a little change. Isn't Leila the lucky one to run off the way she's always doing?"

Sherry laid down her hand precisely. There are times when contrast to another's good fortune is most annoying. She gazed at Mrs. Foley knowingly. "Well, I wouldn't be in Leila's shoes," she said wisely. "I'm the last person *(Continued on page 132)*

The Wreckage of Psycho-analysis

By George Seldes

A startling statement of some consequences of the craze and fad of the moment on two continents. Mr. Seldes, who is an American newspaper correspondent resident abroad for several years, writes from Vienna, the home of Freud himself. Preceding his article is an introduction dealing with the situation here, written by the editor of the Journal of the American Medical Association, Morris Fishbein, M. D.

SINCE 1894, when the Freudian doctrines came first conspicuously on the scientific scene, the technique, the theories and the practices of this offshoot from psychology, religion and medicine have aroused argument. Perhaps much of the disfavor with which the progress of psycho-analysis has been viewed has resulted from the practice of the method by numerous charlatans, who should have been promptly condemned by honest scientific investigators. Unfortunately their adherence to the ranks seems to have been welcomed in some instances because the battle to establish psycho-analysis as a science was apparently a losing one, and support seemed to be helpful. Now psycho-analysis is reaping the sorrows of its earlier errors.

The incidents cited by Mr. Seldes can no doubt be duplicated in the records of psycho-analytic practice in any large medical center. Certainly New York can supply hundreds of similar cases, and I know personally of a few in Chicago. Possibly the cumulative effect of Mr. Seldes' records may be somewhat more terrifying than the situation warrants.

With the passing of time everyone with knowledge of the subject is ready to admit that the contribution of Sigmund Freud is significant and that his position in psychology is secure. But the psycho-analytic methods are still on trial, perhaps because their effects frequently seem anti-social.

The criticisms that have been leveled against the development of psycho-analysis as a department of medicine or as a healing cult have varied from the simple assertion of Joseph Collins that the medical profession by and large, the world over, repudiates Freud, his system of treatment and his theory of neuroses, to the indictment by Frederic Peterson that psycho-analysis is a species of voodoo religion characterized by obscene rites and human sacrifices.

The practice of psycho-analysis for the healing of disease is the point at which it invades the medical field primarily. The majority of good specialists in diseases of the mind are convinced that the orthodox method of psycho-analysis as practiced by the leaders is distinctly wrong in principle and meretricious in practice, that it degrades the personality, may produce harmful results and is in general indefensible. Men of long experience are able to produce numerous instances in which the psycho-analytic technique has been the chief cause for a severe disturbance of mentality by turning a sexual interest into a sexual aberration. Such are the cases cited by Mr. Seldes.

The bizarre nature of this work and its possibilities for charlatanism have attracted innumerable quacks into its folds. The invasion of the field by these psycho-analytic amateurs and by numerous psychologists who would be physicians without following the long educational trail that leads to an M. D. degree. has caused uproar in the psycho-analytic ranks. Part of the blame attaches to Sigmund Freud himself, who asserts that psycho-analysis is not a branch of medicine, and who defends the entrance into the field of lay analysts. Freud asserts that the analyst should be trained in his work, and the Freudian school will not recognize the professional status of anyone in psycho-analysis who has not himself been through the procedure with Freud or with one of his immediate lieutenants. The laws of Austria prohibit the practice of hypnosis by laymen; they prohibit also occult séances and the organization of spiritualistic societies. In Vienna the physicians have demanded that non-medical psycho-analysts discontinue their practice, although several have been certified by Freud himself. In their defense the Austrian lay psycho-analysts have asserted that in America psycho-analysis is not regarded as a branch of medicine, but is considered to be primarily in the field of pedagogics and spiritual guidance.

The New York Psycho-Analytical Society differs here with the great master and has passed a resolution to the effect that the practice of psycho-analysis for the treatment of disease shall be restricted to physicians who are graduates of recognized medical schools, who have had special training in psychiatry and psycho-analysis, and who conform to the medical practice acts to which they are subject. Freud has asserted his belief that this resolution was prompted essentially by practical motives, possibly inspired by indignation brought on *by the harm done and the abuses committed in America by lay analysts.*

The latest document of importance comes from the Harvard University Psycho-Educational Clinic. Drs. E. A. Shaw and George E. Gardiner say in a recent report to the National Committee for Mental Hygiene that "character analysts" and "practical psychologists" are responsible for many of the dissatisfied, badly adjusted cases that come to the Harvard Clinic. The psychological quack, half informed concerning scientific psychological principles, undertakes in a conference or by lectures, and for no small fee, to advise men and women about their mental and vocational ills. The two Harvard psychologists maintain that the number of quacks is growing day by day and that they are a detriment to the health of the community.

The emphasis placed by the Freudian doctrines on sex as the basis for most mental ills and maladjustments makes the actions of the quacks especially dangerous to the social welfare of the community. As shown by Mr. Seldes they strike at the maintenance of the family and of the home, which are the basis of our civilization. His dramatic presentation of the subject may seem to most scientific readers somewhat sensational. But if it accomplishes the purpose of making people hesitate before trusting their mental ills to unqualified quacks it will have done much good for the communities that it reaches.

Morris Fishbein

WHEN a Viennese thinks of Vienna, he thinks of it as *"Wien, die Stat meiner Traüme."* In story, song and science, that is what Vienna has always been, "the city of dreams." From Strauss to Freud, it has poured its dreams out on the world; all sorts of dreams, dream waltzes, dream songs, dream women, and finally the sex dreams of psycho-analysis. Vienna today as formerly is the dream capital of the world. Those who aren't singing about dreams there are telling them. American tourists have abandoned the waters of Carlsbad for the clinics of the psycho-analysts, and Vienna is strewn with the wrecks of those who wished to kiss and, instead, paused to tell. And having told, remained to get divorced.

"Leave your mate immediately! Get a divorce!" is the invariable advice of one of the most notorious psycho-analysts on the Continent to married patients.

Brutal shocks are in store for those who are being led to turn their souls inside out by a psycho-analyst.

"He told me such terrible things about myself," a patient of one of the leading English psycho-analysts wrote in a suicide note, "that I could not bear to live afterward."

In 1915 a book called "A Young Girl's Diary," was published in Germany, and later suppressed in this country. It was reputed to have been written by a patient of Frau Doktor Hug Helmuth, one of Freud's pupils, and contained an introduction by the latter. It became a minor testament of psycho-analysis, and was so used by Doctor Helmuth in the education of her nephew, until he shot her.

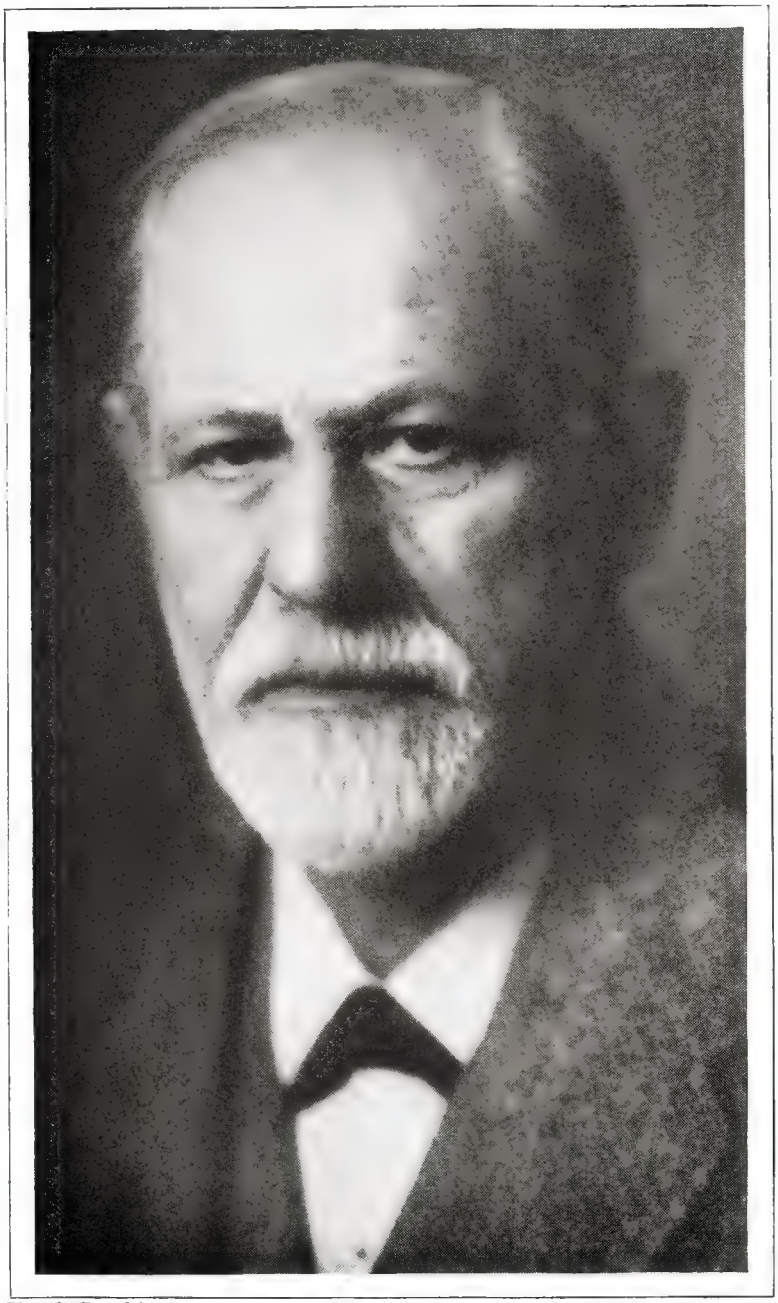

Photo by P. and A.

PROFESSOR SIGMUND FREUD

of Vienna, whose study in the interpretation of dreams started the craze for psycho-analysis.

Psycho-analytic tragedies have by no means been confined to Vienna and Europe. Indeed, it is only in America where people still boast of having been psycho-analyzed. In Europe they hide the fact. A distinguished physician of New York testified that "an astonishing proportion of my severest mental cases can only be diagnosed as 'suffering from acute psycho-analysis.'" The following case, out of many, illustrates his meaning graphically:

Mrs. X, the wife of a prominent banker, took herself to a professional psycho-analyst. While a somewhat nervous woman, the reason she later gave for being psycho-analyzed was: "All the women I know are doing it, and sending each other round to psycho-analysts." Her home life with her husband and two children had been happy. The psycho-analyst ushered her into a dimly lighted room, and made her relax in a reclining chair.

"What did you dream last night?" he snapped at her, without warning.

"I—I did not dream last night."

"You did."

"I didn't."

"You dreamed of your husband."

"I didn't."

"You dreamed your husband was untrue to you."

Stunned, she just gaped at the psycho-analyst. She had never suspected her husband in her life. She made up for it now. She asked herself what kind of business conferences took him out of town on Sundays. Before she was through, she drove him out of town on weekdays as well, got a divorce and an egocentric nervous mania that wrecked her life.

In its simplest terms psycho-analysis is confession, and the mainstay of your confession is your dream. The dream, once you get under its symbolic confusions and disguises, is a sort of silver screen publishing what is usually hidden and not, generally speaking, possible of publication elsewhere. Moreover it deals in futures as well as pasts. That is to say, you are just as likely, more so in fact, according to the psycho-analysts, to dream of lusts and sins you would like to commit than those which you have committed. And, still according to them, if you really want very much to fulfill a desire, and your conscience or the policeman has hitherto successfully restrained you, the dreams you are liable to dream will be a caution, and the general state you are apt to be in will be even worse, and the thing for you to do is to consult a high-priced expert in mental states. His advice will be terse and to the point, however lengthy his examination and his bill. What he will advise will simply be to throw off your neuroses, or feeling of inferiority, or your mother or father complex, or what have you, and go forth and be yourself. That is, remove whatever stands between you and the free expression of your desires, be it squeamishness, social responsibility, wife, children, or the police, and step out and commit. In the eyes of some psycho-analysts, suppression is more guilty than commission. Moreover, psycho-analysis like nature abhors a vacuum, and where there is no desire it will create one.

WILLIAM N., the son of a well-known American lawyer, a healthy, happy college boy of the athletic type, was touring Europe during the summer with some friends and came to Vienna. Physically active, he had no preoccupation with sex; moreover he was virtually engaged to a girl he had known and loved all his life. However, psycho-analysis had become a college fad, and he made an appointment with an expert. The psycho-analyst took him from the tennis court into the clinic.

"The trouble with you," said the doctor, after the customary preliminary quizzing, "is that you are repressed. You must experience sex."

"But," protested the boy, who harbored some antique ideal of entering marriage as clean as the girl he was in love with, "I am engaged to be married."

"You are twenty years of age, and you will be unhappy all

your life if you repress yourself now. Have you had no desire for this girl?"

The boy blushed, and felt like hitting the eminent analyst. The latter promptly said: "I can see by your face this moment that you are very emotional, and your very blush indicates an unhealthy repugnance toward natural feelings."

He persuaded the young man to remain in Vienna and take a mistress. The boy speedily ran out of his traveling allowance, and cabled his father for more. His father sent him enough to return to America on, and cabled: "Stop this nonsense and come home at once." The boy spent the money living in accordance with his European advice. It was as he boarded the boat at Havre, having received another passage remittance, that the awful ordeal of facing that girl at home first struck him clearly. The first night out, a seaman pulled him back from off the rail, and he was watched thereafter. The night before the vessel docked he got loose, and jumped overboard. He simply couldn't face that girl.

The original emphasis of psycho-analysis was upon the mentally and sexually unsound: the neurotic, the hysterical type and the insane. Its original purpose was to prove that through the removal of chafing and delusive restraints and inhibitions which an ill-balanced mind imposed on its own subconscious cravings, the patient could be restored to normality or comparative normality. It was a difficult, probing science, generally using as laboratory the psychiatric ward of a hospital, jail or institution for the abnormal. The moment, however, that psycho-analysis seeped out of the clinic into the parlor, it became an intellectual excuse to cut loose and discuss or perform the forbidden in the name of truth, freedom or even virtue. And as it became popularized, mounting upward on the wings of professional psycho-analysts' fees into the realm of the smart and the faddish, its original emphasis was completely reversed. In other words, whereas psycho-analysis originally maintained that even the unbalanced were potentially sane, it now insisted that even the sane are fundamentally unbalanced.

THE most contemptible aspect of psycho-analytic quackery has been the translation of the verbal intimacy which the method involves into physical intimacy between practitioners and patients. At the beginning of the treatment the examiner goads the patient on to talk incessantly. Out of recurrent words, phrases, ideas, the examiner gleans the nature of what has been worrying the victim, but he requires the aid of dreams to expose it in all its pristine repulsiveness. Precisely the same inhibitions that have kept the patient from acting as he subconsciously wished to act and thus brought him to the state where recourse to a specialist was necessary, prevents him now from speaking with absolute freedom even to the specialist. Now enters the dream.

We fake even in our dreams, but our deception takes the form of symbolic patterns. Once the riddle of the symbols is solved, the true meaning of the dream is deciphered. The patient is pitched into preoccupation with his dream life, a preoccupation which virtually preëmpts the whole of his existence, rendering him unfit for any other occupation. He rides the hounds on his own dreams. He lies down with pad and pencil beside him. Eventually the psycho-analyst decodes the patient's dream for him in extremely plain English mixed with a little dog-Latin, with the resultant intense stimulation of the patient's libido, or sex urge, particularly when all former objects of that urge have been removed so that practitioner himself stands in their stead.

In the spring of 1924 a handsome matron arrived in Vienna with a son of eleven. She had met a perfectly charming woman in Mentone who had had a perfectly thrilling time, my dear, being psycho-analyzed by the most perfectly fascinating doctor in Vienna.

The young matron's husband, a paper manufacturer in Boston, was lonely for his wife, and had asked her to return, but he cabled her the additional money to make the Viennese tour without protest, the lady having loaded up rather heavily in Paris on hats, gowns, lingerie and beaded bags. They were contentedly mated; neither had hitherto adventured, or thought of so doing, outside of the home. In fact, they were not only congenial lovers, but that rarer thing, excellent comrades.

"What made you come to me?" was the first question the psycho-analyst put to her.

She told him truthfully that it was curiosity and nothing more; that there was absolutely nothing wrong with her life.

"Do you think for one moment that you would have made this long trip against your husband's wishes if there was nothing wrong with your life?"

"Why—why, I just did it for the experience," she repeated.

"The first thing you must do is flatly to acknowledge that you have left your husband."

"Why—why, I couldn't dream of such a thing!"

"Wait till you see what you can dream," said the doctor.

He made her take the inevitable pad and pencil to her bedside and lay guard on her dreams. In a week he had her dreaming herself into a fantastic repugnance at the very thought of returning to the man who was footing the bills. In another week he had her dreaming of himself as the substitute for the husband. The third week they went to Budapest together, and left the boy alone in a Vienna hotel. The woman was lost in an irresponsible trance of neurotic passion in which all the social and personal obligations that hitherto governed her were less than shadows. She had developed such a fixation on the psycho-analyst that she speedily bored him and, without making the faintest attempt to transfer her fixation from himself to anyone else, or even back to the husband, he left her. A month later the husband found the shattered wreck of his wife in a sanitarium. She had a maniacal aversion to his mere presence in the same room, and the baffled and agonized man was compelled to leave her there, and returned to America with the boy, whom she could not bear near her either.

Above the big café on Alsterstrasse 9, in the 8th Bezirk of Vienna, is the clubroom of the two hundred doctors of the American Medical Association of Vienna. Such cases as I have here reported are there conversationally current, completely vouched for unto the last unpleasant detail. To report just one more:

The husband of G. B. acquitted himself more drastically in an instance similar to the one last described, although the ultimate outcome was every bit as tragic. G. B. arrived in Vienna with a party of four friends, two couples. The three women went to a psycho-analyst. After the report of the third session the husband of one nearly blackened his spouse's eyes, and made her pack up and return to America on the spot. The husband of the second wore only one leg of the family trousers, and he had to endure the sickening details of two more sessions. However, he was the family banker, and suddenly disappeared, leaving a note to his wife and just enough money for her to rejoin him in Berlin, saying he would wait there three days for her, and that he would not send her another penny. The lady balanced the psycho-analytic thrill with the financial hazard, and the steady income won, and she rejoined her mate for the trip home. She had the good sense to attempt to persuade G. B. to return with her, but the unescorted lady refused.

When the scattered party reached America the husbands met the husband of G. B., and he took the next boat to Europe, but he was too late to save his wife. She was enamored of the psycho-analyst, and brazenly defied her husband to part them. The husband bought a huzzar's whip and matched a dueling scar on the psycho-analyst's cheek with a half dozen welts, until the whip broke. He spent a week in jail, paid a fine—and when he started looking for his wife she was gone. So was the psycho-analyst. He returned to America and got a divorce and the custody of his three children. The psycho-analyst is back in Vienna—alone, and still practicing. The woman—well, the member of the American Medical Association of Vienna who told me this story in Vienna, saw her himself not so long ago at the races in Baden Baden—a heavily rouged and powdered travesty of her former wholesomely alluring self, in company with a notorious South American profligate.

NOT alone from the American Medical Association of Vienna have I collected the above episodes; some were supplied me by psycho-analysts themselves. Psycho-analysis has made healthy beings of not a few neurotic patients, as well as unwholesome neurotics of a great many more reasonably healthy men and women. But it is not a parlor and boudoir science, and none has fought harder to keep it in the clinic and out of the bedroom than the strictly scientific research psycho-analyst himself, or been more willing to give all possible publicity to cases such as I have here disclosed. Words are inadequate to describe the feelings of Freud himself at the unexpected transformation of his method into a Klondike for quacks and charlatans. In his eyes psycho-analysis was a painstaking science of established data and inferential proof. He regarded the dream as the key to the unknown and the signpost to the ailment; they made a fraud of the dream, and brought the science to a point where it became, in the words of Karl Kraus, "the disease whose symptoms it professes to cure."

However, psycho-analysis was and is essentially an investigation, not a cure. A prominent New York psycho-analyst, asked how he would undertake the cure of a neurotic case, replied flatly: "I am not interested in curing; I am interested solely in

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LUNCHEON DINNER SUPPER

pathology." The follies and excesses of the movement split it in Vienna itself, moreover, and a group of so-called Individual Psychologists, of which Dr. Alfred Adler is the leader, struck out along curative, or as they prefer to term it, prophylactic lines. Freud began and still primarily concerns himself with the adult neurotic. The individual psychologist has functioned most effectively with children. Freud is essentially analytical, the others fundamentally preventative. The methods of Adler have an especial interest in America, because American child-welfare workers have independently arrived at methods and viewpoints strikingly similar in such free child-guidance clinics as are maintained at Seward Park and Hunts Park, New York, in psychiatric wards, the various children's courts, in universities and the Rockefeller Foundation.

But the most decisive parting of the ways of Freud and the Individual Psychologists is in their attitude toward human impulses. Whereas the former maintains that man must honor and serve his impulses, the latter hold that the impulses must serve the man. Individual psychology labors to rehabilitate the neurotic socially, personally and sexually. The common brand of fashionable psycho-analysis results only in making of the neurotic an invincible alibi artist. Having had revealed to him what ails him, he accepts the ailment as an excuse for not carrying on, and exploits his own weaknesses. It is the ultimate in defeatism.

In contrast, the healing sanity of the opposite method is the triumph of human valiance. It is all man's courage protesting against the implication that a man is no better than his dreams. It is a refusal to be held down on the nasty level of a sick man's dreams. It is a clean, crisp challenge and denial of the whole fraud of dreams.

THE GREAT EMERALD MYSTERY

(Continued from page 51)

are being unnecessarily careful of my interests. However, I will just ask Curzon to step round. He is a jeweler."

"Curzon?" said Dwight-Rankin. "You don't mean Curzon of Loot and Curzon, the pawnbrokers?"

"You know him?" said the good Mr. Buggenshaw.

"Since infancy," said Dwight-Rankin nastily, "I have scarcely had time to know anyone else."

AFTER dinner they entered a drawing-room furnished, my cousin Pullman says, in the earlier motion-picture manner with certain modifications showing a Tottenham Court Road influence. There, while the good Mr. Buggenshaw showed Mrs. Angel the sights, the fellow Dwight-Rankin drew my cousin Pullman aside and, recommending him to help himself to the cigars, as it was unlikely they would ever be asked to Mr. Buggenshaw's house again, whispered:

"I shall never hold up my head again if she doesn't get all she can out of him for that dud stone. Do you realize that two thousand pounds was the sum he kept dunning poor Angel for before he died, though he had actually lent him only five hundred pounds?"

"Did he get the two thousand pounds?"

"Eventually," said Dwight-Rankin gloomily, "from the estate. So he really did *her* out of fifteen hundred pounds, you see."

"But is the emerald *really* a dud? After all, he is not the man to be taken in easily—and if she *has* made a mistake and it's real, he will be making a profit."

Dwight-Rankin looked pityingly at my cousin Pullman. "Didn't she," said the fellow, *"tell* us it was a dud?"

"Yes, but—" said my cousin Pullman.

"And do you think she is a fool?"

"No, but—" said my cousin Pullman.

"Then don't ask silly questions," said the fellow Dwight-Rankin.

At that moment Mr. Curzon was shown in. His exceedingly correct manner of speech betrayed an unsleeping guard over the dignity of the English language which is sadly to seek in the casual accents of our landed gentry.

Dwight-Rankin and Mrs. Angel sat down to a game of bezique, while the situation was briefly explained to Mr. Curzon by Mr. Buggenshaw. The expressions of the two as they stood whispering together were fraught, says my cousin Pullman, with possibilities of immediate financial loss to gentlefolk. He was therefore actuated by the highest motives of chivalry in quietly approaching them and trying to catch what they were saying. Seeing, however, that Mr. Curzon was watching him, my cousin Pullman assumed a nonchalant air and, sipping his brandy with *savoir faire*, said gayly:

"May I say, Mr. Buggenshaw, that this is very fine old brandy?"

"Nothing," said the good Mr. Buggenshaw, "gives me more pleasure than to hear that you have at last come to the conclusion that it is brandy. From the action of your elbow for a considerable time past I could only judge that you were under the impression that you were drinking lager-beer."

My cousin Pullman says that he resented this unjust attack so bitterly that nothing could have prevented him from shaking the dust of the house from his feet forever had he not felt that it would be shameful to desert his friends.

My cousin Pullman then swears to the following conversation having taken place:

MR. B: "Would you be so kind as to allow my friend Curzon to examine your emerald?"

MRS. A: *(Giving it to him)* "With pleasure!"

MR. B: *(Giving it to Mr. C.)* "Thank you."

MR. C: *(Receiving it)* "Thank you."

My cousin Pullman says that he was watching the proceedings with an eagle eye. Nothing, he says, escaped him. He concentrated in particular on Mr. Curzon's face with such a degree of intensity that he could, he says, draw a map of it from memory. Mr. Curzon's features were arranged by Nature with a view to expressing (a) suspicion, (b) skepticism, (c) incredulity, and (d) downright disbelief. But so great was the effect produced on him by the emerald that, my cousin Pullman says, those same features straightway rearranged themselves into a form very often assumed by the faces of stamp-collectors — Mr. Curzon radiated a childlike delight. "What a beautiful stone!" said Mr. Curzon.

"You mean," said Mrs. Angel, looking up from her cards, "what a beautiful imitation!"

"Imitation?" cried Mr. Curzon. "I would like to meet the man who can make 'imitations' like this!"

MY cousin Pullman says he was now convinced that Mrs. Angel had made a mistake, that the emerald really was real. He did not know what to do. He tried to catch Dwight-Rankin's eye. Dwight-Rankin merely winked at him.

Mr. Curzon gave the ring back to Mrs. Angel.

"If my good friend Buggenshaw," said he playfully, "is offering you two thousand pounds for it, you may be sure he will sell it for half that again."

"You're not serious!" said Dwight-Rankin.

"You can't be!" sighed Mrs. Angel. "Considering I had the thing made for me for forty-two pounds."

My cousin Pullman says that the positions of everyone immediately preceding the *dénouement* were as follows:

Mrs. Angel sat looking thoughtfully at the ring in the palm of her hand.

Mr. B. and Mr. C., standing, looked playfully at each other.

Dwight-Rankin sat drinking brandy.

My cousin Pullman stood at Mrs. Angel's shoulder. His mind was troubled.

HE was awakened from his uneasy reverie by Mrs. Angel asking him to lend her the fine linen handkerchief with which my cousin Pullman always adorns his breast-pocket, such being the vogue among the quality. He admits to an anxiety about the toy; which no doubt does him honor as a man of fashion. Never, he says, had that handkerchief been held to the nose for any but a strictly decorative purpose. Fearful, therefore, lest Mrs. Angel had contracted a cold in the head, a thing that might happen to anyone, he was about to turn his back upon the impending humiliation of his handkerchief when he was relieved, he was elated, to see that Mrs. Angel, far from putting it to base utilitarian uses, was but polishing her emerald with it. After which, giving it back to him—its temporary absence from his breast-pocket having giving him the feeling, he says, of being almost undressed—she looked at the ring with a sad smile.

"I should have thought," said she softly, "that anyone could see it was paste!"

"Then surely," said Mr. Curzon cheerfully, "you can have no reason for refusing to sell it to Mr. Buggenshaw for two thousand pounds."

"But wont he be annoyed when he comes to sell it and is told that it's worth nothing?"

"Ha — ha!" laughed Mr. Buggenshaw. "Well, a joke's a joke. Now, Mrs. Angel, may I bring you two thousand pounds from my safe?"

"In bank-notes," said the ungentlemanly Dwight-Rankin.

"I can't do it!" sighed Mrs. Angel finally, rising from her chair. "It seems such a shame!"

My cousin Pullman says he drew a breath of relief. Convinced now that the emerald was real, he felt positive that Mrs. Angel could sell it for more than the sum offered. Imagine, then, his consternation at hearing Mrs. Angel add that, unwilling as she was to sell a stone she knew was false, she would, under pressure, let it go for a mere fifteen hundred pounds. The transaction was straightway carried through on those terms. My cousin Pullman could do no more than stand by and watch while Mr. Buggenshaw, having playfully inserted a roll of bank-notes into Mrs. Angel's vanity-bag, held out his hand for the emerald ring. Mrs. Angel, however, still appeared to hesitate. My cousin Pullman was delighted to notice a look of discouragement communicate itself from the face of Mr. Curzon to that of Mr. Buggenshaw. But, alas, such hopes were instantly dashed to the ground. Mrs. Angel held out her ring. The following conversation then took place:

MRS. A: "Mr. Buggenshaw, I sell you this emerald for fifteen hundred pounds on the clear understanding that in my opinion it is a paste imitation."

MR. B: "It is indeed a pleasure, Mrs. Angel, to do business with a lady of honor."

MRS. A: "These gentlemen are all witnesses of the contract."

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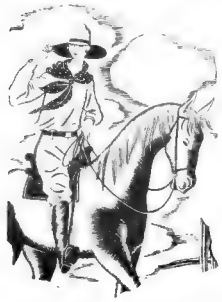
Women reveal for other women's sakes experiences as varied as life itself

BEAUTY'S but skin-deep? "That's deep enough for me," a witty young woman once declared. Pond's Letter Box attests that countless others, young and old, agree with her.

From every state in the Union women write us delightful "thank you letters," enthusiastic in appreciation of Pond's Two Creams. And how varied the writers—from eastern farm and western ranch, from northern prairie and southern cotton-field, pretty girls in society, business women, writers, world-travelers.

Pond's Creams—so inexpensive yet so fine that they are favorites of the aristocracy—win honorable mention for distinguished service "in all climates, from Duluth, 42° below zero—to Texas 105° above;" in "bitter frosts," in "driving winds," in "brilliant suns," in "alkali dust"!



"I'm not a society lady—I live on a ranch..."

"I'M not a society lady, far from it!" one charming letter from Colorado begins. "I live on a ranch, am out all day, face unprotected from stinging winds. Yet—a lady asked me how I could possibly have such a smooth, soft skin. I opened my cupboard and showed her my jars of Pond's Creams!"

A Brooklyn woman has flivvered four times across the continent. She says: "A University friend and I wanted to see America first-hand. We camped in every climate from the Siskiyous in January to the Desert in July. Water and alkali just ruin the skin . . . We found Pond's Cream a necessity of tourist equipment."

From the California Desert: "For years my skin was treated at beauty shops. When it was necessary for me to live on the Mojave Desert, I started using your Two Creams. Now I have been here 18 months with hot winds and cold winds, yet my skin is softer, clearer than it has ever been . . . And it is not a young skin, either, as I am middle age."

"I am a violinist, having difficulty with the finger tips of my left hand . . ."

But fie upon middle age! Keep youthful with Pond's! This from Massachusetts: "I am a mother of six. I look so young that when I am with my husband folks ask for an introduction to his daughter! The only explanation is Pond's Two Creams. I have used nothing else for 17 years."

A PRETTY Georgia girl got rid of premature wrinkles: "They made me look old. I was ready to give up in despair. A month ago I tried Pond's Cold Cream, massaging it well, leaving it several hours. Now I'm looking young once more. I'm delighted!"

"Across the States in a Ford..."

These Two Creams are needed to cleanse and protect every normal skin

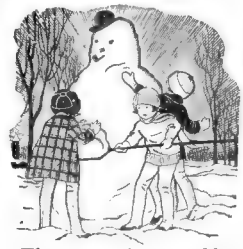
Other clever uses for the Two Creams: "I am a violinist," a Chicago girl writes. "I have difficulty with the finger tips of my left hand. They constantly harden and peel—unless kept soft with Pond's Vanishing Cream. Yours is the best skin softener on the market."

A graduate of the University of Missouri says: "Your Vanishing Cream is a favorite of mine. It sure softens 'rusty' elbows—important with evening gowns. It keeps my hands soft and white."

A California mother uses the cream to "massage tired feet." She says: "In a few minutes we feel like dancing."

MOTHERS, especially, prize Pond's Creams. From Maryland one writes: "I have twins, six months old. Each morning as I prepare them for their baths I cover their faces with Pond's Cold Cream. In the tub they kick and splash to their hearts' content. When I take them out their soft rosy skin has been both cleansed and protected."

A New Jersey mother says: "I have three out-of-door kiddies. You know what winds and snows do to their tender skins. Pond's Vanishing Cream has saved them hours of suffering. My little daughter has a 'fairy' skin. A good rubbing at night (legs, too) keeps her in perfect condition. Vanishing Cream does not soil the bed linen, either—an asset, I assure you!"



"Three out-of-door kiddies . . . with tender skins"

And so they come—letters as welcome, as kind as if from personal friends. Won't you, too, write us your experiences with Pond's Creams?

THE following is the complete Pond's method of caring for the skin. First cleanse the skin with Pond's Cold Cream. Then with Pond's new Cleansing Tissues remove every trace of oil. Next tone and firm your skin with Pond's new Skin Freshener. Finally apply Pond's Vanishing Cream for finish and protection. At night cleanse and refresh your skin again with the Cold Cream and Freshener. Used regularly this method brings new beauty to your skin.

New! 14c *Offer:* *Mail this coupon with fourteen cents (14c) for trial tubes of Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams and enough of Pond's new Skin Freshener and Pond's new Cleansing Tissues to last you a week.*

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ALL: "We are."

MRS. A: "You in particular, Mr. Curzon—I hope I can rely on you as a witness."

MR. C: "You can."

Whereupon the ring passed into Mr. Buggenshaw's eager hand, a bottle of champagne was opened to celebrate the transaction, and, says my cousin Pullman, since it was by then close on midnight, a move was made by Mrs. Angel and her two cavaliers towards the door. The good Mr. Buggenshaw did them the honor to escort them, and while the butler was seeking a taxicab in the neighborhood, the four stood on the door-step exchanging compliments and expressions of mutual esteem.

At the very same moment, however, that the taxicab drove up, something happened that radically altered the amiable exterior of the situation. This was the sudden appearance of Mr. Curzon from the drawing-room. Had it, of course, been a mere appearance, the situation could not have been instantly and radically disturbed. But it was more. Mr. Curzon can be said to have exploded. Nor, says my cousin Pullman, was this singular detonation unaccompanied by sundry outward signs of extraordinary upheavals within Mr. Curzon's person. Mr. Curzon's features, in particular, assumed an arrangement that left no room whatsoever for expressing his faith in the life everlasting and the brotherhood of man.

"This," shouted Mr. Curzon, brandishing the emerald, "is an imitation!"

"Well," said the fellow Dwight-Rankin, "who said it wasn't?"

MY cousin Pullman says he lacks words with which to describe the scene that then took place. There was a moment when he thought that nothing could save him from being embroiled in a vulgar fracas. It was Mrs. Angel who put an end to the painful situation by stepping haughtily into the taxicab. The fellow Dwight-Rankin, says my cousin Pullman, only made matters worse by telling Mr. Curzon to go and boil his head.

But how, my cousin Pullman asked himself, two grown-up men like Mr. Buggenshaw and Mr. Curzon could first be misled by an imitation emerald into buying the same against every warning and then complain that it was imitation—how they could be so misguided, left him amazed and unsympathetic. He followed Mrs. Angel and Dwight-Rankin into the taxicab with a feeling, he says, of deep impatience at Mr. Buggenshaw's levity. Nor could he bring himself to reason politely with Mr. Curzon, whose levity took the form of insisting vociferously that the ring Mrs. Angel had finally handed over to Mr. Buggenshaw was not the same as that which he, Mr. Curzon, had examined and found good—and this against the evidence of my cousin Pullman's own observation, for had he not been watching the whole affair with an eagle eye?

However, it was patent even to the two excited financiers that they hadn't, as the saying is, a leg to stand on. The good Mr. Buggenshaw's own butler couldn't but swear in a court of law to Mrs. Angel's honesty in repeatedly insisting on the falseness of the emerald. Nevertheless the *dénouement* had been so far from agreeable that my cousin Pullman could sympathize with Mrs. Angel's silence during the drive home. She spoke not a word until, at her door, he was about to help her alight, when she again asked him for the loan of his handkerchief. My cousin Pullman could not help wishing that she would try Dwight-Rankin's for a change, and indeed was about to suggest that, on the ground that his was soiled, when he noticed Dwight-Rankin grinning at him in a peculiar way. Whereupon, handing his handkerchief over with the best grace he could, he was thunderstruck at seeing the exquisite Mrs. Angel open it out in her lap and extract an emerald ring from its folds.

My cousin Pullman says it was at that moment that he made the vow which, since he has kept it religiously, has caused no end of inconvenience to people crowding against him at balls, dinner-parties and such-like places at which society gathers. He carries a revolver in his hip pocket.

HOKUM AND HOOEY

(Continued from page 39)

the burlesque, she showed no signs of it. George watched her covertly on the day it appeared. Not a sign of disarrangement to her poise.

But on the second day following, there blossomed forth in Annabelle's own "Silver Lining" department this:

"G. Hooey: (1) I cannot give advice in matters of mental hygiene. Consult your alienist. (2) I too am very glad that they hit. (3) You just haven't met the right woman yet, that's all. When you do, it will ruin you in your present profession."

GEORGE read it through a couple of times before he was quite sure that it was pointed his way. But there was no question about it. She was kidding right back, and in such a way that no one but himself would understand it.

The conceited young female sprat!

If she thought she could outsmart him on a duel of wits, she'd better have her scalp insured.

He started to write: "Women have only one real weapon, inferiority. No man ever conceded a victory to a woman save from a sense of chivalry. The greater the inferiority, the greater their triumphs. A sick woman wins—"

But he stopped there. The text of his own argument disarmed him. He couldn't strike back that way. How, he wondered, would a situation like this be met by H. L. Mencken, with whom George fancied he had much in common, at least as far as antipathy to the pretensions of women was concerned?

He devoted a lot of time to thinking out a real crusher for Annabelle Lee, but finally he wrote—nothing.

But it was rather uncanny the way her department, the very next day, dealt with the quandary in which he found himself.

"Don't worry," Annabelle wrote to a correspondent, "because you think you are not the intellectual equal of the man who cares for you. One of the things men love us for is their ability to show us the way. To a chivalrous man the principal attraction of a woman is the fact that she cannot strike back on equal terms. Therefore he spars with her, as the boxers say. Sparring is only play, and play is the chief thing that keeps love warm and ready for the great emergencies of life.

"If you were clever in exactly the same way that he is, there would not be much point in marrying. The best partnerships are those in which each member supplies something the other has not. If you are gentle, considerate and kind, see if any man ever notices whether you can answer all the questions in 'Ask Me Another.'"

Several days later George came to bat in verse, or song, rather, in a lyric written to the melody of "The Owl and the Pussycat," entitled,

"OPTIMISM"

Hokum and Hooey sailed away
In a sea of printer's ink.
When the waves rolled high, Polly Hokum would cry,
"I'm sure that the boat wont sink!"
While Hooey grinned as the ship went down
And sang to a small guitar,
"O, lovely Hokum, O Hokum, my love,
What a truckload of hokum you are!"

DURING all this time, and while they were trading thrusts under the surface, they seldom spoke to one another directly more than to exchange morning greetings. As has been mentioned, George was a lone wildcat by disposition, and nobody bothered him very much in his lair. And Annabelle was so popular with everybody that his Achillean withdrawal from the general acclaim was not particularly noticeable.

Once they were assigned to do special articles on a famous divorce case. Ordinarily George never did any assignments at all, but Bill Johnson prevailed upon him in this instance. He did not tell him the real reason—that he wanted to run his own and Annabelle's stories as examples of widely diversified points of view.

Except for the fact that a great deal of money was involved in the settlement, it seemed an ordinary enough trial. The wife was seeking a separation from her multi-millionaire husband on statutory grounds, naming as co-respondent a rather drab woman, brazenly painted on the outside to represent the spirit of alluring youth.

Annabelle and George went to lunch together between court sessions. It was the obvious thing to ask her, and Annabelle consented with the stipulation that it should be "dutch."

"I buy the lunch or you can eat by yourself," declared George truculently.

Annabelle looked at him and grinned. "All right. I'm an old-fashioned girl, but don't treat me too rough or I may fall in love with you."

"As long as I don't fall back, there'll be no harm done."

"There isn't any danger of that, is there?"

"Not the least."

"Then we can be ourselves." Annabelle laid her bag on the table and stowed away her copy-paper. "I'm so sorry for that woman," she mused.

"What woman? Lenore Bascomb, the co-respondent?"

"Heavens, no—this is a successful engagement for her. She gets paid well and receives a lot of publicity besides." Annabelle dismissed her with a gesture. "I was thinking of Mrs. Stanley Cord."

"What's the idea of calling her a poor woman? She'll shake down Mr. S. Cord for at least one of his millions, and will be free to do what she wants to from now on."

"Perhaps; but the trouble is there isn't anything she wants to do from now on, and

KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD tells a great absorbing love-story of two people in a most extraordinary situation. Something new under the sun of the Central American jungle—something very new for the man and girl caught therein.

"AGONY COLUMN!"
by Katharine Fullerton Gerould

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THIS brand-new shirt is not for sale. It is here because it illustrates perfectly why your whole wash is easier to do with Fels-Naptha.

You know that a shirt gets dirtiest at the edges of the cuffs and collar. These are the spots you have to rub —and rub mighty hard, generally, to get them clean. This is hard on you and hard on the shirt.

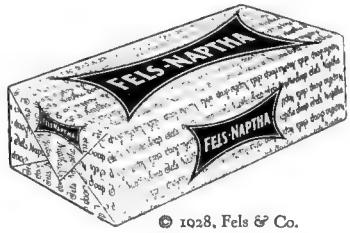
And why is this dirt so hard to get out? Because it is greasy. Collars and cuffs rub directly against the skin, absorbing oily perspiration which makes the dirt cling tightly.

But there is an easy way to get it out! Fels-Naptha—unusually good soap blended, by our special process, with plenty of naptha. You can smell the naptha in it. And naptha, as you know, is the grease-dissolving cleanser used in "dry cleaning."

So when you use Fels-Naptha, the naptha cuts even the greasiest dirt—the good soap washes it away. It is extra help that you should have. Not just on shirts but on everything washable—for it gets clothes clean and white again without hard rubbing.

Fels-Naptha works in cool, lukewarm or hot water; in tub, machine or when clothes are boiled. It is exceptionally kind to your hands—and that makes it ideal soap for dishwashing, too. You can get its extra help at your grocer's. Get it today—for after all, nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha.

FELS & CO., *Philadelphia*



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THE GOLDEN BAR
WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

Beware *the Coated Tongue*

EVERY physician since the days of Hippocrates has regularly examined the tongue of his patients.

For a white, furry tongue is the first and unfailing index of disturbed bodily processes. It is a sure warning of intestinal stoppage, the underlying cause of many, many ills of life.

To correct the condition of stoppage signalled by a coated tongue, take Sal Hepatica—the standard effervescent saline. Sal Hepatica sweeps away accumulated food wastes promptly—*usually within a half hour.*

When you take Sal Hepatica you have taken the simple, basic step to avoid the headaches, and all the other enervating physical troubles due to stoppage. Sal Hepatica corrects stoppage, relieves acidity and gently flushes away the poisons of waste.

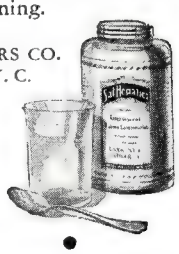
Sal Hepatica contains the same health-giving salines as are found in the natural spring waters of the noted European spas. Like these health waters, Sal Hepatica is efficacious in the treatment of indigestion, disorders of the liver and kidneys, hyper-acidity, rheumatism and many other ills.

Dissolved in water, Sal Hepatica makes a bubbling, sparkling drink, refreshing to the taste, invigorating in its effect. The best time to take it is upon arising or a half hour before any meal.

Keep yourself physically fit and mentally alert with this bracing saline. Look at your tongue every morning. If it is coated—if you awake tired and depressed—make yourself internally clean by taking Sal Hepatica at once.

Send for the free booklet that tells you more fully how to relieve the headaches and other ills traceable to self-poisoning.

Please address BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
Dept. J-28, 71 West St., N. Y. C.



Sal Hepatica

© 1928

that million she will get will be the one thing that will keep her from ever developing a new interest in anything or anybody, including herself. You see, she still cares for her husband."

"Then, for Pete's sake, why divorce him?" George demanded impatiently.

"She hasn't any choice. The way I read it, she was given the chance to sue or be left flat anyway. So, of course, she sued."

George laughed sarcastically. "Lady, you sure have a romantic imagination. The way I figure it, Mrs. Cord didn't know whether to hit her old man on the bean with the fire-tongs or give him a rain-check via the courts, but she finally decided on the latter because she didn't want to get a spot on the new library rug."

Annabelle looked at him reproachfully. "You don't think any such thing!"

"How do you know what I think? Or what Mrs. Cord thinks?"

They wrangled about it all during luncheon, and on the several other occasions that they happened to be thrown together during the trial.

SIX months or so after Annabelle's accession to Bill Johnson's staff she took a two weeks' vacation.

She explained it to George and to no one else. "I know I'm not really entitled to it, but it's a case of necessity. You see, I have to go to the hospital twice a year for a sort of inspection and an adjustment. It's a good deal like having your hair trimmed.

"I've written a lot of stock articles to keep my department going, and I wondered if you would turn one of them in every day. I'd appreciate it if you would open my mail, also, and if anybody is in too much trouble, maybe you would come over to the hospital and tell me about it so I can help them."

"Of course I'll ladle out your hokum for you," George assured her. "This isn't anything serious, is it?" he asked suddenly.

"No. I've had it done before, and I get better every time."

"I'm sorry," he began, but she checked him so that he finished, "I'm sorry for your customers who'll have to get along without their soothing syrup for a while, but it will be a kind of a relief not to have so much noise going on at your desk all the time."

Annabelle grinned. That was more like. "And I," she said, "will probably heal up twice as fast if I don't have to look at you every day."

She held out her her hand. "Good-by, Hooey."

He held it awkwardly a second and then let it go. "Good-by, Hokum."

She walked out of the office just as casually as if she would surely be back in the morning.

But she wasn't. At first her vacant desk was not particularly noticeable to George, but finally it got on his nerves, especially as so many people stopped there to ask where she was, and he turned his own desk to face the wall. The light was poor that way, and he had to use a work lamp all the time, but he thought it would be better.

HE seemed unable to turn his thoughts around, however, and the spirit of satiric comedy appeared to have fled. Seemingly he had been using her as a focal irritation, a sort of a burr under the saddle blanket, to inspire him to kick out at the world in general. Most especially she had personified the inconsistency of women, and about half of his column was fired point-blank at that target.

He finally turned in his copy, colorless though it was, and started to go home.

But at Annabelle's desk he paused. It was piled high with mail. Apparently there had been one or two deliveries while he had his back turned. Well, he had promised to open it, and if he neglected it for a day the task would become too formidable.

So he sat down and began ripping open envelopes. Most of the letters, just as he expected, he could dismiss with a snort of contempt. They were the usual rot from high-school girls going through the worst stages of puppy-love, from discontented and abused wives, and from shameless men who were whining about the raw deals which fate had handed them. All in all a pretty putrid collection of humanity's more self-centered emotions.

But a few of the letters were different. Some were from desperate but unfrantic people who appeared to have graduated from life's adolescent troubles and were up against problems so staggering that any physical solution seemed inconceivable.

George laid those aside to think about.

There were others from serene, perfectly poised correspondents who were standing slightly above the muddy flood of humanity's troubles and were willing to stoop down and lend a helping hand.

Not all of them were from educated people, but dignity shone through illegal grammar and spelling anyway.

One, that day, happened to be from a judge of the circuit court, then in session.

"My dear Miss Lee:

"Thanks especially for the short article which you called 'Living Gallantly.' I have taken the liberty of passing it on to dozens of people who have been brought before me with self-induced troubles of one sort and another.

"I'd like to tell you that I read your department daily. Not always, but generally you supply me with a grateful whiff of human wholesomeness that I rather need after a day on the bench.

"John A. Drover."

George was sardonically surprised to find that grim Judge Drover, whom he knew from police-court days, had gone hopelessly Pollyanna. Well, he considered, even men with legal training doubtless have their silly moments.

He reread the other letters, the ones from people who seemed so badly jammed in the machinery of life. The most poignant was this:

"Dear Annabelle Lee:

"If you know some answer to this, please let me know anyhow tomorrow. I can't wait any longer than that. Last week I have lose my job as watchman because I have been away some nights to take care of my wife which is sick. No more jobs can I find because I am quite old and jobs are not many anyhow. The money all of it is gone, also the groceries and medicine. A little insurance my wife would get if I was dead but who then would take care of her? That I shall do if no other way you can see. If not do not make much bother.

"Respectfully,

"J. H."

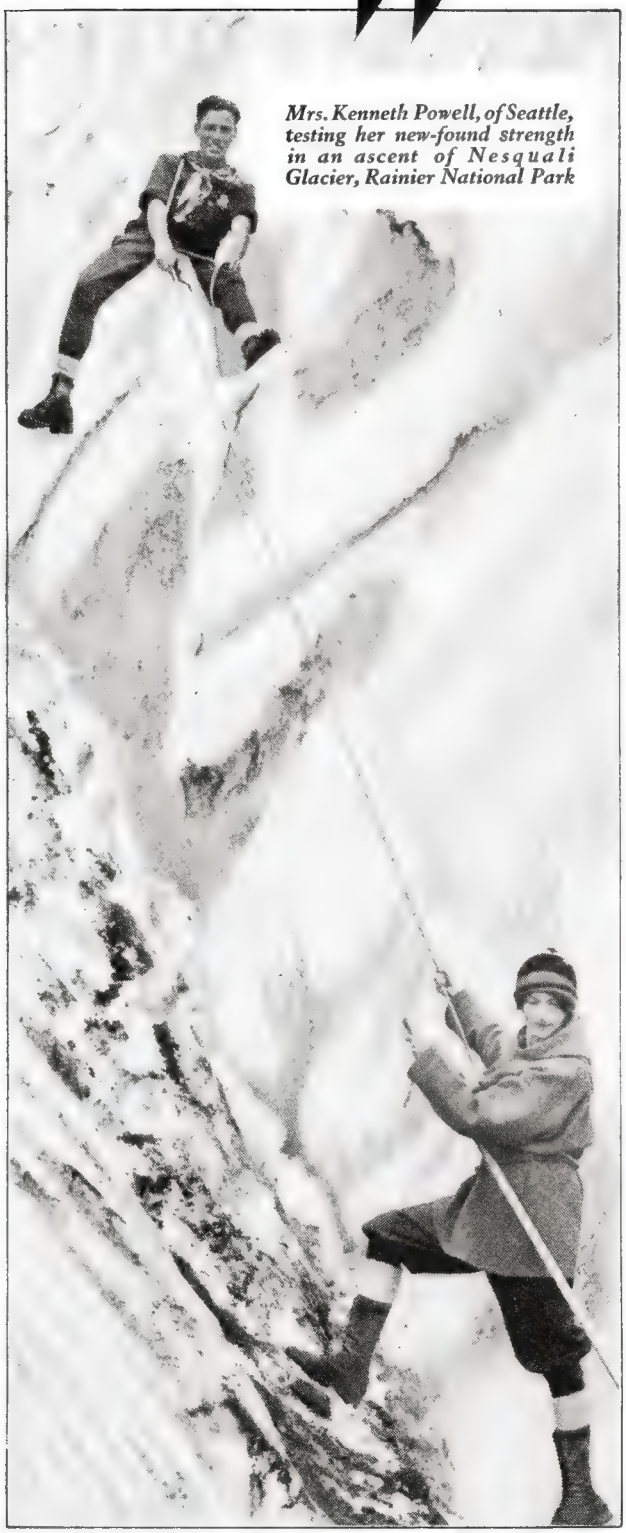
George laid the letter aside and turned to some of the others. But he had to go back to it. None of the cases were quite so compellingly urgent as that of the elderly J. H. After a while George began to feel a vague resentment toward the old fool. It wasn't fair that he should have loaded his troubles onto a complete stranger. If he couldn't solve his own difficulties, what right did he have to expect that anyone else could see a way through? George wondered if Annabelle got many of these no-possible-answer cases. If she did and she believed in the underlying tragedies, how could she possibly be so cheerful about anything?

He didn't know what to do. And he couldn't simply disregard the appeal altogether or dismiss it cynically. Something had to be done.

GEORGE went to the hospital where Annabelle was. Too bad to bother her with some one else's troubles, but—

At the office of the institution he was

"I was too Weak for sport like this a few years back"



Mrs. Kenneth Powell, of Seattle, testing her new-found strength in an ascent of Nesqually Glacier, Rainier National Park

Seattle, Wash.

"When the mountains rear their heads at your back doorstep the challenge they throw you is too good to ignore. For several years, however, I suffered too badly from constipation really to enjoy *any* sports.

"In almost constant pain from the gas caused by fermenting wastes in my system, I became depressed, nervous. And I thought I had already tried everything.

"Then one day my physician said, 'I am going to suggest that you try Fleischmann's Yeast.'

"I did try it. At first I thought it didn't help. Then I found that when I took it with water it helped me — wonderfully. My health has been greatly improved. My whole outlook on life has become more cheerful."

Mrs. Kenneth D. Powell

FLEISCHMANN'S Yeast is a pure *food* . . . As fresh as any garden vegetable.

It keeps the intestinal tract clean and active. Rouses the sluggish muscles. "Regulates."

As your constipation disappears, your blood clears, your skin freshens, your digestion becomes better than ever before!

Buy two or three days' supply at a time from your grocer and keep in any cool dry place. Write for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. M-49, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York.

BELOW

"I USED TO FEEL embarrassed every morning when I went to school, because of pimples on my face. One day one of my schoolmates asked me what I was doing for them, and when I told him he said, 'Why don't you try Fleischmann's Yeast?' . . . I didn't take his advice at first, but wish I had. For today—after eating Fleischmann's Yeast for some time —my face is as clear as a baby's. And I have all sorts of strength for hockey."

LYMAN O. LEE, Minneapolis, Minn.

Health you have longed for— this easy way:

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one before each meal or between meals: plain, or dissolved in water (hot or cold) or any other way you like. For stubborn constipation drink one cake in a glass of hot water—not scalding—before meals and before going to bed.

RIGHT

"THERE WERE FEW things I could eat without having a bad attack of indigestion. This had gone on for some time. I had tried all sorts of remedies, getting only temporary relief . . . Running across an advertisement of Fleischmann's Yeast, I decided to give *it* a trial—and immediately telephoned my grocer for a dozen cakes, to start. Three times a day I took a cake dissolved in a glass of hot water.

"So remarkable were the results that I can't say too much for Fleischmann's Yeast. In a month I was able to eat my favorite dishes—and laugh at indigestion. My complexion was greatly improved, too."

MRS. BERNARD CAMPBELL, Chicago, Ill.

As Film Leaves Teeth

Smiles Grow White and Sparkling

Film too, is a cause of serious tooth and gum disorders. Dental science urges a new way to combat it.

Send for a free 10-day tube to try

WHAT robs teeth of ivory brightness? What makes them more discolored one time than another?

And why, when looking their worst, do teeth decay more rapidly, gums grow sore and sensitive?

These questions dental science answers in three words —"film on teeth." What film is, how it acts, are told below.

To combat it successfully where ordinary brushing fails, a *special film-removing* dentifrice is used, called Pepsodent.

Look for FILM this way

Run your tongue across the teeth. If you feel a slippery, slimy coating—that is film. An ever-forming, ever-present evil in your mouth.

It clings tightly to teeth and defies all ordinary ways of brushing. It gets into crevices and stays. It absorbs stains from food and smoking and turns teeth dull and gray.

Germs by the myriad breed in film, and germs with tartar—a hardened film deposit—are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Film invites the acids of decay.

And it is remembered that before this special film-removing method the prevalence of dental troubles was alarmingly on the increase.

Now film removed new way

Film cannot resist brushing the way it did before. Pepsodent first acts to curdle film. Then to remove it in gentle safety to enamel.

(*Above*) ABOARD THE SEA HAWK Misses Ruth Rawlins and Audrey Churchill enjoy Southern climates while New York shivers. Their smiles, too, Pepsodent keeps sparkling bright.

This is the greatest step made in a half-century's study of tooth-cleansing methods. Its results are seen on every hand.

Fights decay—firms gums

Other new-day agents in Pepsodent increase the alkalinity of saliva. They neutralize the acids which form from starch in foods and cause decay.

Its use aids in firming gums.

Thus, Pepsodent answers fully these requirements of the dental profession of today. That's why in 58 nations its acceptance among dentists is virtually universal.

Give Pepsodent 10 days

If teeth are dull, "off color," that is film. If you are prone to tooth and gum disorders, that may be film also. Remove this film for ten days and see teeth lighten.

Between your dentist and Pepsodent used twice a day you obtain the ultimate in tooth and gum care as modern dental science knows it.

P E P

(*Above*) THE WORLD OVER smiles win the hearts of all, and, according to Miss Irma Schubert, in almost every nation smiles are growing brighter, teeth healthier, by use of the American film-removing dentifrice, Pepsodent.

(*Above*) CHARLOTTE LANSING and ALEXANDER GRAY, prima donna and leading man of the popular operetta *The Desert Song*, cut encores short and hurry to a party given in their honor. Could one wish for smiles more brilliant than those that Pepsodent affords?

Smiles Made Bright

Each Morning in This Simple Way

LOVELY, white teeth mean winning smiles. And winning smiles may often spell success socially, commercially.

People on the stage know the worth of smiles. So do most people of outstanding prominence.

The new way of tooth care will show you smiles you envy are often smiles you may possess. It's film that makes teeth lusterless and dull. It's film *removal* that brings back dazzling whiteness.

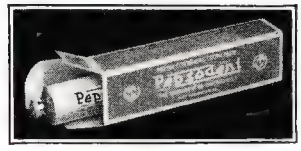
Twice daily for the next ten days use the special film-removing dentifrice called Pepsodent. If teeth fail to grow whiter and brighter you are the one exception among many.

(*Above*) WINTER SPORTS, as Quebec offers them, hold a unique fascination, writes Miss Helene Martineau. You'll note her smile kept bright by Pepsodent and how its whiteness rivals the dazzling snow.

(*Left*) TODAY DENTISTS URGE patients to keep teeth white and sparkling, for gleaming teeth are the best assurance science knows of healthy teeth and gums. Miss Georgette Duval is advised to use the new-day dentifrice, Pepsodent.

S O D E N T

FREE—10-DAY TUBE



Mail coupon to
The Pepsodent Co.,
Dept. 202, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Other Offices: The Pepsodent Co.,
191 George St. . . . . **Toronto 2, Can.**
42 Southwark **Bridge Road . London, S.E.1, Eng.**
(Australia), Ltd., 137 Clarence St., **Sydney, N. S. W.**
Only one tube to a family 2650

flatly denied permission to see her until he insisted on the grounds that he was her only living relative, her guardian and her religious advisor. What are a few lies to a newspaper man?

"All right," conceded the superintendent, "you can see her, but it wont do any good. She hasn't recovered consciousness yet from the operation this afternoon, and—"

"She'll get well?" George asked hastily.

"We don't know. There was more the matter than she thought, Dr. Post discovered when he started to operate this afternoon. He made a temporary adjustment, but it may be necessary to make a more extensive exploration tomorrow. She'll have to have rest first."

ANNABELLE was in a private room. That had been the voluntary contribution of old Bill Johnson, who was paying two sets of alimony and couldn't really afford any such generosity. There was a special nurse on duty. The smell of anesthetics still hovered around the room.

And Annabelle herself, grimly pale and looking more childlike than ever, lay tense upon the pillow.

"If she could only relax," the nurse said, commenting upon that fact.

"Hooey!" murmured Annabelle faintly.

"What's that?" the nurse demanded and then explained to George. "That's the first word she has tried to say. Of course, it's just gibberish, but—"

"Hokum and Hooey s-s-s-s—" the voice from the pillow trailed off after a struggle to sing.

"She's still out of her head, apparently," the nurse decided. "There's no sense to that."

"No sense whatever," George agreed. "It's just a nonsense song that she is trying to sing."

"Do you know what it is?"

"Why, yes."

"Then sing it for her, so she wont struggle any longer to get it out of her system."

"I don't really sing."

"That doesn't matter. Just do the best you can."

"All right. You go out in the hall and stuff cotton in your ears besides. Annabelle is unconscious already, so it wont hurt her so much."

It was the most self-conscious moment in George Ten Eyck's life. He would have much preferred to try to go four rounds with the heavy-weight champion.

Twice he started before he hit on a key that he would be able to go all the way through on. But once on the way his voice steadied, and he crooned the darned thing clear to the bitter end.

Midway of the chorus she reached out her hand gropingly and he took it. Gee, what else could a man do? The nurse wasn't there, and Annabelle apparently wanted something.

When he got all the way through and would have stopped, Annabelle frowned and tried to sing it herself—all with her eyes shut and obviously in a semi-delirium. So George did it again—and again.

Finally the nurse entered. George was sitting there softly yelping to himself and holding Annabelle's fingers. The nurse didn't smile much, but she listened to Annabelle's breathing and took her pulse.

"She's asleep at last," she whispered noiselessly with lips that formed but did not utter the words, and motioned George to go outside.

There, in the hallway, he remembered for the first time what it was that he had really come for. The answer to J. H.'s problem. Or was that it? Perhaps he had gone to the hospital to help Annabelle through her dark hour of loneliness and pain.

Anyway she could not offer any suggestions just then, that was a cinch. If she won her own battle with death, she would be doing more than seemed humanly possible.

And yet something had to be done for J. H., who had so trustfully laid his troubles before what seemed to him an unfailing tribunal.

There had to be an answer. And it was up to him, George Ten Eyck, to furnish the solution. There had to be one. But what? It was like being alone in the cab of a giant railway locomotive, but without any knowledge of how to turn on the power.

The newspaper for which George and Annabelle worked was an afternoon sheet, but the deadline for editorial material, which was the way their stuff classified, was midnight of the preceding day. George finally turned up at the office about twenty minutes to twelve after having sought inspiration successively at soda fountains, lunch-counters and even speak-easies. There wasn't an answer in a single glass or a cup.

He dropped wearily into the chair at his desk and let the clock rob him of ten minutes more. There wasn't any solution. George could just see the old man holding a pistol to his head,—no, he wouldn't have a pistol because he would have pawned that,—or standing on a wet and lonely pier.

He had to put something in print that would stop the tragedy. J. H. expected him to—Annabelle expected him to.

But what?

George started to put a sheet of paper in his typewriter. The machine was gone. Some new reporter had borrowed it—none of the older members of the staff would have taken a chance on his displeasure. No one expected George to be around the office at that time of night.

BUT George did not have time to express his wrath in words. There were only a few minutes left.

So he took his paper over to Annabelle's desk and took the cover off from her machine. Then he sat there staring in front of him.

For a while his eyes did not focus on anything. Then he became irritatedly conscious of a bordered paper motto pasted on the desk. It was one of those things given out at street gospel meetings. Originally it had read, *"Ask and Receive,"* but the word *"ask"* had been crossed out and the word *"trust"* written in its place.

"Trust and Receive."

Bologny! Trust what and receive what? It didn't mean anything. If that was the platform of the Hokum department, he didn't think much of it.

Obviously George was not cut out for a heart-throbs editor. He couldn't believe in beautiful bunk. It was all just words to him. However, he had to dish up some sandpaper words to J. H. that would keep him from slipping on a piece of wet planking and falling into the river.

All he could do was take that motto of Annabelle's and say it over in different words. She did it nearly every day in one form or another, and if he could keep from laughing for five minutes, he could doubtless do a fair imitation.

Clack! Clack! Clack! Sound of paper being fed into the machine.

Tap-tap-tappety-tap-tap-tap. Rattle of keys under skillful fingers taking dictation from an agile brain with tongue in cheek.

Result herewith, as it appeared in all afternoon editions next day.

"J. H.: You say that you are very old. Then you know from experience that something always takes care of you when you are beyond your own powers. When you sleep, something is on guard; when you are ill, the will to live brings you back to health. What has happened before will happen again. The hand of humanity will reach out to you. Just be ready to take it, that's all."

George sat back and surveyed his work with cynical disapproval. "Beautiful bull," he muttered. "Just a word formula without any sense to it."

So he tacked on one more line:

"Call at this office and ask for me."

It didn't go very well with the high-flown advice which preceded it, but at least it was practical. George would donate a five-spot, he decided, and maybe that would give the old man a chance to turn around and get a fresh grip.

"Boy!" he yelled and sent his copy on its way to the linotype machine. He couldn't do any more in ten minutes. Or any less, probably, he admitted to himself. Thank heaven it wasn't going out over his own signature, anyway.

IN the morning George felt particularly disagreeable and decided to work at home so he wouldn't bite anybody. But the telephone stopped that—Bill Johnson on the wire.

"Is this Annabelle Lee?" Bill inquired.

"No, I'm not Annabelle Lee," George replied, and was about to hang up.

"Yes, you are," Bill insisted, "and there are a couple of your customers waiting here in my office to see you."

George tried for a minute to think what this was all about. Then a slight light burst upon him. "Is the first edition of the rag on the streets yet?"

"Yes."

"Then I suppose one of the visitors is an elderly gent with whiskers whose initials are J. H. Give him five dollars with my compliments and tell him to buy a new—"

"You come down here and attend to your own visitors. The other one says she has to meet you face to face."

"She?" George repeated. "It's a woman?"

"Absolutely correct."

"What the—"

But Bill interrupted him with, "Good-by, Annabelle, and hurry as fast as you can."

Then he hung up.

Which left George with no alternative save to take a taxi.

J. H. did not turn out to look much as George had pictured him. He was old, all right, but he had no whiskers or even any hair on the top of his head, and his teeth had probably been pawned or something. His blue eyes were gentle and steadfastly honest. At any rate J. H. was probably not a faker.

But the other visitor was as obviously wealthy as J. H. was poverty-stricken. Her face was vaguely familiar to George, and when Bill Johnson introduced her as Mrs. Cord, he placed her instantly as the plaintiff in the divorce case which he and Annabelle had covered together.

There was some confusion while George was explaining that he was only Annabelle Lee *pro tem*, but Bill Johnson very considerately had an errand somewhere else in the building and left George and his visitors a clear field.

"If you are not Annabelle Lee," began the old man slowly, "then what you have wrote in the paper today is not so. And my wife, which is home feeling much better because of it, cannot have her medicine—"

"Wait a minute," interrupted George im-

Mary Hastings Bradley

This distinguished writer and explorer, who with her husband and daughter has made repeated journeys into the least-known parts of Africa, has written for The Red Book Magazine a story of exceptional power and authenticity, laid in the heart of that Dark Continent upon which her adventurings have helped to shed light. Watch for it in an early issue under the title

"The Ghost Girl"

Interior Pictures

Now easy to make with the Modern Kodak

If your subject is indoors—hard to take according to your past ideas—forget these hazards entirely. The Modern Kodak is an all-day, all-weather camera

Interior pictures you never previously dared to make—are simple and easy now. Use the Modern Kodak.

How often have you wanted to make an interior photograph? Now you can with a Modern Kodak.

These beautiful pictures shown above were made by other amateurs just like yourself, with the Modern Kodak

ARE you making pictures the same way you did ten years ago?

Do you still believe that good pictures can only be made out-of-doors in direct sunlight under ideal weather conditions?

That's a false impression entirely. For important new developments in the art of photography have practically revolutionized your picture-making possibilities.

If your subject's indoors—go right ahead and make the picture. You'll be surprised and delighted with the results you get.

If the weather's dark or cloudy—it doesn't make any difference. Some of the finest amateur pictures today have been taken under conditions that would have discouraged experts a few years ago.

There's no need now to miss a single picture opportunity—no need to wait for sunny days, or Summer suns, or "right" hours.

What Happened

New developments in the manufacture of lenses have made possible these remarkable results. Today, due to Eastman enterprise and the tremendous Eastman manufacturing resources, you can get extra-rapid, extra-efficient lenses on cameras of moderate price.

For example—on the $18 1A Pocket Kodak is now supplied a lens that in 1925 was not available on any camera selling for less than $40.

To you, this not only means better pictures. But it also means that your photographic day is lengthened . . . your picture opportunities are multiplied many times. It is no longer necessary now to have your subject in direct sunlight. You can make pictures in the shade . . . indoors under favorable light conditions . . . on rainy days or in cloudy weather. Pictures you never previously thought of taking are simple snap-shots now.

Everything simple as ABC

The modern Kodak is simplicity itself. Everything possible has been made automatic. Things to adjust have been reduced to a minimum. Thus picture-making, good picture-making, has been made easier than ever before.

On many Kodaks you'll find a simple "Exposure Guide"—a wonderful feature created by Eastman Scientists, which almost does your thinking for you. It instantly shows you the correct speed and lens opening to suit any light condition. It helps avoid mistakes—eliminates guesswork—takes the difficulty out of making pictures.

And—Kodak film in the familiar yellow box is dependably uniform. It has wide latitude. Which simply means that it reduces the danger of under- and over-exposure. *It gets the picture!*

With the modern Kodak you start making good pictures at once. The photographs you see in this advertisement were made by other amateurs, just like yourself. Without special training or help, you too can make photographs like these. All the skill that's needed is built into the camera.

February—An Ideal Month for Photography

The month of February is an ideal time to get pictures for your album.

Why not stop in at the nearest Kodak dealer's today? See these modern Kodaks. Find out how these new developments have simplified the making of pictures. Write for booklet about these modern Kodak improvements; mail the coupon.

Any Questions? If you have in mind a picture that you don't know how to make, if for any reason you aren't satisfied with the results that you're now getting, or if you'd like advice on photographic matters, write to the Service Department, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y. Practical picture-makers will handle your inquiries with interest and without charge.

KODAK

Only Eastman Makes the Kodak

Eastman Kodak Co., Dept. RB-2,
Rochester, N. Y.

Please send me, FREE and without obligation, the booklet telling me about the Modern Kodaks.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Pipe Smoker Lured By Aroma of Fellow Smoker's Tobacco

Many a man has flirted with the belle of a fancy dress ball, only to find, when the time came to unmask, that he had been attracted by his own wife. The same thing can happen in the case of a man's favorite smoking tobacco. In fact, it *has*. Read the following letter:

Boston, Mass.
April 21, 1927

Larus & Bro. Co.,
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

This morning I had a smoking adventure worth recording.

Next to me in the smoking car a gentleman was puffing his pipe contentedly. I was not smoking at the moment, and the aroma of his tobacco intrigued me exceedingly. For twelve years I had smoked Edgeworth without being tempted by any other brand, but the fragrance emanating from the pipe of the gentleman beside me was so agreeable that I could not resist the temptation to speak of it.

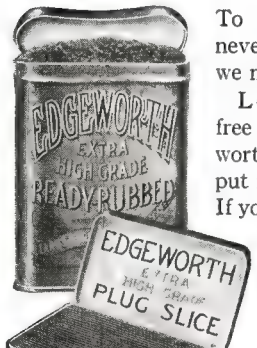
"That is wonderfully fragrant tobacco you have there," I remarked. "Would you mind telling me the name of it?"

"It is Edgeworth," he answered.

We then congratulated each other upon our mutual good taste, and I decided that I would continue to use his brand and mine.

Sincerely yours,

S. H.



To those who have never tried Edgeworth, we make this offer:

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

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On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.— the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 254.1 meters. Frequency 1180 kilocycles.

patiently. "Even if she didn't write it, it might be so, anyway. You believed it, didn't you, and it made you both feel better?"

"Y-yes."

"Then, it has to be so." George wasn't particularly pleasant about it, but he couldn't let Annabelle down without an effort. He reached for his wallet. "You're going to get help somehow. Now I'll give you five dollars today and—"

"Please," interrupted Mrs. Cord. "This begins to solve my problem, too. Miss Lee wrote to me when I was in trouble and said that I would find my happiness in helping others—"

"Bunk!"

"And I came here this morning to get her advice on how to do it intelligently. This looks like a good place to begin. Let me have this gentleman and his wife as my first problem to solve. I can take care of them until they get over the worst of it and later find him a job. Then I'll come back to you or to her for something else to do."

THAT was the way it was arranged. George thought it sounded a little too much like a fairy-story, but it did get him out of a mess which his impulsive desperation had gotten him into and it gave him time to go on with his own work.

"Just a coincidence," he muttered to himself whenever he thought of the perfectly apt way in which J. H.'s problem had been solved by the application of Annabelle's revised slogan, *"Trust and Receive."*

He finished his own work and truculently tackled Annabelle's mail. If there were any more cases like that of J. H., he'd not try playing the rôle of "fixer" again. Let 'em sink or swim. He wouldn't put himself in such a ridiculous situation as that of this morning. Hokum! In a pig's eye!

A telephone call interrupted him.

"This is the Memorial Hospital," he was informed after he had admitted his identity. "We cannot get in touch with any other of Miss Lee's relatives, and some one will have to come at once."

"But I'm not a relative," he protested.

"You said you were last evening."

"Oh! Oh, yes, of course, but the relationship is rather distant."

"That doesn't make any difference. Miss Lee has had a turn for the worse, and in case—well, probably you'd better hurry."

There seemed to be no arguing with a situation like that. He wasn't a relative; he couldn't do anything; but he had gotten into this. So he promised to start at once.

The hospital seemed more sinister, more heartless, than it had the evening before. He was surprised to find nurses and doctors talking and laughing in the corridors. Why didn't everyone hush up and stand by?

Dr. Post was in Annabelle's room when he got there and came out in the hall to talk to George.

"The ordinary adjustment did not work this time," he explained. "There is a deep-seated pressure on a great nerve center in the spine. By a very delicate operation we may be able to relieve it. It works once in a hundred times. You'll have to decide whether you want me to take the chance."

"Will she live without it?" George asked, his mouth suddenly dry.

"Not very long, I'm afraid."

"And she is not able to decide for herself?"

"No."

George drew a deep breath. "Then go ahead."

They permitted him to follow the rolling table up to one of the operating rooms and let him stay in a waiting-room there on the same floor.

Many hours were crowded into the next thirty minutes. Perspiration oozed from George's cold hands and brow whenever he thought of the momentousness of the decision he had been forced to make. It seemed unfair that the destiny of a person who was almost a stranger should have depended upon him. It wasn't right that he should have been forced into making a decision that involved so much.

"Dammit," he accused himself, "you let yourself in for this. Now you've got to see it through."

"She mustn't die," he said over and over again. "She can't die—she can't die, she can't die."

If mere positiveness of assertion would do any good, he was helping all he could. He didn't believe in it, but what else could he do? A word formula—that was what it was, just like the trash he had handed out to J. H. Just like the sort of hokum that—

HE stopped short there. The formula had turned out to be true in the case of J. H. But that was mere coincidence.

Bosh and nonsense.

Still, there was nothing else that he personally could do.

So he said again: "She can't die."

Wait. Was that the right formula? Silly to quibble, but was he thinking right? "She can't die." That meant he was putting his will against that invisible something which was trying to snatch her away. That was foolish. He couldn't hold her that way. There had to be more help than that. Annabelle's slogan wasn't *"Argue and Receive."*

What would be better? He had to think fast.

"She will live."

He was sure that was right. It felt right and it conformed to the slogan.

Not that George believed it. But it was better than the other defiant utterance.

"She will live."

After a while he almost began to believe it.

Dr. Post came to him. The Doctor was still in his white clothes.

"We did it," he said.

"Yeh. Lady Luck certainly helped me this time. I'd just about given up hope of getting through before the last remnant of her strength was exhausted, when all at once everything began to go smooth. I found the trouble and it's out."

"She will get well?"

"You're damned tootin'. Unless something very unforeseen happens, she'll not only get well but be perfectly all right afterwards—no more plaster casts for that lady! You can go back to your job now. We'll take care of her for you until tomorrow."

George did not not bother to deny the implication in that phrase, "We'll take care of her for you." What did it matter why or for whom they took care of her, so long as they did? That he had no interest in her except a sort of antagonistic friendship, was not important enough to tell anybody.

GEORGE TEN EYCK had to write "The Silver Lining" column for six months. Sometimes Annabelle would send him an occasional article of an editorial nature from the sanitarium up in the woods where she was being built back to strength, but in general her letters dealt with other things that were apparently interesting her more.

Some one had told her about his having been around the hospital when she had gone through her especial trouble, and she thanked him several times in shy little letters that tried not to be effusive. Finally he wrote her that it had all been through a mistake and she never mentioned it again. Once or twice he wondered if maybe he had not been too rough about it. But she must understand the kind of a man he was, and that sentiment and all that sort of trash were absolutely foreign to his nature.

It was strangely easy for George to do her work in addition to his own. It seemed to be simply a matter of discarding all his common sense and writing exactly the opposite of what he thought he thought. It seemed to be just what the dodos wanted.

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—the Firestone Name! A name to be trusted because it is the name of the maker and signifies the Word of Honor in Tires. It assures motorists the present-day peak of tire performance; the highest degree of safety, comfort and long mileage. It signifies, above all, a continuation of Quality and is the proof of personal integrity which demands that, whenever there is found a way to make a better tire—it will be a Firestone.

The Mark of Quality

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

Firestone

AMERICANS SHOULD PRODUCE THEIR OWN RUBBER .. Harvey S. Firestone

Lilac protects your skin

Open doors to infection

those invisible nicks

You can't see them—those invisible nicks of the razor that give germs and dust their chance at your skin!

So, apparently without warning, little infections develop.

Try this pleasant daily precaution: dash Pinaud's Lilac all over your face after each shave . . . Your skin is *always* smoothly clear!

For Lilac is a real antiseptic, yet it is healing, too. The same wonderful ingredients, newly processed, make Lilac blander than ever before.

Buy Pinaud's Lilac at any drug or department store. Look for the signature of Ed. Pinaud in red on the bottle. Pinaud, Paris, New York.

PINAUD'S LILAC

[*Lilas de France*]

Copr., 1928, Pinaud, Inc.

They ate it up and asked for more. The Annabelle Lee correspondence amounted to almost the same as that of a large mail-order house. Judge Drover wrote again, and Mrs. S. Cord, the latter every week or so, to ask for more cases where she could help.

After a while he got so he could write the advice without laughing out loud. . . . .

George did not know just when Annabelle was expected home. But Bill Johnson did, and he called George into the office.

"I wish you'd go over to the Grand Central Station and meet Miss Lee. I'm busy, or I'd do it myself. She may not be very steady on her pins yet, and a guide might come in handy."

"All right."

George was there. He had permission to be out on the platform.

The train pulled in. Seven hundred and forty-three people got off, met by five hundred and sixty-two red caps. The others banged their own shins with their grips.

The seven hundred and forty-fourth person was Annabelle Lee. It didn't look much like Annabelle Lee or act like her, but the resemblance of Number 744 was closer than that of any who had preceded, so George deduced that this girl was his dish.

Anyway, he said, "Hello, Hoke," and she smiled in a way that showed she knew he meant her.

It was a nice dress she had on—dark blue, sort of, trim and tidy, and it fitted around the body the way other women's clothes did. The skirt was short, too, not a mere wisp as some skirts are nowadays, but modestly short at that. The hat was slightly provocative and close to the head. It was highly probable that her hair had been cut. The sand-colored hose justified their contents, and smart-looking kid shoes almost danced in order to keep up with George's stride.

To tell the truth, Annabelle was much the best-looking girl George had ever walked down a platform or anywhere else with. He had come to meet her in a slightly patronizing tone of voice—to be kind to the hick girl he remembered from months ago; and now, doggone it, she was the kind of a person Flo Ziegfeld might sign up if you turned your back for a minute.

It rather annoyed George. Besides, he was embarrassed. The line of talk he had planned—and, now that you mentioned it, he *had* planned and looked forward to this meeting—that line of conversation had no authority whatever in this situation.

So he walked along sort of dumb.

"Let's send my grip to my room by an expressman," suggested Annabelle, "and then let's walk across town to the office. I want to sniff the city."

"Can you stand it?"

"Stand it! Mister, look at my muscles; see the calf of my leg! I've walked five miles every day for months. Why, I'm going to be married in a couple of months!"

"Oh."

Well, why the hell should he care? Answer, he shouldn't. He didn't. Not a damn' bit. Women were—what were they? He tried to think of something comfortingly sarcastic about the brainless sex.

They had walked a block before he could get his conversational apparatus in order, and then all he got out of it was:

"Why in a couple of months?"

"Well, that will be November, and I thought November would be a nice month for a honeymoon."

"Honeymoon? Are you planning to run off somewhere and leave 'The Silver Lining' department flat?"

"No, nothing like that. I was thinking that a honeymoon right here in the city wouldn't be so bad. I'd keep house and let my husband run the department."

"Say,"—George stopped right square in the middle of the street they were crossing, probably the busiest traffic intersection in the world,—"do you think I've been running your department for you all this time just to turn it over to some sap who will get in wrong with all the patients and make a joke out of their heart-aches? Who is this nit-wit you're engaged to?"

"*Honk! Honk!*" interrupted an impatient driver.

Annabelle paid no attention. Neither did George.

"I'm not really engaged yet. I'm just thinking of it."

George heaved a sigh, partly of relief and partly of resignation.

"Being engaged is better than just thinking of it." He took the plunge and held out toward her a solitaire that wasn't so very modest, all things considered.

"W-what's that?" Annabelle demanded.

"Your engagement ring."

"When did you buy it?"

"The first week you were in the hospital."

"How did you know I'd take it?"

"The same way I knew you were going to get well. Stop arguing and put this on before we get run over by a taxi."

"All right." She meekly slipped the correct finger into the shackle.

He held her hand afterward until they reached the curb. There he lifted the back of her fingers to his lips.

She drew him to a shop-window. "Let me look in here for a minute until I get over wanting to cry. . . . . Now I'm all right. Let's go."

And they walked right on down a leafy solitary lane beside a whispering brook with moonlight mottling the path.

Although their feet were on Fifth Avenue with a blazing September noonday sun overhead.

BIG MONEY AN' FREQUENT

(Continued from page 65)

gits weak," explained Cephas to a resulting committee of his bettors and betters. "Only way I kin keep from cripplin' 'em fo' life is not to train none. Dis way I jes' licks 'em an' leaves 'em. Dey comes to inside twenty-fo' houahs, 'cep'n de mos' 'streme cases, when hit takes a week."

The committee retired impressed. Cephas began to be impressed himself. Reiteration was doing its deadly work. He believed it in all senses, including the pugilistic. This fight would be nothing but a sure way to have a hundred dollars. And after that, the money-machine.

The date of the battle drew on. The one hundred dollars at stake began to take on increasing visibility and desirability. So did the money-machine. Despite Sam's obvious interest in it, Cephas saw himself its owner shortly, running off a couple of thousand dollars for his week-end expenses.

"Gits my barbecue gold-plated an' my eatin'-fish steam-heated!" he exulted in public. "You niggers buy yo'se'ves blue glasses an' watch my smoke! 'Cyclone Cephas,' dey calls me in Chicago! 'Perm'nent Death' in Cicero! An' calls graveya'ds after me in Ind'anap'lis! Aint know de name dat nameless wonder now, but hit gwine be Mud when de fracas over an' he come to!"

WEDNESDAY dawned as usual. Cephas split the limelight fifty-fifty with Sam Reed, the promoter and his rival. What Sam had started as a frame-up against Cephas, that worthy was going to turn into a boomerang for Sam.

Sam spread the word that the Marvel had

"I love it as I did expensive French soap··it gives my skin the same smoothness"

"It does make me feel so much lovelier"

NOW *America has learned the way to make toilet soap by the French method for just ten cents!*

• • •

How eagerly it has been welcomed—this new different toilet soap! Already in just two years it is the delight of seven million families! "Only expensive French soaps ever left my skin so smooth"—"it makes my skin as beautifully smooth as the French soaps I used to pay a whole dollar for!"

Naturally, for Lux Toilet Soap is made exactly as the finest French soap is made. In her cult of woman's loveliness France found a special way of making soap—to give a woman's skin satin smoothness!

But the French method was costly, especially since so little French soap was made. It was only when America found literally millions of women wanting a finer toilet soap that one could be made by the famous French method and still be kept reasonable in price. Then came Lux Toilet Soap for just ten cents. As luxurious as costly French soap! Made by the makers of your indispensable Lux. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Massachusetts.

"Is any one thing of first importance in making a woman beautiful?" the famous artist, McClelland Barclay, who paints the exquisite, wholesome loveliness of the American girl as no one else, was recently asked. "Decidedly," answered Mr. Barclay, "a smooth skin is absolutely necessary—you can't have beauty without that."

★ THE DOLLAR A CAKE LUXURY OF FRENCH SOAP, NOW 10c ★

Lux Toilet Soap··10¢

arrived on the previous evening's train and was resting in disguise and retirement until he should be unmasked before a capacity crowd in Williamson's garage that night.

Cephas discounted everything that he heard, unless he said it himself, and slouched over to test out his current standing, if any, with Julia. He found no grounds for excessive optimism; yet his prospects were undeniably better.

"I likes big niggers," was Julia's ultimatum. "Big-talkin' niggers is somep'n else. Does you lick dat Marvel tonight, I might notice you ag'in. Does you come round heah wid plenty money, I could see you wid de naked eye once mo'. But if you aint, save yo' shoe-leather. Now shet yo' mouth an' let de wind die down; I hates to set in a draf'."

With which slight hope, Cephas issued forth. Julia had never looked better or sounded more responsive to cash money in large chunks. Julia liked them prosperous. All of which the money-machine could soon fix up for Cephas—if he had it. He had to raise a hundred dollars in one lump first.

Outbound from Julia's he encountered Sam Reed, inbound as usual. The Tex Rickard of the Sylacauga prize-ring was busier than a retail feather-merchant in front of an electric fan.

"Befo' you goes to de hawspital, you bes' leave yo' address wid de post office," suggested Sam. "Does you live, dey might want to forward you some bills."

"Bills aint worry me none. I tu'ns out de fifty-dollar kind wid one hand. Whar at de 'Mask' Marvel' folks gwine plant he cawpse?"

"Brag on, nigger! Hit's yo' last day. An' don't none yo' folks come round tryin' to c'llect no acc'dent insu'ance after de first round, neither—hit aint acc'dent, hit *suicide*, when you gits in de same ring wid dat nigger. An' you caint buy no money-machines wid no two dollars—dat whut you gwine have when dis fuss over an' you quits hearin' li'l birdies singin' in yo' ears. Gits hit myse'f nex' week."

Cephas felt the need of dropping the subject. Also of dropping around to see Mr. Toombs and feasting his eyes once more on that gentleman's understudy for the United States Mint. Accommodatingly Mr. Toombs again fed a dollar bill in at one end of it. And as usual the clicking, whirring mechanism ground forth a crisp fifty at its far end. Cephas' mouth watered and his palms itched.

"You bes' work fas' if you wants hit," advised Horace J. "Dar's sevum niggers settin' up nights in crap-games now tryin' raise 'nough money to buy hit. An' dat Sam Reed got cash money fo' hit now—he jes' caint b'ar to part wid hit all at once, an' he tryin' to get credick from me. Aint gwine give hit to him. Syl'cauga's onliest chance. One to a town. One hund'ed dollars cash down, an' no extra charge for de 'struction book. You feeds hit dollars an' milks hit fo' fifties, jes' like you seen. Makes money twel yo' arm git tired."

"I be back heah fo' hit right after de first round tonight," promised Cephas. "Jes' 's quick as dey gits de Marvel in de amb'lance, I be round wid de money an' git hit. After dat, any loud noise whut you sees an' heahs, dat's me, Cyclone Cephas, nawthbound an' financial. I looks young but I aint bawn yesdiddy!"

Which was Cephas' first and only reference to certain private arrangements that seemed prudent to him prior to the battle.

NIGHTFALL found the alleys leading to Williamson's garage congested with fight fans. In the garage office Cephas awaited the gong in purple shorts and a pleasant smile. As long as Big Ugly was seven hundred and fifty miles away, Cephas could grin cheerfully. A man who has been run over by a train has no fear of collisions with baby carriages. The worst has already happened to him. Cephas had long since convinced himself and *most* of Sylacauga that he would win in a walk. Even a profound stir among the spectators, ascribed to the official arrival of the Masked Marvel behind the tarpaulin in the battery department which constituted his dressing-room, had only a minor effect on the Cyclone. He was too busy watching fifty-dollar bills issue endlessly from the Mint's meanest rival—listening, too, to Julia's glad words of surrender as she saw the size of his ensuing bank-roll. When it came to gold versus golf-pants, Cephas' money was on the gold.

Cephas climbed through the ropes first. Willie Freeman, his manager and second, arose to introduce him. Cephas' laurels lost nothing in Willie's mouth. Willie had four dollars firmly on his judgment and Cephas' prospects.

But in the midst of Willie's peroration came a disturbing sound, a timely interruption, as it were. Patently, an alarm clock was engaged in going-off behind the tarpaulin in the battery department.

"Dat jes' to wake up de Marvel," explained Sam easily, in an aside to the spectators. "Heaps times de Mask' Marvel fo'git 'bout de fight an' oversleep hisse'f. Abolishin' dese heah Alabama boys aint 'nough fo' him git up a sweat 'bout."

Willie's oratory crumpled. Taking Cephas so lightly was disconcerting to one who had four dollars irrevocably upon the outcome of the impending contest. Even Cephas felt it necessary to remind himself once more how good he really was.

THEN, dramatically, swathed in a horse-blanket and masked with a towel, the Marvel appeared. Willie's gasp could be heard a block. "Dat de bigges' nigger nawth of the South Pole!" he gurgled. Indeed, the newcomer was gigantic. At his side, and dwarfed by him, trotted the six-foot Sam Reed. Sam looked triumphant, and Cephas looked for little red lights that said "EXIT."

"Bigger dey is, de harder dey falls," quoted Willie to his principal, without conviction.

"Yeah, but s'pose dat nigger fall *on* me?" questioned Cephas nervously. Things weren't looking so good.

Sam Reed climbed happily upon a stool and began tugging at the Marvel's mask. Pleasant visions of Cephas' finish floated before his eyes as he did so. Cephas looked up that he might have an early glimpse of the face of his huge rival, but his eyes kept straying to the Marvel's hamlike hands. Let a boy lean up against one of those once, and it would be the same as kissing a freight train on the cowcatcher.

The mask was slipping now! So was Cephas' confidence, and Willie's hold on his four dollars. Then Cephas got so busy looking he couldn't listen. He no longer needed the introduction Sam Reed was intoning, anyway. Equally unnecessary in the current condition of Cephas' knees was a spectator's shout: "Shet de do'! Keep Cephas in heah!"

For, far off and through dim fog, came the voice of Sam Reed, confirming the worst for Cephas. "—Int'duces to you," declaimed Sam, "de Mask' Marvel—back from Chicago —Mist' Cla'ence Snews. Big Ugly dey calls him!"

FROM Cephas' corner came commotion. Facing the permanent loss of four dollars, Willie Freeman, his manager and second, was craving action.

"Stan' back!" howled Willie. "Stan' back an' give Cephas air! Whar at de doctuh? Whar at de smellin'-salt? Whar at de ice water? How boy gwine fight when he done faint an' caint git no su'vice?"

But fourteen minutes later, under psychological pressure from financially interested spectators, abetted by numerous buckets of cold water poured over him, Cephas revived slightly. Feeble stirring was followed by violent shivering. It was bad enough to be scared to death without somebody all the time pouring water over a boy. Every time Big Ugly came around, somebody poured water over Cephas, looked like. Cephas was conscious now, but didn't care for it. Especially as it wasn't likely to last.

However, stimulated sharply by Sam's boot, a few terse remarks by Mr. Snews, and the thoughts of the money-machine and Julia, Cephas finally achieved a partially upright position and a close facial resemblance to a goggle-eyed perch in too-shallow water.

Then the whistle! The gong! The onrush of the mountainous Mr. Snews. . . . .

Cephas lay upon his back and listened to a colored boy reciting the Arithmetic. That boy sure knew his numbers! "—Ninety-six, ninety-sevum, ninety-eight, ninety-nine, *one hund'ed!* —an' *still* out!" chanted the man of figures.

And mingled with his, other voices rose and fell against the background of the yells of the spectators. Cephas identified Willie's anxious, "How us gwine tell when he git conscious?" and Julia's scornful, "Dat easy! If he got he mouth shet, he still unconscious!" in reply.

Cephas cautiously opened one eye. All that he saw was the onlookers leaving the arena, the odious look of satisfaction on the face of Sam Reed above him, Julia on Sam's arm, and a two-dollar bill in Sam's hand. The latter, Sam was waving in Cephas' direction.

"Dis all you gits—'cep'n de hoss-laugh," stated Sam. "Hit's de loser's share. Mist' Snews wins in one round wid one lick. You lose de same way. He git he hund'ed—you git de air an' two dollars. Hit's sign of bad luck, same as you is. 'Cyclone Cephas!' Boy, you aint even a breeze, less'n you opens yo' mouth: den you's a windstawm! Mist' Williamson's wrecker waitin' outside fo' you when you git so you kin wiggle yo' ears ag'in."

Left alone with his second, Cephas groaned, tried himself out, and essayed the use of his feet.

"You want pick up dem teeth?" inquired Willie dispiritedly.

"Hmph! Nigger got's much money as I gwine have aint need no teeth. Stan' still while I c'llects, an' I gits me gold ones wid di'mond fillin's now."

"Huccome, 'money'? You aint got 'nough to buy lunch fo' a' ant. I done seen you bet yo' las' dollar—an' I see whut happen when Mist' Snews' right han' come up from de cellar wid dat uppercut on yo' jaw. Dey has to send after you and carry you back into de ring so dey could start countin'."

"Yeah, you seen me bet, but *who on?* Boy, I brags on myse'f, but I aint foolish—I bets on de Marvel, at fo' to one—'count me all time tellin' round how good I wuz. Dat's hund'ed dollars I wins on de Marvel —an' I got 'gagement to buy somep'n wid hit right now!"

IN Willie's rear room again sat Mr. Toombs fanning himself. It fatigued him less if they brought it to him. Cephas was there too, speaking Mr. Toombs' favorite language —one hundred dollars' worth of it. Mr. Toombs counted it twice, pocketed it, and began wrapping up the money-machine.

"De 'struction book inside," he added. "Machine might be li'l stiff at first, but keep on feedin' hit ones an' hit tu'n out fifties sooner or later. I has to catch de Bumin'ham train tonight."

Safely in his own room, Cephas nervously connected the device to the electric light socket. Close by, breathing hard but hopefully, hovered Willie. Willie had a four-dollar mortgage on the first fifty to emerge at the far end.

Cephas fed the machine in Mr. Toombs' best manner and turned the crank. Nothing happened—except to Willie, who burst into a light sweat. Again Cephas fed it, with a

Cold and raw the north winds blow,
The hills are bleak with pearly snow.
To pale cheeks winter brings a glow,
Double Mint helps to keep them so.
MOTHER GOOSE *UP-TO-DATE.*

Always fresh.
So much is sold
It can't get old.

There is real Peppermint in WRIGLEY'S DOUBLE MINT—a new and better peppermint flavor—lasting, healthful, antiseptic.

Good for teeth, throat, stomach and digestion.

After every meal.

1-1

Camel

The cigarette that leads by billions

Just to state a great truth in another way—Camel is so exactly what so many smokers want that no other brand is even a close second.

If all cigarettes were as good as Camel you wouldn't hear anything about special treatments to make cigarettes good for the throat. Nothing takes the place of choice tobaccos.

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similar result. By way of encouragement, he next tendered it a two-dollar bill, thus halving its labors, mathematically speaking. All that he got in return was a base and barren ingratitude from the machine and low moans from Willie.

Again and again Cephas tried desperately, until finally the awful realization crept over him that he had been swindled. Gone was his money, his girl, his prestige, and most of his front teeth. And as a fitting finale to his hopes there came to his ears the whistlings of the train that would bear Mr. Toombs to Birmingham.

But numbing though such a sound might be to lesser spirits, it seemed but to arouse Cephas into swift and startling action. He had all to gain and little to lose. With Mr. Toombs' train clamoring down the Sylacauga yards toward its halt at the station, Cephas snatched the machine from the table and shot inexplicably forth into the night with it.

AN hour later Julia rocked upon her porch and listened to tall tales. From time to time her eyes fell approvingly upon the plus fours, the "frock-tail" coat, the derby hat of her fascinating and eloquent caller. Her eyes glistened and she moved closer as he carelessly displayed a sheaf of greenbacks for her edification.

"Wonder whut's keepin' de preacher, Cephas?" murmured Julia. "I tells him hit's a quiet weddin' if hit *is* sudden—dat us got cotch de train fo' S'vannah jes' soon's us is ma'ied tonight."

"Dat all right, honey," the late Chicago Cyclone reassured her. "Hit'll jes' gimme time to finish tellin' you. Like I says, Sam's mouth been waterin' fo' dat money-machine all week. So I sells hit to him tonight—hund'ed an' fawty dollars, an' makes him gimme dese heah golf britches an' long-tail coat an' plug hat to boot. An' us gwine be cel'bratin' ouah *gold'n weddin'* befo' dat Sam nigger gits whut he's over at he house crankin' fo' now—fifties fo' ones!"

SHALL WE DEVELOP A LEISURE CLASS?

(Continued from page 55)

hands of comparatively young men. Important departments formerly run by men of fifty and sixty are now managed by men of thirty and forty. Some of the best of modern literature, especially portrayals of American life, is being produced by the very young, many in their early twenties. Some of our most popular and original plays have been written by recent graduates from colleges.

What shall the children of parents who have become independently rich do with their lives? Many, of course, have drifted far from the old idea that all there is to life is work. Indeed, too many are idle. And here we may learn something from Europe, where the sons of great families have always sought some occupation. They have entered the Army and the Navy and they have gone seriously into politics. Some have merely cultivated the sports, but at least in some way they have sought to develop and round out their lives. There is little loafing abroad. But here, upon the inheritance of a family fortune, if not before, the sons of many millionaires simply start out to do nothing. It isn't well-spent leisure which they enjoy but a demoralizing idleness. But this, after all, is entirely the fault of their parents. Far too often they try to instill in their sons and daughters the belief that to do well they must follow in their own footsteps. This may at times of course be right, but very often it is entirely wrong.

After all, the perfection of living is an art to be attained. To paint a picture, write a book, produce a play or make music—that in itself is adding something to one's life and one's generation; but even to do nothing creative, but live in such a spirit that wherever that man or woman goes he or she leaves something better behind, is surely to make one's life worth while—to give others something of a kinder spirit or a bigger outlook, something of the feeling that certain things *are* done and others not done, something of a realization that life itself is a fine thing, and a gay thing, and a happy thing if one is not too self-conscious of the living of it. Yes, that is our great national curse—self-consciousness. We must get over that. We know what we are doing and how it appears. We can hear what we are saying and how it sounds. We know how we look, and we have the most overdeveloped fear of making ourselves ridiculous. We have tragedy enough. We have a desire for gentility—a gentility whose roots are founded in *Mr. Babbitt's* mental outlook. We take up people only after somebody else has taken them up. We cultivate people because they arrive at our shores already celebrated. And inevitably we are more willing to receive a foreign lion than one of our own. Even Charles Lindbergh had to arrive in France before he arrived in America.

A young American girl, a friend of mine, was engaged to a Mediatized Austrian. One afternoon we were having tea together when her fiancé began sopping his cake in his tea. A look of acute distress appeared on the face of my friend. You could see she was terribly conscious of what he was doing, and greatly upset. "Mrs. Tiffany," said the Austrian, turning to me with a deprecating smile, "I annoy her so much because I sop my cake in my tea. She thinks I behave like the maids in the kitchen and I simply can't make her understand that my family have been sopping their cake for hundreds and hundreds of years." I think that is the secret of contentment.

One should not be self-conscious of the appearance of everything in life. One should be content in the life one is living whether it is exactly what one would have or not, and then one should be sincerely oblivious to the appearance of things. I am not decrying ambition. Of course everybody should try to better themselves, and there is no person in the world who is exempt from that outlook. But the betterment of one's education has nothing to do with the excruciating self-consciousness of one's personal life. Good manners are not to be sensibly put on. We should not go about our pleasures and cultural pursuits with a determined and deliberate awareness.

If all of us, high and low, could only stop analyzing so much! Perhaps it is true that we have worked so hard, and have so fallen into the psychology of production, that our new condition of financial ease and free time rests uneasily upon us. So we try to figure out what is wrong in our discomfiture. Perhaps our devotion to material pursuits has involved a materialistic view of things. So we try to dissect the color of the rainbow until there is no glamour left. We analyze ourselves and we put all of us under the microscope. Love, marriage and divorce are talked and talked about. I don't sav that Europeans do not gossip or backbite, but I know that they don't have that persistent and curious habit of probing, that morbidly investigating self-consciousness, that we have. In their lives they recognize there are things that there is no necessity to talk about; but in matters of behavior or emotion it seems we want to dig up everything and examine the roots. And I think we shall not find true happiness and get the best out of things until we overcome this failing.

It is the young people on whom we must depend to an even greater degree than upon the older people. They suffer through this frightful self-consciousness, dissatisfaction and lack of content. If there is one thing that American children lack more than ever, it is self-control. They have grown into the feeling that they can go the limit in everything and expose themselves freely. Perhaps this is a reaction from our old Puritan repression. But they are exposing themselves too much.

I think they suffer dreadfully from selfish and lazy parents. And now the danger is that new generations will come of lazier and overindulgent children. Therefore many of the most independent and forceful young people are setting up new standards of living which are dominating their generation. What many of our young suffer from is too excessive sensuality—I am using this word as it applies to the satisfaction of all the senses; too much rich food, too much alcohol, too many expensive clothes, too fast motors, too much change of scene, too much erotic literature, too much restlessness and too much luxury. And out of that comes the most terrific curse that men or women of any age can suffer—real boredom and a repletion of sensation. It leaves the young bankrupt in the joy of living. This is not meant as an accusation against all the young, for to me the American boy and girl are—as I said when I accorded them the credit for the success of much of the business and politics of our country today—a very fine people. The sensational and wholesale indictments made against the younger generation, in my opinion, are wildly exaggerated. There is a lack of poise and good taste and, as I said before, of self-control. But most young Americans are well-behaved, well-mannered and have good minds. The younger generation of today has made a bigger jump than has any previous one. There is less sentimentality and prejudice, and girls are one hundred per cent better capable of handling their lives than in my generation.

One thing at least this young generation has attained in a limited degree is the understanding and conviction that the old idea that happiness must be wrong and that pleasure and leisure are sinful is all nonsense. They want to be happy and they are seeking pleasure. Perhaps we are developing a race of young egotists. Well, some one must lead the way out. And is egotism such a terrible vice? In fact, isn't it much of a virtue? Provided people are intelligent, kindly and considerate of others, isn't egotism a quality which helps them to work out their lives as they were meant more or less to be? It is not true that one cannot be an egotist and be unselfish at the same time. We owe a great deal more to ourselves than we do to the world. We owe to ourselves a full development of our gifts. We must concentrate on them for the fulfillment of our lives, and in doing this we inevitably add to the world at the last.

HENRY SYDNOR HARRISON

The distinguished author of "Queed," "V. V's Eyes" and "Andrew McBride, of Paris," has written for The Red Book Magazine one of the best of his inimitable stories. Watch for it, in an early issue.

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"DON'T CALL NO COPS"

(Continued from page 79)

"Aint you got no father?" inquired the man.

"I got a stepfather."

This seemed to please the man. "Your stepfather know where you are?"

"No."

The man pulled out a rickety wooden chair for Angelo, aiming a blow at a boy of perhaps three, who, in ragged blouse and frayed blue panties, had been cowering behind the chair. The boy shrank back against the wall, his unnaturally large gray eyes widening in fear.

ANGELO'S reluctance to the place vanished once he saw the child. It must be all right, with a little boy like that in it—such a sweet little face, but sad, with a sensitive mouth. Angelo had never seen a child so thin. Having been nursemaid to the younger members of his own family, he felt an interest in all children. He put out a hand and smiled at the little boy. But the smile seemed to amaze the child. He crouched as if afraid of a blow.

The room had only one window, small, dirty, iron-barred, apparently never opened, giving out upon a coal-chute. In one corner was a battered cupboard, above a ramshackle table which held a loaf of bread and a paper of pickles. Near-by was a rusty unlit kitchen stove. A scarred iron bed with some ragged bedding tossed upon it occupied another corner; and here lay an inert baby of unhealthy pallor, perhaps a year old, too weak, apparently, to move, but regarding Angelo fixedly out of lusterless hazel eyes.

"Your baby sick?" asked Angelo.

"No!" replied the man with unexpected malice. "She cries herself out of breath jest for spite."

"Aint she got no mamma to her?"

"No. I—I adopted her and this kid here!"—gesturing roughly toward the boy.

"What's little boy's name?" queried Angelo.

The man gave him a sidelong look. "He aint got no name. Call him Bub—or anything."

Angelo was amazed. Everybody had to have names! "You got no name neither?" he asked, bewilderment in his brown eyes.

"Aw, call me Zip. . . . . So you're lookin' for a job?" The slinky look in his face changed to a smile of sudden geniality. "Your money was all stole on you, eh? Well, I got a couple jobs you could have. When you saw the money roll in, you'd stick. And I pay good."

Angelo brightened. "Whats are they? I think I take."

"Well—" He eyed Angelo calculatingly. "Golly! Didn't I forget your clo'es is wet!" He slouched over to the boy, beaming goodfellowship. "I'll hang that good coat up in the closet for you."

"My coat aint wet." Angelo, not taking Zip seriously, crooked a finger at the little boy, who darted back like a frightened animal.

"Aw, come on; it feels damp. This place aint very clean, neither. I hate to see you spoil a good suit here."

Angelo knew his clothes were not damp, but Zip seemed so bent upon doing him this kindness, that he allowed himself to be helped off with his coat.

"Now let me hang up your other clothes. You'll get 'em all dirt with that kid. It's raining hard."

"No," said Angelo. "I be cold jus' in my underwear."

"Well, I got to build a fire in the stove anyhow."

Angelo still demurred, at which Zip's mood changed. "Hey! What's eatin' you!" he growled. "You can set here by the fire and play with the kid."

Angelo didn't like to offend a prospective employer, and could think of no good reason for refusal, so he gave up his vest and trousers. He thought it queer that Zip should *lock* the closet door and put the key in his pocket, but his attention was diverted by the man's grabbing at Bub and thrusting him violently forward. Bub shrieked. At this, Zip raised a stick menacingly; and Bub, getting down like a trapped wild thing, crept tremblingly along as he was driven toward their visitor.

"You don' needs to make him play with me!" cried Angelo in alarm.

"Aw, the little devil!" snapped Zip. But with a sharp look at Angelo, he desisted and proceeded to build a fire.

"Come here, Bub! I be good to you, Bub." Angelo began to smile at the child, who now could not take his gaze off their friendly visitor, though furtively keeping as great a distance from Zip as possible. Halting fearfully at each step, he finally reached out and touched Angelo with the tip of a tiny finger—then darted back in fright.

Zip, having finished the fire-building, said jovially: "If you aint got no folks in New York, you might's well stay here. It's rainin' like all git out."

With a pang Angelo remembered his mother and the good clean home up in the country. But he had no money; nor could he go back to his friends.

"You aint tell me what's that job," he hinted.

"Supposin' we have supper now," suggested Zip. "I didn't have much grub at noon. I can tell you while we eat."

He proceeded to make coffee and cut bread, and from a rusty can took out cheese.

Bub, in the meantime, had been steadily making progress in his frightened sorties forward. Now his instincts of trust and a desperate longing for kindness overcame all other feelings, and he allowed Angelo to draw him against his knee. Quivering like a leaf, he seemed unable to believe that anyone could be so friendly and be real.

The coffee had begun to smell inviting, and presently they sat down to bread, pickles and cheese.

"You don't get in your house no fresh air," Angelo offered politely. "Fresh air and milk makes healthy for kids, my teacher say."

Zip replied with a fury that surprised Angelo. "What the hell! Say, I don't need 'em so darn healthy."

Angelo's puzzled feeling grew. "They wont get no bones," he protested faintly.

Zip didn't reply to this—fell to studying Angelo again.

Angelo crumbled a piece of cheese, mixed it with bread, and spooned it to Bub, who ate ravenously from his hand.

Zip glowered at this a few minutes; then, "Say," he flared, "how'm I goin' to make me a livin' with fat kids?"

Angelo looked up in stupefaction. There was no understanding this man, nor the quick way he shifted from pleasantness to anger!

But a change had come over Bub. Instead of furtive glances at Zip, he beamed up at Angelo in a pinched way—spellbound by this fellowship, a shy content and trust beginning to shine from his eyes.

ZIP opened the cupboard and drank something from a bottle. He went over to the stove quite gay and talkative.

"You going to tell me what's the job," reminded Angelo amiably.

"Oh, yes. Hard to git good jobs, so I thinks me up a swell graft! Funniest thing you ever hear tell of!" He gave Angelo's back a jolly slap. "I—I puts an old woman's skirt on me—and pins a shawl over my head and shoulders; I takes these two kids and

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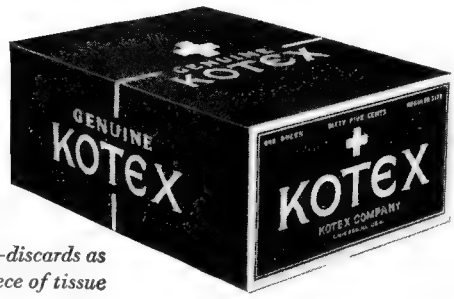

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stand on a street corner, and people—uh—puts money into the cup the kid holds out—"

"Begging!" exclaimed Angelo in horror.

Zip again slapped him merrily. "Lots of 'em's makin' money at it hand over fist!" His tone changed to a whine. "I aint strong to work; got a bad stummick. . . . . I'm smart, though!" He winked at Angelo. "But I don't look right to git much. I need a pardner. Got a side-line for myself that pays better yet."

He put his hand on Angelo's arm with great good-nature. "I tell you what you do, boy. You take these two kids out for air like you said, every day. I'll dress you up like a sad little mother; then no off'cer aint goin' to know you. Them big brown eyes o' yourn and these two sickly-lookin' kids'll jest make folks shell out the coin! I'll pay you"—he gave Angelo a crafty look—"four dollars a day." Then noting that this had no effect, he went on glibly: "Maybe five er six dollars even—you could easy take in ten. Try it tomorrow. When you see the money roll in, you'll never quit!"

Angelo suddenly wanted his mother very much. He felt sick all over.

"I guess I take my clo'eses now and go to some boy's house." Better to go to the Ruzzi's and be hollered on—but still—he didn't want Mrs. Ruzzi calling a cop. And she would—she always got excited. . . . .

Zip was talking in his most persuasive winning tones. "You'd be willin' to do me a favor, wouldn't you, after me doin' you favors. You like kids. The—uh—plumbers is comin' tomorrow to fix—fix piping that goes through this wall. They'll—leave the door open and the boy'll run off and git lost. If you don't take these kids out tomorrow, I got to hide 'em in a barrel er somethin'—uh—when I go to work—"

"They cry," said Angelo.

"They wont cry, neither. I'll fill 'em up with soothing syrup! It'll keep 'em quiet!"

"I like to take my clo'eses now," said Angelo.

Zip began showily to hunt for the key—in his pockets and in cracks of the floor. "I've went and lost that key!" he mourned. "But it'll come to light by morning. You stay all night, and think about this good offer I made you. You can take the kids to a dairy tomorrow and buy 'em a drink o' milk!"

Angelo looked toward the untidy bed with distaste. Zip noted it. "You can sleep on this old steamer chair." He pulled out a decrepit canvas chair and adjusted it until it lay flat. Angelo's face brightened.

Zip at once launched into stories about his early life when he had been a hobo, exerted himself to be entertaining and amusing. And Angelo, in spite of his depression, laughed, enjoying the tales.

At bedtime the tiny bundle of baby stirred and began a faint wailing cry. Angelo went over and tried to play with her. She was too weak for play; but he cuddled her, sang a soft Italian lullaby, and she managed somehow to wrap a tiny finger about one of his, looked up and came as near to a smile as her weakness permitted. His home-sick feeling abated.

Then Zip, with the soothing-syrup bottle, thrust him out of the way.

Bub's adoring eyes, like a faithful dog's, had never left Angelo. Shy, quiet, no terror now, he kept close to his new friend, and a few minutes later he and Angelo were ensconced on the canvas chair with an old blanket thrown over them. Just before he dropped off to sleep, Angelo observed Zip move out the bed a few inches and transfer a small package from his shirt to some hole in the wall, apparently moving one of the bricks.

THE next morning broke bright and sunny. As Angelo partook of coffee, and food left over from supper, he said: "Maybe you find that key now."

Zip's morning joviality vanished. "I got to hurry off," he snapped. "I thought you wanted to git those kids out to have some air. I sh'd think you'd want to do me a favor, me savin' you from the truant off'cer and you stayin' here to your meals and to sleep and all."

Angelo flushed. He supposed he was invited out of kindness.

"Tell you what I'll do." Zip gave him a sly look. "I'll give you six dollars a day! When you see the way the money'll roll in, you'll stick, I'm telling you!"

The six dollars had begun to tempt Angelo; and if he didn't consent, these children, so little, so trustful of him, would be put in a barrel. . . . . Soothing syrup was bad for babies. . . . . A helpless feeling swept over him. "It's skinning," he said faintly.

"Aw, skinning! What the hell! Say, I been skun a lot! And say, you lunkhead, if you're such a deadbeat as not to do a damn thing for me after me feedin' you, I'll be durned if I don't tip the truant off'cer off and git him to send for your stepfather!"

ANGELO winced. Ricardo would be sent for, without a doubt, and how angry he would be at leaving his fall work!

"Lemme jest dress you up once to see how you look," went on Zip in a wheedling tone.

Angelo remained silent, and Zip went to a corner and came back with an old ruffled black skirt and a big dark shawl. He put them on the unresisting boy. The shawl came down below his waist, and was pinned well forward over his face. Then with a pencil Zip made some dark circles under Angelo's eyes and a line or two about his mouth.

Angelo had sometimes dressed up in skirts on Thanksgiving, as was the custom, and gone forth with other boys to ask passers-by for pennies, so he didn't mind the skirt.

Zip now put a ragged coat on Bub, picked up the baby and laid her, a featherweight, in Angelo's arms. "How about it?" he asked.

"All right, I do it," replied Angelo in a cowed tone.

A dazed boy trudged down the alley, his long skirt swirling about his heels; but Bub, holding to his hand, gazed up with shining eyes.

Zip had directed Angelo to go to a corner of Orchard Street where the pushcarts were thickest. Here people came in hordes all day long—many in shawls—to bargain for every sort of commodity. The cobblestone paving was uneven and cluttered, the buildings on the road to decay.

It was like the poor quarter of a foreign city; there were swarthy men and men in beards, buxom peasant women, thin care-worn women, frowsy shambling grandams, and modishly dressed girls.

Angelo took position beside an old woman's lettuce-cart. As the early workers en route to the subway glanced curiously at him, he kept his eyes in shame on the sidewalk. But Bub had evidently been well trained. He held out the cup like an expert, happy to serve his friend.

The downcast attitude of this little mother with the two pallid infants made a great hit with the passers-by, and coins almost rained into the cup. As time went along, Angelo gained courage to raise his eyes. The appealing picture of this dazed soft-eyed young madonna drew even more contributions than before, and Angelo marveled that begging could be so easy.

As the money rolled in, he became interested and less ashamed. It was fun after all, as Zip had said. His cupidity was aroused. Why, he could make thirty-five dollars a week at this! It took his breath! He could give these children proper care, too—Zip was no good at that. It was like being a grown man and having a family on his hands! He liked it—it was like a game.

But there was a dark horse in the contest that Zip, in his calculations, knew nothing

of—the honesty games. And suddenly Angelo remembered them. His heart sank. This fraud was not for the best actor in the honesty plays! He couldn't do it! He understood now, too, why Zip gave these babies no suitable food or care. Angelo longed suddenly to show these tots to Miss McRae. She would know what ought to be done, maybe get the visiting nurse after Zip.

As the moments flew by, thoughts that approximated a plan seeped into Angelo's mind. He could stand here until he had enough to buy milk and orange-juice for the little ones and a suit for himself. He couldn't go to Miss McRae in this skirt and shawl—the children would roar! But he could buy a good suit in one of the secondhand basements for five dollars.

Pursuing his plan, he presently led his charges to a near-by dairy and ordered orange-juice. Bub gulped down his portion as if it were ambrosia—was intoxicated with delight! The baby blessed him with her eyes.

One must not give orange and milk too close together; so while he waited, he counted his money. . . . . He had nearly five dollars! The dairyman changed it into bills and quarters, and he stowed it away in two tobacco sacks Zip had provided, secreting one in each stocking. He would go back to his post and get what he needed to make six dollars.

Bub's joy and gratitude over the milk was pitiful. He was almost unbalanced. Even the baby cooed her pleasure. Then again Angelo took up his stand on the corner beside the lettuce woman's cart.

IN no time another dollar materialized. Now he could stop. But even as he slid the two bags of money into his stockings, a drunk came along and slipped a whole dollar into the cup. And while Angelo made ready to depart, a few more coins were dropped on top of the dollar.

Suddenly he heard hoots and jeers that sounded familiar. He looked up to see three boys roistering along. He looked again. They were the bullies with whom he had had the wood feud before he went to live in the country! They stared at him and hooted more viciously than ever.

Well, let them hoot. He would have to stand it, hampered as he was. Had they recognized him?

The first two passed. The third—glancing at the cup still holding more than a dollar and still in Bub's feeble hand—made a grab for it and secured it, at which the trio dashed off down the intersecting street.

Angelo saw red, forgot he was a beggar-woman. Like a flash he dumped the baby upon the lettuce cart, hurled his shawl after her, pulled his skirt up about his knees, and raced after his old enemies at top speed.

The despoilers threw startled glances over their shoulders and increased their pace. They obviously had not expected such an agile young mother! The rear one was handicapped a bit by trying to hold to the money in the tin cup, so that Angelo, plunging along in fury, was soon upon him. Too late the boy tried to throw the money backward to save himself. Angelo caught his hand and, tripping him, pummeled him thoroughly—the other two having passed from view.

A moment later Angelo gathered up his money and returned to his little family.

The pushcart merchants and customers gathered round. The lettuce woman stood rooted to the spot. "So you should beg with babies, is it? And you aint no mother at all!" she exclaimed. "Aint one of them nickels by your bag mine already—that I should put in when I should think you was a woman with two little kids?"

"I'm not no skinner!" cried Angelo. "A man sends me! That Zip he takes my coat and pantses, and I can't get! I have to get money in the cup so I can buy me some. Then I can went to see the teacher, and she maybe gets the visiting nurse after Zip!"

He seized the shawl, still pinned, and

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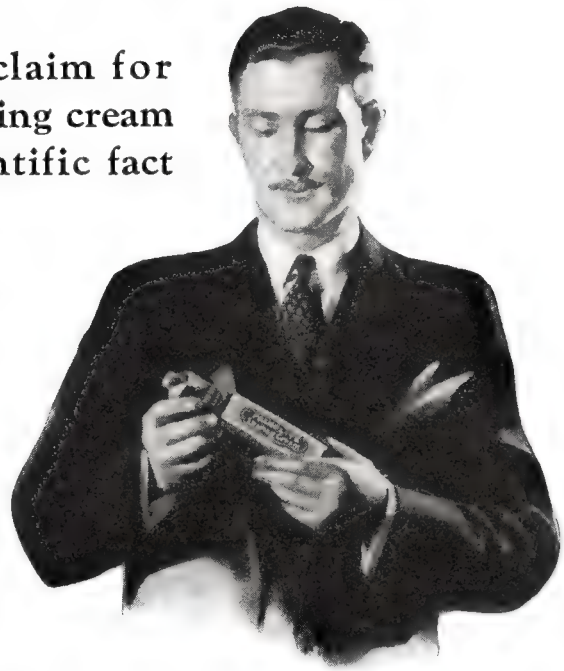

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For it isn't the ads that sell Palmolive Shaving Cream.

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4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
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twisted it on over his head, to cover up certain lapses in the region of his waistline.

"I call a cop," said the lettuce woman, "so he puts you in jail yet." The others preserved a dazed silence.

Angelo paled. "Don't call no cops! I'm honest boy! I'm the best one in the honesty games—"

"We don'ta know thosa honesty game'," contended the dried-fruit merchant.

"I walk with you to meet the teacher," Angelo offered desperately. "She goes now on the street to lunch. I know where she comes. You can tell her am I honest."

"You aint knowing no teachers maybe," flouted the orange-cart man. "And anyhow, if you *got* a teacher, you think she likes you should stop her on the street—a beggar boy with two kids yet?"

Anxious troubled lights clouded Angelo's eyes. This drastic need called for drastic measures—he would risk it.

"She don' care—she my friend. On twelve she come."

"It aint time," volunteered a shopper.

"I set down here then and wait. You think I run away, you can tie my feet up. Or on the school you can take me, by the clerk's desk."

"Come along already," said the lettuce woman. "I go to lunch early. I should take you by my cousin by newspapers. She knows yet about such things."

THERE was delay in starting, however, and not until the noon whistle did they get under way. They walked for some little distance in the general direction of Angelo's school, Bub's pinched face beaming up at his friend, the baby quiet as a lamb.

"Excuse me, please—I likes please you would go by this street by restaurant," Angelo urged, so tremblingly polite, that in spite of herself the lettuce woman yielded, and they turned into a quiet, more respectable street than the others.

Suddenly he saw a policeman on ahead. His heart sank. Ruefully he regretted those broken windows in his past!

A minute later his heart leaped! For half a block away in the opposite direction came two feminine figures; and one of the figures was short, round, kind-faced, and wore a blue dress! He tugged at the lettuce woman's arm. "There's the teacher!"

The lettuce woman's eye had also caught the policeman, but a tiny bit swayed by Angelo's earnestness, she allowed herself to be hurried toward the advancing teachers.

When they were within a few yards, almost at the entrance of a quiet little café, Angelo called out: "Miss McRae—excuse me—*aint* I honest?"

Miss McRae gazed in perplexity. She saw a cushiony old woman holding to an odd figure in a long swirling skirt, who carried a tiny white infant with one arm and held to a pallid, ragged little boy with the other. Freeing one hand, Angelo shoved the shawl from his dark head.

"Why, Angelo! How in the world—skirts! Of all things! Are you in trouble?"

"No!" He rushed excitedly into explanation. "A man sends me out to beg with babies! He locks my clo'eses in cupboard—that Zip—and I can't get! He gives these children only pickles and bread—so they stay skinny, so to make rich from begging! For that he adopts. That aint honest, Miss McRae!" Angelo's eyes grew darker and more agitated. "No air they don't have. The window it aint never come open! He's going hide them in barrel somewhere, if I don't take to beg—because a plumbers is coming—"

"Why, Angelo! I never *heard* of such goings on! Why—"

"This baby—so nice, so quiet—she going die, I think."

"Well, we should go around to the police station, I suppose—"

"Not cops, Miss McRae!" Angelo besought. "Aint it the visiting nurse to go? Or that place where they dassen't to be mean to kids—"

"You mean the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children?"

"Yes." Angelo smiled broadly. "I like to take her there. This woman from lettuce she think I steal babies—"

"Oh, Angelo is very honest!" supported Miss McRae. "He wouldn't steal anything!"

Angelo glowed. His worried look vanished.

"I really think, Angelo, that we should go over to the police station. They would know just what steps to take."

With Miss McRae vouching for him, no harm could come, even out of a police station! "All right, Miss McRae," he agreed.

"The police station is from two blocks," said the lettuce woman. "I should go to my house now, to make lunch for my children. I give him to you." She relinquished her hold on Angelo and padded off.

They walked briskly toward the station. Angelo's skirt had sagged down and kept tripping him, but scuffing along, he told of his money being stolen and of wishing to get enough in the tin cup to buy a suit.

They sought the sergeant's imposing desk; and Miss McRae, in as few words as possible, explained their errand.

"Every little while," said the sergeant wearily, "we run across cases where some scoundrel has got hold of children, starves them, and uses them for some crookedness."

"Where do they get them?" asked Miss McRae in horror.

"Buy them. They stand near the hospitals for girls that have gone wrong, and as the girls come out, some are glad to part with their babies." Then, turning to Angelo: "Can you show us where this Zip lives?"

"Yes," said Angelo. "And could you maybe get my clo'eses for me out that cupboard? Maybe cops got keys."

"We can get them if they're there."

"He tell me a plumbers is coming—"

"It's arrest he's afraid of, not plumbers. I think he's the geezer we have a line on for two or three things. No signs of anything when we go to search. Picks a new locality every so often."

"Well, I have to go now, Sergeant," said Miss McRae. "Will you take care of Angelo? I've always found him to be a very honest boy, and I think a great deal of him."

The officer nodded, smiling down at Miss McRae's pleasant upturned face.

"What I do with this money from the tin cup, Miss McRae?" asked Angelo. "Seven dollars and nineteen cents, it is."

"His money was stolen, and he certainly earned this. Besides, if he doesn't find his suit, he'll need this to buy clothes. Don't you think he ought to have it?"

"It's his; he earned it!"—absently. The officer was still smiling down at Miss McRae's very blue eyes. "Always glad to see you, Miss McRae!"

"If I find my suit I buy the kids orange-juice and milk," said Angelo gratefully.

"You wont have to take care of them any longer." The sergeant rang a bell. An officer appeared. "These babies are to be turned over to the Children's Society as soon as I can send a man to check up on the case."

Bub's hand was with difficulty unclasped from Angelo's. "Good-by, Bub," said Angelo. "Sometime I come see you. You going have milk now all the time!"

FIFTEEN minutes later, after Angelo had told his story all over again, he said wistfully, "I like to go home now," his thoughts reverting longingly to the wholesome kindly place he had so blithely left.

"Well, you can't, kid. You're way under age. Parents have to be notified to come and get you; you stay at the Children's Society till they do."

"I know how to go home! I take myself! I come down alone!"

"You're in our care now. Not allowed to let you go alone. I'll turn you over to Duffy, to show him where this place is."

Angelo knew better than to argue. Teachers and cops were alike. You couldn't keep talking.

Still in his long skirt, he trudged off beside Officer Duffy toward Zip's alley. His reflections were of the blackest. How could Ricardo leave his fall work to come down after him? How angry they both would be! They'd never cease hollering on him! Instead of a present to Ricardo, who had been so kind to them, he would only be making a great deal of trouble; and his mother had warned him that such behavior might send them all back to the old hard life on the Bowery! Dejectedly he swished along. That was the way it went when you got near cops; it always meant trouble.

WHEN they reached the squalid basement, Duffy produced a ring of keys, and in a few moments Angelo was donning his clothes, while the officer prowled about, searching corners.

"Do you know what a dope-peddler is, kid?"

"Like bootlegger," said Angelo, "only small."

"Did you see this duck stowing anything away?"

"Once he moves a brick down there in the wall behind the bed."

The officer jerked out the bed, piled on top of it an old box he found, got down at the back, and handed Angelo his flashlight. "Here, hold this so I can see."

"Yes," agreed Angelo, busily transferring one of the sacks of money to his pocket, in which process he dropped a quarter. The door had sagged half open. The quarter rolled to the door and out into the alley. All that was visible now of the officer was one uniformed leg.

"I get my quarter first," added Angelo, stepping outside, and almost colliding with a boy about his own size, who had reached out a greedy hand for the rolling quarter. Angelo outreached him; and suddenly an idea that fairly stunned him popped into his head.

Angelo always acted first and did his reflecting afterward. "I give you this quarter," he said in an undertone, "if you go in and hold this flash for the cop in there. He hunting crook stuff."

The boy's eye lighted. He held out his hand. Angelo put the flash and the quarter into it, and gave the boy an easy shove inside the door. In one fleeting glance Angelo took in that the officer, engrossed on this new trail, had not moved. Then like an arrow he flew down the alley, into the back door of a garage, through it, out the front.

Now he mingled with the people passing along, being careful to keep a wall of adults between him and any line of vision from the end of the alley. In this way he crossed the street and worked his way along slowly in the direction of the distant subway, loitering when necessary to keep covered by a group.

At last he reached the subway entrance.

AT eight-thirty that night the Vico household was preparing for bed. The lamp was set in the window that looked out through the fir trees.

"You sure that farmer who hire my Angelo he not make him work too hard?" Rosy had asked this a half-dozen times since Teeny's report of Angelo's job. "I theenk we go see Angelo tomorrow; he get lonesome maybe."

"That man good fella!" Ricardo laughingly reassured her. "He not make Angelo work hard 'nough!" His white teeth showed smilingly from his bronzed face as his arm encircled Rosy's shoulder.

A noise at the door attracted their attention. An instant later Angelo—his brown

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eyes ablaze with pleasure—stood in the doorway, holding by the halter a fair-sized calf. "That calf of Bender's! How you get heem?" exclaimed Ricardo.

"*Misericordia!* I glad you finish weeth that job!" Rosy slipped from Ricardo's grasp to go and look her oldest carefully over for traces of accident or conflict. "I think maybe something happen—"

"I buy this calf for Ricardo's present for his feast day!" announced Angelo, bursting with pride.

Ricardo's amazement would have gratified the most exacting. He was stricken dumb with surprise. He gazed at Angelo in blank silence. Then this act of generosity — of which he'd had so little in his hard-working life—brought a quick moisture to his eyes; and much perturbed, he awkwardly shook Angelo by the shoulder, stammering: "You is best boy they are. I maka good presents to you sometimes. You and me we have pardners wit' this calf. He is size enough for two. That calf she grow beeg and we sella da milk and maka rich!"

Rosy could only look proudly on, her eyes glistening with tears of joy over this, her eldest.

MONEY OF HER OWN

(Continued from page 34)

but he wasn't embarrassed and his manners showed that he knew his way about. There must be dozens of men like that whom it would be fun to know, thought Carol, if one could only break through to them. Men who weren't always grabbing, who stood on their own feet and might take care of women. No one, except Carol, knew how she wanted to be taken care of, thoroughly cared for. Every gesture of hers denied it, and she never even admitted it to herself. Sentimentality was out of the picture and must stay out. She packed the crown of the hat carefully full of tissue paper, and putting it away in a French bandbox, turned religiously to her exercises.

Chapter Three

MORNING did not improve the hotel by the railway station. In his unaired bed Philip woke early to its discomforts, and he had been slow to sleep. The sickish smell of the railway yards, the banging of trains, the thick grime that had drifted over the dingy sheets, the snores of the two drunks who had been so riotous last night on the other side of the thin partition, did not encourage him to lie in bed. He got up, shaved and looked his clothes over. There remained two suits and a few shirts and collars, but nearly everything else was in the hands of the Chinese laundryman or the pawnbroker. It was annoying not to have a watch, but with that and some pearl studs and his dinner coat, he had raised enough money to keep him fed very frugally for a week. If he could find some place that would trust him for room-rent, he'd be all right. The first thing to do now was to get some air.

"Up early, aren't you?" asked the groggy clerk downstairs. "Didn't you sleep good?"

"Sure," said Philip, "but there are two birds in the next room that can beat me at it, so I got discouraged."

The clerk grinned and yawned. He didn't care. His kind of hotel did not guarantee silence or peace or indeed anything more than lodging. If roomers didn't like it, they could leave. The trains always brought new patrons.

It was only six o'clock. In the street it was very still, with the peculiar stillness of Sunday morning. Saturday night had worn itself out, and nothing of it remained on this clear, bright morning which was so serene and cool. It was a day for the country. Philip knew. A day for the first golf of the season, for the first trip out to summer lodges, for fast driving in new cars, a fine day for a flight. All that was overlaid in his mind now, but he was still reminded now and then.

He was looking for a cafeteria which would be generous with coffee, for it would be a long gap between that and a slim lunch. Half a dozen blocks from the station he found one that seemed clean and from its day-and-night signs was bound to be cheap. He ordered coffee and wheat cakes and carried them over toward one of the bare white metal tables. There was one good thing about being poor or in a war, Philip reflected. It made your food so friendly.

The only other customer in the room was sitting over an untasted breakfast and Philip looked at him as he passed, wondering if he were drunk. The man's eyes met his stolidly, and Philip recognized him at once. It was his companion on the shoe-shining stand of the night before, the one with the knobby shoes with the bright highlights. But the bloom was gone from them and from their owner. Somebody'd handed him an awful wallop, thought Philip; and because the morning was bright and he hated to see anyone look so hard hit as that, he spoke to him.

"Good-morning."

The other man looked as if a trance had been broken into. His face, written over with misery and shock that he could not hide, seemed to make an effort to focus on Philip's greeting. He answered as if he were waking out of a sleep.

"Morning, sir."

"Nice day," said Philip; his tray becoming ill balanced, he put it down on the same table where the other man was sitting and pulled up a chair.

"Haven't I seen you before?" the man asked dully.

"Yes. At the shoe-shining stand in the station last night."

"Last night. I remember. That was it."

He spoke heavily as if last night were in a distant past.

"I guess we're both strangers in town," remarked Philip. "I hear it's a good town."

"It hasn't been good to me."

"Hit back," advised Philip cheerfully, "and get it out of your system."

The other man grew tense. He looked powerful just then, full of driving force and a purpose that wiped out the crudity from his face, or made his uncouthness unimportant. In other clothes than the ones he was wearing, he might have been good-looking. It was the cheap ready-made suit that didn't fit his muscular arms and wrinkled over his shoulders, the made-up tie with its comedy coloring, the knobby shoes and the collar that should be a half-size larger and a half-inch lower, which made him look absurd. He had a good head, thought Philip.

"I'm going to hit back," he answered, "but not now. It isn't any use now."

"You'll cool down," said Philip, grinning, "before you do?"

But his companion was entirely sober. He didn't smile, possibly because he couldn't.

"No. I wont get cool. I'm cool enough now. But I know one thing I didn't know before."

"Are you telling?" asked Philip, casually.

"Yes. I'll tell you if you don't know. There's just one thing women want, and that's money."

"Some of them," Philip qualified.

"I believe it's all of them," said the other man, "all of them, old or young. They may bluff that they don't want it. But they do. Nothing else as much as that. It's women that want money—not men. Women."

His voice was rough with pain and recent experience, whatever it had been. He seemed hardly conscious of the person to whom he spoke. And curiously enough, for a moment Philip did not see him. He saw Harriet instead,—his father's second wife,—leaning forward involuntarily as the will was read, beautiful in her heavy mourning; and he saw again the sweep of relief over her face as she heard its phrases before she put on her mask of grief again.

"Anyway," he answered, coming back quickly from that second's flash-back, "lots of the poor girls don't get it, do they?"

"No, but it's what they want. All they want."

"Do you think you'd feel quite as sure if you ate that bacon?" inquired Philip, who was well along with his own breakfast and worried about the waste of the bacon and eggs opposite him. "There's always one philosophy before breakfast and another after it."

"I'm not hungry," said the man simply. "Perhaps you will eat it."

"I'll share it with you," offered Philip. "Come on, sir. You'd better eat something. I guess you need it."

He paused and added: "My name's Helm—Philip Helm."

"Benson is my name," returned the other.

His brief explosion of confidence was over, and Philip did not try to urge him to another one. They finished their breakfast in silence, and Philip passed Benson his paper package of cigarettes, and gave him a light.

"Thank you for your company and your bacon," he said, rising. "I hope I'll see you again sometime."

"You are very kind to a stranger."

Philip hesitated.

"And I hope you snap out of it," he added, "whatever your trouble is."

The other man nodded, and Philip left him sitting there, his fine blond head above the absurd collar and tie outlined against the white tile wall. There was after all nothing one could do for Benson except leave him alone to get over it. He had taken a fall over some girl who wanted a fellow who could give her eight cylinders and balloon tires, probably.

SO very still, that Sunday morning on the main streets of the city. Here and there a lazy pharmacy dusted its windows and its displays and opened its doors. Nothing else. Theater entrances were abandoned. Shop-windows kept their Saturday dressings or were hidden behind dust-curtains. Later in the afternoon the city would wake and the movies open, the girls come downtown to show their new kid slippers and spring hats, the confectioners' tables become crowded. But now people were still asleep or breakfasting at home, reading their newspapers or getting ready for church.

Philip walked far out, past the business district, and took his bearings. Already he knew where the paper-goods factory lay, four miles to the north. But that could wait until tomorrow. It was a typical city a hundred and fifty years of age, showing all the signs of its widening out in slow circles from the first concentrated settlement. The big, ugly, Victorian residences on the outskirts of the business district were boarding-houses, as they always were. "Rooms," said the signs in their windows, and looking up at one old brick house with a gingerbread trim of wood and a fresh green lawn, Philip wondered, not what the rooms inside would be

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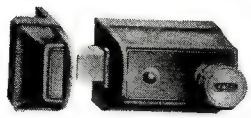

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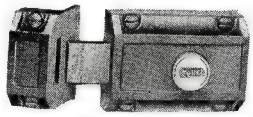

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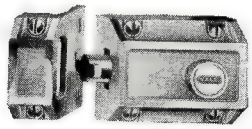

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like, but what they would cost and whether payment in advance would be expected. As he paused idly, a girl came out on the porch with a broom in her hands and began to sweep energetically.

Philip decided to ask her. She looked young enough to be pleasant, and he wanted to speak to some one, anyhow.

"Good morning," he said. "Have you a room to rent here?"

She had watched him come up the steps and had stopped her sweeping to inspect him.

"Yes. There's a room. There are two. But it's Sunday, and my mother's at church."

"Oh, it doesn't matter. I could come back."

"She's just gone. She'll be back in an hour. I guess," she offered hesitantly, "that I could show them to you."

"I don't want to bother you, if it's inconvenient."

"It's not that. What kind of a room did you want?"

She was pretty, as he looked down at her. Not as Caroline Ranger was pretty, with confident charm and developed beauty. This girl's body was not trained down by exercise, but thin from hard work, and her hands were red. But her eyes were clear, there was rose color in her cheeks and a wave in her smooth brown hair.

"I just want a place to sleep," Philip said.

"There's a big front room."

"I'm afraid I couldn't afford that."

"The other's just a very small one."

"That's all I need." He smiled down at her. "There's only one of me. But if it's inconvenient—"

"No. I'll show it to you."

SHE turned and led the way into a narrow hallway carpeted with linoleum and up a staircase with a yellow varnished rail. Like all rooming-houses, this one was full of shut doors and that sense of separate occupancies which makes such a place so obviously not a home. On the second floor the girl paused.

"The big room is over on that side."

"I'd rather see the small one. You want to be sure of getting your rent."

"Mother certainly would!" She did not argue it further, but turned twice down the darkened hall and opened a door for him.

"It's stuffy in here. The window's been shut."

She lifted it quickly and straightened the shade and the towel spread on the bureau top, with an air of putting the best of the room forward.

It was a very small room which must have been sliced off for an extra maid or nurse when the house was a private home. Philip and the girl crowded it, and the cot bed and old wooden bureau nearly touched each other and left barely enough space for one rather rickety chair. The coverlet of the bed had been washed until it was frayed, but it was white and smooth.

"How much is this room?"

"It's seven dollars." She stood by the window, half apologetic for the little room, half defending it. "It's really a nice room to sleep in. You don't hear the street-cars."

"I like it," said Philip, and meant what he said. He no longer thought in terms of fraternity-house rooms, of men's clubs and expensive hotels. He never let himself think of the room to which he used to go home when he was growing up. There was something very self-respecting about this clean white bed, as he thought of the place he had slept last night.

She smiled at his praise.

"There's one advantage that the other rooms don't have. You see, the apple-trees are outside your window, and they'll be in bloom in another week or so."

He came to the window and looked out. In the square patch of ground which lay back of the house, two ancient apple-trees had somehow survived the attack of the growing city. They were gnarled and awkward, but on every branch pink buds were swelling now. The girl looked at them fondly.

"They're pretty when they're out. The room seems full of them," she said half shyly.

Philip guessed that this had often been her room.

"No part of your house could be pleasanter than this. I hope you'll let me come."

If necessary, he figured quickly, he could manage to pay for a week in advance. He could eat less. Besides, they might not expect him to pay until the week was up.

"Would you come soon?"

"Today. My suitcase is in a hotel in the city. I'd come as soon as you'd let me."

"We'd want to clean it up," she said, looking at its immaculateness. "After lunch it would be ready."

He gave her his name and she wrote it down. She asked nothing more and he wondered if her mother would have been as casual.

"Then you'll surely be back?"

"I certainly will. This afternoon."

HE went down the street again, full of fresh confidence. What luck to stumble on a place like that! The city seemed more friendly now that he had even that small rented portion of it. He bought himself a morning newspaper as he reached the business district, and was wondering where he should go to read it when he passed the entrance of the hotel where he had dined last night. That was as good a place as any, and he went into the lobby, found himself a chair and settled to a contemplation of the things the world was finding interesting on this particular Sunday. As he separated the sections of the newspaper from each other, discarding the real-estate and society sections, a caption and a picture on the front page of the social news caught his attention.

"Society Girls Who Aid War Veterans."

There were three of them in the picture and in the middle was the girl who had spoken to him last night, the girl who had made him aid the war veterans against his will. They had been photographed in some place natural to them, standing on a brick terrace with a long tier of French windows at their backs. Their poses were half indifferent and half insolent, as if they were well used to such publicity. Philip read what it said about them—"and Miss Caroline Ranger, graduate of Eastridge and president of the Junior League."

It would be Eastridge, or some such school, thought Philip. They gave them just that nerve and poise there. Harriet had been a product. From his vantage-point of day-coaches, of pawnbrokers, station hotels, and all the jumbled jobs he had fallen into and out of in his last two years, he could regard Harriet and her group for what they were now,—and this Ranger girl's crowd too,—little concentric circles spinning around, set in motion by wealth and spinning best in leisure. They didn't matter. All those people didn't matter. They didn't affect anything. The thing that counted was a decent job and a decent room, and this time staying by the thing and building on it. Philip was insisting on one thing to himself. He was going to stay in this town and do no more floating. What building he did would be done here. The sense of personal stability which had been eluding him for so many months seemed to be coming back at last. The soreness was gone; the resentment had eased.

"Paging Mr. Helm—Mr. De Grat, Mrs. Cummings," said a singsong boy, passing him. Philip, hearing his own name, turned around abruptly. It couldn't be his name.

"Paging Mr. Philip Helm, Mr. De Grat, Mrs. Cummings."

The bellboy caught Philip's eye and approached.

"Mr. Philip Helm—Mr. J. D. De Grat—"

"Who wants Mr. Helm?" asked Philip curiously. "Did you say Philip Helm?"

"On the telephone, Mr. Helm," said the boy, consulting his slips. "Booth Thirteen."

PHILIP remembered on the instant. That girl had said she would call him. He had not taken it for more than a passing politeness, and anyway thought that if she called, it would be a blind alley, since he was not stopping in the hotel. But here he was, by chance, with the bellboy waiting for a tip. There seemed to be nothing to do but part with a dime which was ungratefully received, and go to Booth Thirteen. It might be something else, of course. Something might have happened in Philadelphia, and they were trying to trace him. But nothing that happened there affected him any longer. It might be another Philip Helm. His first guess was right. It was Caroline, wakened to a fresh day to be filled in with as much excitement as possible.

"How are you!" she asked in exclamation.

"Fine this morning."

"The silly idiots said you weren't there. They're simply dumb at that hotel. Only the feeble-minded are employed. I was so afraid you might have checked out. But I insisted that they page you and evidently they found you at once."

"I was in the lobby," said Philip with a truthful lack of detail.

"What are you doing today?"

"I haven't a plan in my head."

"Sunday's such a terrible day."

"For you? Do you let days get that way?"

"I haven't any control over Sunday. My uncle has a barbecue at one o'clock. It's a dreadful hour—all mashed potatoes and vegetables and roast beef—do you suppose you could stand it?"

A queer, almost faint feeling came over Philip. Roast beef—a Sunday dinner, when he had vaguely figured on coffee and as many baked beans as he could afford. He knew what food was filling by this time.

"Why—it's awfully kind of you—"

"Don't hesitate to shudder away if you want to. I tell you we have everything but pie, and all the conversation fits. But afterward things might brighten. Toward sunset, you know—"

"I'm crazy to come—"

"Exactly."

"You know I didn't mean that."

She laughed.

"You may mean it afterward. It's my sacrifice to family life. Offered up at one o'clock sharp. It's about fifteen minutes from the hotel in a taxi. You can find the address of the family vault in the telephone-book. It's the only Ranger extant. The rest of them died from Sunday dinners."

"I'm going to enjoy that dinner," he warned her.

"My uncle will love you if you do."

"Thanks a lot for asking me. I'm awfully eager to see you again."

"You'd probably forgotten I existed."

"I certainly had not."

"One o'clock—" she repeated in that half-hoarse, provocative voice and rang off abruptly.

THIS, said Philip to himself, was one good town. But he'd have to figure some way to get out there without any twenty-minute taxi ride. And he'd have to get his clothes pressed.

He went back to his newspaper with a

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faint smile on his face, and when Philip smiled like that people often glanced back at him. He was cheerfully challenging fate to come on and bring its best luck. That was the way he used to look when he had gone up for a dangerous flight, the way he had looked when he had been one of the big men on the campus. It was a look that made friends and gained confidence.

The thing was to get his clothes pressed for the least possible sum, no more than he had expected to spend for lunch. He went back to the station rooming-house, which was reeking worse than ever with train gas, and again considered his clothes. They had not improved. But the gray suit had come from Callet and Storms', and when it was pressed it wouldn't be so bad. The lining wouldn't show.

"Leaving?" asked the clerk, seeing him come down, suitcase in hand.

"Yes," said Philip. "Say, is there a cheap place around here to get a suit pressed?"

The clerk jerked his head eastward.

"Sam's—down one block."

"Open Sunday?"

"Sunday's his big day."

SAM pressed the suit which had been tailored at Callet and Storms' under the eye of a master fitter. Philip lounged in the doorway and waited until it was done, urging him to sponge out spots and making himself a very friendly customer. Philip was done with the station district now. That was for transients, and he was here to stay and had cast his lot in with the city, for what it was worth.

The morning had passed. Loafers and men with the dreary signs of a night's debauch still on them were taking up their places on the sidewalks, with apparently nothing to do except stay there until nightfall and then seek cover. Philip made a gesture toward the place where his watch should have been and wasn't, and then looked in shop-windows and drug-stores until he found a clock. It was half-past eleven. The girl at the rooming-house had said he might come back after lunch, and technically this might be after lunch. He hurried for several reasons, because a taxi-ride that would take twenty minutes would mean an equivalent ride of forty minutes at least in a surface car. Besides, he did not want the suit in his bag to get wrinkled, and it was probably still damp.

His reception at the rooming-house was not quite so informal as it had been before. He found the big decaying brick house on the corner easily enough, but this time Mrs. Coburn was there in person. She was a large woman with clear blue eyes which were apparently a last vestige of beauty. The rest of her was thick and heavy and distorted from work, and there were lines of sorrow and disillusion in her face. She looked Philip over.

"You're the young man that talked to my daughter about a room?"

"She showed me one she thought you'd let me have."

"You're a stranger here?"

"Yes. I've come to work in the Crampton factory."

"You're employed there?"

"They've promised me a place. I'm starting tomorrow."

"And where do you come from?"

"I come," said Philip, "from St. Paul." He paused and was more frank. "Just now, that is. I'm from the East."

"I thought so. You don't talk like the young men around here. Well, you think the room will suit you?"

"I liked it."

"Seven dollars a week. Did my daughter tell you?"

"Yes. You want it in advance?"

"Well—" she said, and their eyes met. She knew what it was to be short of money, that woman, and to read the shortage in a man's eyes.

"If you'd sooner pay at the end of the week, you can do it," she said abruptly, and Philip wondered what she had seen in his face to make her trust him. It was exhilarating. Seven dollars was seven dollars. It meant being able to get his laundry from the Chinaman, to be able to buy newspapers and lunches. It was riches, properly administered.

"That's fine. I hope I'll be a good tenant."

"I hope you will," she answered, retreating into herself again. "The room is ready. You can go up if you wish."

HE knew his way already along the strip of ingrain carpet to the room at the back of the hall. It seemed even more friendly than before. Perhaps it was the fresh curtains of cheap dotted muslin at the window, with their beautifully ironed ruffles, or perhaps it was the bright touch of the much-washed and rather streaked pink rag rug which had been placed beside the bed. Philip did not notice these improvements. He only felt, as he turned the key in his door, that his luck was on the mend. There was no time to reflect on that. He changed his clothes quickly, and when he went out again, ten minutes later, there was nothing in the appearance of the handsome young man in a well-pressed gray suit to indicate that the hand of the world had ever been against him.

On the steps he met the girl who had shown him the room, his landlady's daughter. She had been to church and no longer wore the faded colorless morning dress in which she had swept the porch. She was dressed now for Sunday, in a blue dress the color of a clear sky, a blue hat, pale champagne-colored shoes and several strings of pearls. She was as pretty as a calendar picture, and quite as undistinguished. There was too much color on her cheeks and her lips, but her gay blue eyes made that artifice quite harmless. It was obvious that she felt at her best and ready for admiration as she met Philip.

"So you came back?" she said, and was delightfully pleased.

"Is it all right? Your mother let me in."

"Well, I hope you like us."

"I didn't waste any time about that."

She laughed. It was Sunday, and in her best clothes she had time for a few minutes' coquetry.

"I wonder," asked Philip, "if you could tell me how to get out to Cliff Road."

"Cliff Road? That's out north."

"Far?"

"Pretty far. You take a Milan Road street-car, and the conductor could tell you where to get off. Of course there aren't any street-cars on the Cliff Road, you know."

"Where could I get a Milan Road street-car?"

"Just one block over—going north."

"Thank you again," said Philip. "I'm due out there at one o'clock and I didn't have the faintest idea of how to get there. You saved my life again."

But her smile had disappeared, and there was a touch of unconscious dismay in her eyes.

"You'll have to hurry," she answered.

PHILIP hurried. He flagged the right street-car, and it carried him out of the region of old mansions, through a new suburban district and then again the lawns grew bigger and the houses larger. Getting off the car according to the conductor's direction, he found he had three blocks to walk and turned in the direction of the lake. That was what the rich had come out here for, of course. Here were houses set in great expanses of cultivated lawns and shrubbery, with wrought-iron fences or hedges doing the work of exclusion. Some were handsome and some merely rich, a few beautiful. But Philip had no time to do much comparing. He had been told that the hour of the barbecue was one o'clock, and it was ten minutes before one when he dropped off the street-car, so the conductor said.

The house, numbered 57 Cliff Road, was large and ugly. It was made of some stone which Philip guessed was probably native, and its architecture was mixed and illegitimate. A graveled sweep curved in front of the door, and a purplish flowering hedge bordered that. The veranda was large and deep and was covered with a great deal of brownish reed furniture that looked uncomfortable, the chairs too deep and the settees too straight of back. It was not the kind of house in which he had been expecting to find that girl of the night before.

But there she was, coming down the stairs as soon as the maid had admitted and abandoned him.

"You're marvelously on time," she said. "I'm so glad you realized that it's a matter of life and death."

He had not seen her without a hat before, and she was even lovelier than he had guessed. Her skin was tan, without a touch of make-up, and her ash-blonde hair had been taught grace and obedience. She wore a sport dress of some pale gray wool stuff, without an unnecessary line, and gay little French embroidered shoes that did away with any effect of demureness.

"I feel like a bandit," he told her, "crashing in on you like this."

"More like the Salvation Army. Helping those that nobody else will—you know. Come and know the uncle before he begins to wield a carving knife."

Mr. Ranger was in the library where he had held conference the night before. He was standing beside a cocktail shaker and looking slightly impatient as he met Carol's friend.

She was vague in introduction.

"Philip Helm, Uncle Dave—friend of Stuart Paxton's at Yale. He's a stranger in town, so we can tell him anything and he'll believe it. All the population propaganda."

"How do you do, sir?" asked Ranger with the manner of the nineties.

He was not aware of ever having seen Philip before. But Philip knew him at least to the extent of his bootblack tips. This was the man who had made the Greek unhappy with a nickel. Philip began to guess at the reason for the appearance of the house and the incongruous niece.

IT was a good cocktail, which Mr. Ranger expected to be fully appreciated. Carol sat on the edge of the table and gazed at her shoes while her uncle said all the usual things about prohibition, praised and deplored his own supply, and Philip made all the usual responses. Carol only touched her glass to her lips, and that did not surprise Philip. Girls like this one rarely drank very much. They had trained themselves to be just as electric without it.

Yet in spite of his classification of her she remained single, individual. That detached, slim figure in its sophisticated slip of gray was not quite like anyone he had ever known. The trappings were all there, but there was something else beneath it that he puzzled over. They went to the dining-room, another clumsily paneled room aimed at false dignity, and the dinner appeared promptly: Thick soup, roast beef, large roasted potatoes, creamed onions. Mr. Ranger served, and Carol touched her food but did not eat it.

"Not hungry, Carol?" asked her uncle. "Do you want a piece that isn't quite so well done?"

"This is perfect," said Carol, and continued to eat nothing.

Philip made up for her defections. He

was hungry, and this was clean, well-cooked food. How long it would be before he got another such dinner he could not guess. So he made the most of it.

"These girls don't eat anything," complained Mr. Ranger. "I don't know what they live on, I'm sure. Not enough to keep a bird alive."

"Food expects too much attention," said Carol idly; "it deserves to be ignored."

"You've never been hungry," Philip told her.

The eyes of the girl across the table suddenly lifted and met his fairly.

"Yes," she answered, "I have. That's why I'm determined not to be again."

But after that flash of reality she was again only a picture of something that didn't quite exist, exquisitely decorative but indifferent to admiration. The conversation fell to Philip and Mr. Ranger.

"Friend of young Paxton's, my niece says."

"I knew him in college. We were in the same fraternity."

"He's in France now, isn't he?"

"I don't know. I haven't seen him in years. Didn't he marry?—I seem to remember an invitation."

"That's why he's in France," Carol remarked epigrammatically.

"He married one of the Collett girls. Very wealthy family. Carol was bridesmaid."

NO flicker on Carol's face showed that many people had thought she might manage to be bride instead of attendant.

"It's a pretty rich city, isn't it?" asked Philip.

"Well, yes—and no." The older man spoke almost cautiously. "There's money here of course. The big old fortunes aren't used up, though the young men seem to be trying to run through them as fast as they can. Their piles were built on lumber and iron. Some of them got it out of railroads. Those of us who weren't so lucky saw a good many millions rolling up past us. You can't do it any more though—not in this part of the country."

"Why not?"

"It isn't here. The big resources are either exhausted or tied up. And the industries don't pay any big dividends between the wages they've got to pay, and their taxes. No, the lucky fellows salted it away sixty years ago. I wish I'd been one of them. You going to locate here?"

"I'm going to work. A friend of mine sent me out here to the Crampton factory."

"That's a strong concern. I guess it's the second largest of its kind in the country, isn't it?"

"So they say."

"What end are you going to be in?"

"Advertising."

The roast beef was carried away, and a stiff frozen dessert, heavy with meringue, took its place. Carol shook her head at it and the men ate alone.

"These girls wont even eat ice-cream any more," complained Mr. Ranger. "I used to think all girls liked ice-cream."

"Think of how little it costs to keep me, darling!" said Carol lazily.

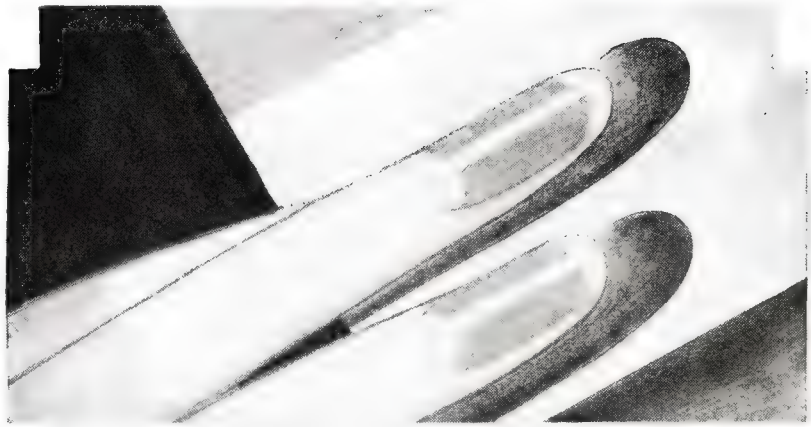
Her uncle chuckled.

"Little!" he said. "That's good—that's a good one. I tell you, Mr. Helm, for a fact I used to run a house and keep a wife on what it costs Carol for clothes and pin-money."

"What pins?" inquired Carol.

"And at that, she has a way of getting in debt."

Carol's thick lashes disentangled themselves as she smiled at her uncle. In that moment Philip saw that the old man loved her. They were separated by every taste and philosophy, by more than a generation, and yet Ranger held her very dear. It was not remarkable. Carol had smiled just then like a rather pathetic child. Philip thought



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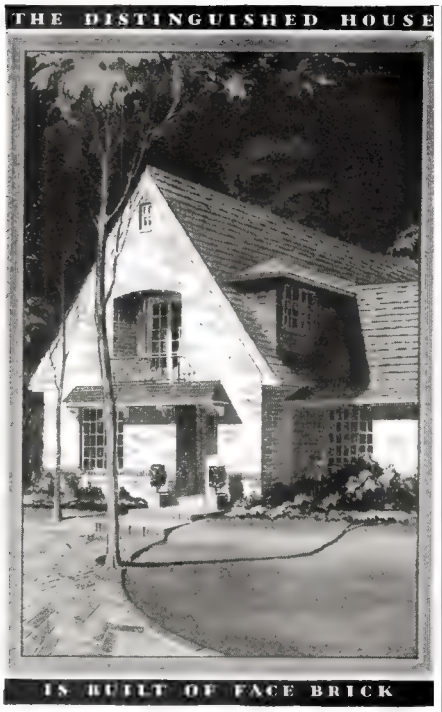

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suddenly that was what got under your skin with this girl. You were sorry for her, in spite of her pose of being spoiled and indolent.

THE cigars were excellent and the conversation dragged along, borne mostly by Mr. Ranger, who was clearly glad to have an intelligent young man before whom he might expose his dogmas. Philip took it very well without too much deference. And after an hour, when Carol said casually that her uncle would want to sleep after the barbecue and that it was only decent to leave him to it, Mr. Ranger shook Philip's hand warmly and wished him every success.

"Come again—and help me eat my Sunday dinner. It's a relief to find a young man who gets up in time to eat one. I always say to Carol that she can go where she likes all week, eat in her room in this newfangled tray fashion—when she isn't sick, you know—but as long as I have a roof, the members of my family are going to have Sunday dinner together."

"Good-by, darling," said Carol. "You'll rest most easily under the sporting section. Can I come and talk to you about the national debt soon?"

"Now, Carol, you aren't running behind again so soon!"

"Of course not. I just wanted to know how to invest my savings."

Even the old man laughed at that, and Carol took advantage of it to ask him if it was all right to take the big car. He hesitated, and Philip imagined that he always hesitated and made a privilege of his car.

"Well—if you like—but no speeding."

They left Mr. Ranger in the library with his newspapers and went through the drawing-room, which was in front of it. All the rooms were alike, with high ceilings and electric fixtures which had been showy during their first years and now were merely dull and obtrusive. The furniture suited the rooms. There was nothing which looked like this girl, who might have been a bit of modern sculpture as she meditated.

"Where shall we go?" she asked.

"I'll be happy anywhere."

"You were very noble."

"I was very hungry."

Carol laughed. "Well, let's drive. There'll be a gang out at the Country Club later—we can drop in there and see what happens."

"You want me to stay?"

"Yes," she said, and again there came that quick dip into the truth beneath the surface, "please do." Relapsing again into the monotone, she added: "I'll get a hat."

SHE left him for ten minutes, and when she came back had a hat and entirely different clothes, equally slim and negligent, all soft tan, with a loose fur at her throat. He wanted to tell her how beautiful she was, but he didn't. Something in him kept repeating and repeating that he mustn't forget he was only a down-and-out young man with a small job in sight. This was no time to get involved. He was building squarely from the bottom, thinking of room-rent, not of girls who wore champagne-colored fox furs and had national clothes debts. But in the car it was even harder. She took it out, a large open car with a splendid motor.

"There's a coach in there like a ten-cent thermos bottle," she said, "that my uncle bought trying to make a lady out of me. I don't use it much except for funerals. But he's terribly choice of this one. Do you drive?"

Philip, who could have taken the motor apart and put it together again, nodded.

"All right. Then you drive."

She stopped the car in the road and slid over so that he could come around and take the wheel. He looked at her curiously.

"And suppose I'm a rotten driver?" he asked.

"You wont be. Funny about you."

BUT she did not say what was funny. Nor did he disappoint her. It was some time since he had handled such a car, and for a moment he forgot everything else in the sheer joy of the perfect mechanism. And again the warning came that this was all out of place for him.

"I'm sure you fly too, don't you?" she asked, watching his firm, sure hands.

"I did," he said shortly, and she let the question rest there.

They sped along country roads, where the bordering trees were fresh with their earliest green, and fields were black and open for their first planting. She directed his turns so that they avoided the suburbs, and came at length on a smooth stretch of concrete, marking a roadway that twined over the hills in plain sight and seemed to have no end.

"There are three hundred miles of this," she said. "It runs right through the State. Good road."

"How far do you want to go?"

"At least three hundred miles."

"I have to get me a job in the morning."

"I wish I did."

"What would you do with a job?" he asked, amused.

"I don't know. Get fired, I suppose. Isn't that what you do with jobs?"

"You see," he said, slowing down to conversation because between the motor and the presence of the girl beside him he felt his head going, "you see we don't talk the same language."

"Why not? This isn't the first Rolls you've driven."

"No, it's not. But it's probably the last."

"From choice?"

"Why bother about choice? Necessity's a good enough reason."

"It always is."

"What do you know about necessity?" he asked.

"I know all about it."

"Debts for new hats—" he said teasingly.

"No—you've got me all wrong."

"The kind of necessity I mean," Philip went on, half to remind himself, "has to do with getting food, you know—and a place to sleep. I hope I'm pulling out of that. I'm a fair advertising man, and maybe I'll be better as I go along. But in my personal lay-out there aren't any big cars—no great houses. A flat and a flivver will be big moments for me."

"It's my lay-out too."

He looked at her, but she was staring idly in front of her, her eyes half misted by that tangle of lashes.

"Don't kid me—" he protested.

"I'm not. You've got me all wrong. I'm a poor girl. My uncle isn't rich, and if he were, it wouldn't do me any good. He's told me that. He boards me and clothes

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me—that's all, because he kind of likes me. Everybody knows it. I'm terribly poor."

"You wont be," said Philip, "for long. There must be a million or two men who want to marry you out of that."

"You'd be surprised," she answered. "It's not a marrying town in that impulsive way. Funny, too. Our rich ones don't marry girls like me, that they've seen about a lot. They marry the pretty rich ones or pick up something off Main Street. Either way. Not girls in the crowd who don't suit the family. I wonder about it quite a lot."

PHILIP wondered too. Of course she was doubtless exaggerating, and yet he knew well enough that girls on the edge of a close-knit society did have a hard time, no matter how good-looking they were. Harriet used to say coldly that girls had to be backed either by a fortune or a clever parent, or else be unscrupulous enough not to need either. And this girl, for all her nonchalance, had no trace of vulgarity. It might be that she did live by her wits, and have a hard time of it. And if the old uncle really were putting up a big front with a back full of mortgages—well, that wasn't such an exceptional situation either.

"I don't think you'll have any trouble getting anything you want," he said tritely.

"I want," said Carol impulsively, "to get my feet on the ground. That's all. I'm tired of belonging nowhere, taking hand-outs. I want to have something that belongs to me, and I don't care how much it is or how small. You see, you've had that. I suppose you've lost it or are out of luck. I've never had anything to lose."

Then, before he could even find an answer to that sudden almost passionate outburst, she had changed.

"Curtain on the third act," she told him. "Answer me, and I'll crown you. Turn and let's get back to the Country Club."

But he had the key to her now, the key to that pity that was beginning to hurt him almost personally. He had known almost at once that she was not quite true to the type she so deftly imitated. He knew more now, especially as he watched her an hour later at the Country Club. There were a number of men and girls there, some who had been going around the course, some who had just come for the tea, which was, of course, not tea. Philip met them all, and they were glad to have him for diversion. A new man, a man with a voice and manner which marked him as the kind of which they always needed more, was entirely welcome to the five or six girls, all wearing new sport clothes, all talking in that same half-hoarse monotone, as if emotions and events were alike to them.

"Philip Helm, stopping at the Majestic—that's who he is—Yale, and flew, and everything," Carol introduced him; and it was impossible to contradict her at the moment, to explain that he was not stopping at the Majestic. He'd drift for this one night and probably never see any one of them again. He found himself one of an incoherent party, which was making plans for its straggly diversions as it went along. The evening had to be killed somehow.

The girl they all called Lily attached Philip loosely. Botsford was hanging around Carol with a half-surly, half-jealous air.

"I saw Carol crash in on your lonely dinner last night," said Lily.

"It was great luck for me."

"Carol's terribly amusing, isn't she?"

From something in that unaccented comment, he knew that she did not like Carol.

THE men liked Carol. She was the center of most of the conversation and easily the prettiest of the girls. Yet Philip had a feeling that, in spite of the fact that she was the focal point of the noise, she was lonely and not quite intimate with anyone.

It was Dick Botsford who drove back with Carol to Lily Jordan's house, where they had finally decided to have supper. Lily protested that they probably couldn't find any food, but Philip saw that was one of the verbal simplicities of the very rich as they drove through a city estate and stopped before a huge house where a butler was on duty and there seemed to be plenty of people to arrange supper for eleven people. Mrs. Jordan looked in tolerantly, an older, more artificially blonde duplicate of her daughter. Mr. Jordan did not appear. An older brother, who looked dissolute and appeared from the conversation to have been recently a divorce hero, joined them and paid no attention to anyone but Carol. It was a rich party, the kind Philip had forgotten in his joltings about on day-coaches. And yet, now that he was in the middle of it, how easily it all fitted! The trick came back.

They ate for a long while because for many of them it was the first meal of the day. Philip had vaguely sorted them out now. Except for young Jordan, the men were all in business of some kind, subsidized business no doubt, that could support well-to-do young men until they took over the management of estates. The girls were only silhouettes, except for Carol; and she too looked like a silhouette except that for the five minutes that they danced together when somebody turned on a magnificent phonograph, he felt again that curious stir of protection and pity.

"Happy?" she asked lightly as they danced.

"Awfully. Are you?"

"More than I've been in ages. Somebody's giving me a good time."

She shouldn't have looked up at him like that just then. Music and the sweet scent of her hair, the wayward little part on the top of it, went to his head. He felt his arm grow tight about her.

"Do you think I could give you anything you want?" he asked her.

"Why not?" she tossed his question back with a lift in her voice.

JUST then the music stopped, and he drew a long breath. Carol shivered and was herself again.

"Stop that cakewalk, Carol," said Botsford. "You make me dizzy."

"Well, what shall we do?"

That was it. Nobody knew how to spend these next two hours. Bridge was dull, dancing no better, except for two or three of them. One of the silhouettes had an idea.

"Let's go downtown."

"Nothing to do down there."

"We can find a nickel show or something. One of those things you turn a handle and look in at a lady in tights. I adore them."

"Is the party over, then?"

"No—let's go for a ride and meet somewhere downtown, and you know—sing the soldier's chorus together."

"Can't go to the Town Club. All the old gentlemen are playing bridge."

"Let's go to the Majestic."

She spoke with assurance, and Philip heard her in complete dismay. He didn't have any room there, and didn't mind saying so, except that it would let her down badly before this whole crowd. After all, she'd picked him up. A dozen thoughts went scrambling through his head in one swift half-minute. He might get there first and engage a room while he was pretending to get the key. But with no baggage in the place, it would look strange.

"What number is your room, Helm?" Dick Botsford asked.

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THE ASSASSIN

(Continued from page 47)

the driving—a ponderous person with a double chin.

Kling was beside him, more the ape than ever; his dome-like head was heavy and his chin dug in his chest. An overlong arm was hairy along the seat-back. He turned constantly to listen, and his beady eyes were bright—too bright!

Fawkes was undersized.

Grimshaw was a stoop-shouldered, hungry-looking, sanctimonious person with hurt lamblike eyes and rakish rimless spectacles. All the world had it in for him—or so he inferred. His undertaker's manner stood out in sharp contrast to the easy nonchalance of the youth who pressed his shoulder. A touring-car had been selected instead of the limousine. First, they did not want the negro a party to their errand. Second, in case of necessity the car could be discarded—without divulging of its ownership or suffering great financial loss.

The desert world through which they were riding was an ocean of scintillating gases, bubbling from a sand-floor whose touch meant catastrophe. So high was the sky that the eye could scarcely pierce it—infinite distance wholly filled with sun. So stupendous was its width that no winged thing dared venture out across it. Off to the left, saw-tooth mountains were steadily growing larger, rising like the dorsal fin of some startling mammoth fish on the horizon-edge. The heated haze held a frightful loveliness. From infinity to infinity the sand-stretch swept, a planet apart, for lizards and vipers.

The track which they followed was a pair of deep sandrills—where the steering-gear was useless and the car ran itself. Mile after mile they rocked along tortuously. The novelty of riding with a professional assassin had somewhat abated on finding him a more or less amiable young fellow with brains.

HE had run away from an orphanage to follow the horses, he told them, being readily willing to talk about himself. Losing out as a jockey, he had joined up with a circus. Nothing like a circus to teach you human nature. Life had not been gentle, yet morbid introspection was not in his temperament. When had he killed his first man? In a brawl in a dance-hall back in Manhattan. Four sailors set upon him, one with a knife. He had left the knife sticking in one seaman's throat and escaped through a window with the dance-hall in chaos. What had the girl thought about it? Well, he hadn't seen her since. He understood she had told the police where her "escort" might be found, so he'd ridden the bumpers into Chicago. Plenty of good hunting in Chicago. A tight corner in a South Side saloon, three dead on the floor—and again it had been requisite that he move on. St. Louis this time. A guy had paid him five hundred smackers—to bump off the Missus. She wouldn't divorce him, and his Sugar meant trouble. Sort of a messy job, though. The wife got suspicious. She made an awful squawk. Five hundred barely covered his get-away, especially as he had to burn a perfectly good suit and buy a new outfit.

To New Orleans then. . . . . A bull trying to frame him for a job he'd never heard of. Too bad the bull left a large family, but no law compelled bulls to pursue their vocation. Had he really shot the millionaire Morrison back in Central Park West? Maybe he had, maybe he hadn't. Anyhow, millionaires have no business returning from the theater in the middle of the evening. Too much trouble to plan these upstairs jobs, get special keys made, an' everything. Clean through to the Coast, after that. A chance to hijack, but the risks were too great. Tia Juana for a season—a Chilean adventuress who paid him five grand for disposing of her husband. Inquest called it apoplexy. How had he thought of it? Read where a gang had tried it in a book. Wanted to see if it actually worked. How did he sleep nights? Sound as a baby. Conscience? Trouble with most thin-skinned folks is that they indulge themselves thinking about things. Put 'em out of your head. It's easy. Wasn't he fearful of dying in the Chair? What was the difference, dying in the Chair or dying in a bed? You had to come to it sometime, anyhow. And besides, God wasn't what the Salvation Army took Him to be.

ALL the while the endless rocking of the car in the sand flanges. On, on, on—under a broiling, blistering sky. They sighted their destination about half-past two. Where the saw-toothed mountains started upward in sweeping foothills, a spattering of dots was black against the sage.

"Buildings!" cackled Seba Fawkes. "Coffin in her glory!"

Viewed from a distance, few would believe that the place was but a shell inhabited by one lone man only—a fugitive from Yesteryear with a fortune on his head. The old order of things in the West has yielded to progress; picturesque landmarks have fast disappeared; yet here and there are shrines of a past replete with a lore that is now become classical—towns that remain the same as when they were roaring camps, unchanged by the century's advancement, the only mutations wrought by decay. They died suddenly while in their prime, forsaken ruthlessly by the enterprising citizens who promoted them, built them and made them famous. They are the ghost cities of the West.

The first impression of the place, lying in its elevated, sage-clad valley, was a sense of tranquillity. But as the stalkers of human flesh came up between the sand-hills, they knew it to be reminiscent of the wild West of old—stores and saloons with false fronts, two-story hotels with full-length balconies, shacks. Boarded windows, sagging doors, faded signs.

Two main streets intersected, each running out in uncharted desert. Board walks, uneven and rotting, offered the visitor precarious footing and made him step carefully to avoid projecting nails. Telegraph poles towered over crumbling structures, none of them erect and few having wires. Desert vegetation disfigured the "business section," growing up close to buildings and sidewalks. Here and there arose a two-story block with pressed-tin front—made to resemble rough-hewn granite—growing dingy with rust. All windows were missing, roof timbers were buckling, rubbish was piled against walls.

In some of the saloons, bars and mirrors were intact, glasses and bottles adorning the shelves. But over all the dust of years lay thick; cobwebs festooned the corners; silence reigned eternal. Lock or bar forbade entrance to many structures, but through ragged apertures might be seen the last of furnishings—scales, safes, desks and chairs. On both sides of the side-streets were scores of "residences," all untenanted and turning to husks. Some of these shacks were completely furnished—the owners had balanced the cost of moving their effects against their value and decided to leave them. At the northern end of the town stood the abandoned bank, where hundreds of miners had deposited their earnings when the hills had reverberated to the roar of stamp-mills.

THEY alighted from their car to find leg-muscles stiffened. Knees too were weak, but not from their ride. Each man was provided with a coil of loose rope. All had guns, but not for attack.

"Better tuck our ropes up under our coats," suggested Fawkes. "We can't look suspicious, or we'll give ourselves away. We'll jus' saunter up through the heart o' the place—like we was tourists lookin' it over. When we get face to face, let Muffett hold him up while the rest of us tie him. If he puts up a fight—well, Muffett's to finish him. Is it clearly understood?"

Apparently it was. They strolled out from cover in a small perturbed knot.

The bank was a one-story structure of senile yellow brick. A veranda of insect-chewed boards ran along the front, with upright posts of a heat-blistered blue. The corners of its roof held jig-saw scrollwork—gingerbread arabesque—giving the building the effect of a huge brick box bedecked with blue lace. Most of the windows and doors were boarded—lumber cooked to a clean, brilliant mauve.

"He was livin' here," contended Fawkes doggedly. "I looked in his bedroom an' saw all his things."

"We'd better bust in and have it done with," declared Muffett—in a sort of good-humored boredom. Of all the party, he showed the most poise. But he strolled with one hand in the pocket of his coat—the right-hand pocket that showed a sharp projection where metal prodded fabric.

"Let's knock," suggested Grimshaw. "It'll seem less suspicious."

They mounted the steps of the blue veranda. The door was ajar. Fawkes peered inside. The banking room was dark and frightfully hot. It smelled of old mortar, brick-dust and bats. When their knockings brought no response, they ventured inside. A great puddle of lizards disintegrated in a wild, streaked scatter at their footfalls on the flooring.

The quarters at the rear showed signs of habitation. With Muffett leading, toward them they moved. A high, square room had glass in its sashes—the only unbroken glass in the hamlet. Strips of faded carpet had been laid across bare boards. The walls of rough pine were mottled and daubed; some one had cleaned vivid-hued paint-brushes against the space beside one window. Fragments of pictures from bygone periodicals—racing horses, ladies of generous hips in flowered hats and tights, one or two lithographs of long-forgotten pugilists—were yellowed with age and cracked on the board-joints. Windows were warped, casings out of plumb. All corners held spiders or nondescript rubbish.

IN the southeast corner stood a low-hung bedstead covered with rough brown blankets—and with grotesque Cupids embracing on its headboard. A bench along the south wall held cooking pots, cutlery, an assortment of meat tins. In another corner stood a ceiling-high cupboard, its door sagging open, revealing old clothes. Three or four wooden chairs were piled with an odd clutter of empty canteens. A dilapidated lamp hung down in the center, a great brass lamp with guard like a cymbal, suspended on a wire crusted with dead flies.

SAM HELLMAN

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The pillow on the bed showed the dent of a head.

Muffett walked boldly about the tawdry quarters. But he stopped near the bed's head at something on the wall. Regarding it quizzically, the others gathered round him.

It was a small framed portrait—the "cabinet" photograph of a dark-eyed woman: A ring of old-fashioned bangs framed her forehead; on her neck her hair was drawn back to a knot; a white bar-brooch clasped her collared waist together; the wabbly head of an infant showed from the blanket draped over her shoulder with the effect of a scarf. Her gaze was downcast.

The frame, portrait, face, costume, even the baby, all these belonged to another age, another world. They were poignantly out of place in that sordid desert roosting-place; they had nothing in common with the furnace-like aridity, the weird dilapidation, the débris, the hills, the sky-girt desolation.

"WELL, gents," broke in a deep bass voice behind them, "it seems even in the desert a man can't have much privacy."

They whirled about.

A man of mighty girth filled the doorway behind them,—an overly tall man in bluish shirt, unbuttoned vest, crude trousers in boots, his neck encircled by a big red bandanna,—dwarfing those quarters by his doughty presence in them.

They glanced sheepishly at one another—all excepting Muffett. He leaned one shoulder against the window-casing carelessly.

"We were—we were just lookin' round," Fawkes chattered weakly.

"Oh, you were just looking round!" The big man advanced toward the foot of the bed. The knot shrank toward Muffett like a group of frightened rabbits.

Tait took off a huge brown hat, frayed about the brim and soiled around the sweatband. He did not look like an outlaw, a killer—no more than did Muffett, who was studying him closely. His hair was clean white, contrasting sharply with the bronze of his temples. His movements were slow; his left hand held a corncob. He seemed a bit overheated; the bronze was applied to his features like rash. He was far more the sheriff type than one in hiding on the wrong side of the law. . . . . They noticed with relief that his belt was empty. Tait, the great outlaw, was apparently unarmed.

"Well, what was it you wanted to see—*especially?*"

"You!" declared Muffett. The remaining quartet had somewhere lost their voices. The gunman took the cigarette stub from thin lips. He dropped it to the floor and stepped his sole upon it—without glancing down.

"Well, I'm here, I reckon. Look all you want."

"You're Tait—an' our prisoner!" blurted Fawkes in perky panic.

"An' s'posin' I am?" The huge face set hard.

"You gotta come back with us to Los Angeles. If you don't, we'll shoot you."

"Shut up!" ordered Muffett at Fawkes' asininities. He turned toward Bartholomew. "Don't try any funny work or I'll get you above the nose." He made a slight movement inside the pocket. Tait's eyes saw it. Slowly he restored the cob to strong teeth.

"Then the sooner you get it over with, the better, brother. It'll be murder, however. You kin see I'm unarmed."

He sat down in a chair with one elbow on the footboard.

"You living here alone?" was Muffett's next query.

"In a way I am. In another way I aint." They were eying one another like deadly beasts at bay. Yet Tait smoked calmly. Fawkes' gaze was glassy.

"Whatta you mean?"

"It's a long story, brother—an' explains why I'm up here. Come right down to it, I dunno as it's your business."

Capture this huge-bodied Westerner alive? As well contemplate capturing a mountain!

"Yeah, maybe it's not my business. But I'm curious. If I'd been in your place, I'd have gone to South America—"

"I been to South America. Got lonesome an' come back."

"But why come back *here?* You might know you'd get spotted—in an empty dump like this."

Tait took the cob from his teeth.

"My wife's buried here," was the steady-voiced answer. "You kin see her headstone off there by the butte."

They all craned their necks to look—excepting Muffett. The grave might be there, but he knew all the strategies.

"Well," he persisted, "and supposin' she is?"

"I wanted to be near her—perhaps buried beside her. I'm a sentimental fool, but that's how it is. The place here is home, the only one I've known. The wife was killed here; that's what set me wanderin'."

"Killed here!"

"By a dirty dog named Rally—because she wouldn't leave me and go with him to Mexico."

"How did—how did you take that?"

"I cut his throat. But a lot of his friends couldn't see things my way. They framed me as a killer—so I had to make good."

Silence in the room. Only the beetles buzzing out in the sun-heat. A lizard dropped with loud plop to an open paper spread on the bench. It scuttled for cover with the speed of a bullet.

"You mean you've come back here—are livin' here alone—just to be near the grave o' your wife?"

"I was happy here with her. You wouldn't understand."

"Is that her picture, up there on the wall?"

The man at bay nodded. He restored the corncob.

"What became o' the kid?"

"Rally killed 'em both—with a sawed-off shotgun. Some friends o' mine buried 'em. I didn't have time."

"You aiming to stay here—till you kick off?"

"I figgered it out. I aint harmin' no one. Kicked up all the ruckus that's good for a man. I'm ashamed of it now. A lot of it—hurts. You know how a man kin be—furious somehow at the hand life has dealt him. It's a sort of penance, livin' here alone. And nights—seems at times the old camp is alive once more. I don't believe in ghosts, yet somehow they come: the stamp-mills roar ag'in. . . . . I'm livin' in a little house with a new baby son—my own kid—" He stopped. His gaze dropped. It was a long, long way back to those years. How could the present generation realize?

"How long you been here?"

"Three years August. Go ahead and try to take me—if you think you can do it. I'll be glad to have it done with—to see the boy—and Martha."

Something telepathic was coming to Muffett. His lean face relaxed; he turned toward the window and looked off at—a grave.

"Get him!" cried Fawkes. "This aint no time to soften."

"Aw, hell!" answered Muffett. "Do your dirty work yourself."

THE silence which followed the shot was horrible.

Fawkes' mouth dropped open. His tongue protruded—not, however, so much as his eyeballs. He stood gazing at Tait in hypnotic rigidity, his gun-muzzle wilting toward the outlaw's boots.

The five-foot broker had somehow assumed that with the explosion, his victim would collapse. They "rolled lifeless to the floor" on the stage and in books. Yet Tait did not crumple. He rose slowly to his feet. Nor was there any smoke "to clear away." The lethal spitting of a pearl-handled gun was followed by Big Tait standing quite motionless. His only reaction was a slight astonishment.

The tension was electric. What would happen now?

Queer that Tait spoke first.

"Well, neighbor, I don't quite get the hang of it. But you've got more nerve than you look from your size."

Fawkes' murderous rage seeped out of him like water. And once more panic seized him. Muffett stopped short on his way to the door. He seemed more surprised than the one by the bed.

While he stared, the others watched Tait in glassy fascination. The outlaw spoke again:

"I've often wondered how it feels to be shot. Well—now I—know."

Suddenly, however, beneath the big man's bronze, his powerful features grew unnaturally white. He seemed to chuckle a couple of times—a whimsical grimace ending in a cough.

He grasped at the bed. The cob clattered down and spilled ashes at his feet. He half-turned as he fell.

The sickened conspirators turned away their faces. For the next few minutes they listened to sounds.

"Ah!" breathed Fawkes when the sounds at length ceased.

On the floor lay Bartholomew Tait.

"It wasn't so hard after all," went on Fawkes. He glanced nervously at Muffett. "O' course I'll make it right with you," he offered, "—jus' the same as if *you'd* done it."

Muffett answered nothing. He felt for cigarettes and drew one forth thoughtfully. Lighting it, his keen good eye was brought into line with the grave beneath the butte.

"Let's get busy," rattled Fawkes, galvanizing suddenly. He would wash away the crime's horrid flavor by physical practicalities. "We'll roll him in blankets from off this bed. The five of us kin lift him—"

"Fifty thousand dollars!" gasped Kling. He was horribly sick. "It's not worth it—not worth it."

"One o' you had better get the car," Fawkes carried on in a high-pitched voice. "Back it close beside the front steps."

Muffett had lighted his fag. "You wont need the car," he spoke up quietly.

AT the gunman's contradiction they rallied from their vertigo. What did he mean? Would he prove to be a Judas?

Fawkes scowled evilly and pushed himself forward. His small, watery eyes locked glances with Muffett's. A test of wills ensued. At length he found his voice.

"O' course we'll need the car—"

"I say *you wont need the car*—not where we're gonna take him."

"We're takin' him to Los Angeles—"

"You're takin' him where I tell you to take him—and you're gonna like it!"

Muffett felt in his right-hand pocket. Four alarmed and puzzled financiers found themselves staring into the blue-steel nose of a wicked automatic.

"What's the—what's the big idea?" gasped Fawkes.

"I get it now. I didn't before. You don't care nothin' about law and order. Puttin' this big boy out of mischief in protection of society—that don't interest any o't you in the slightest. You're the kind of rotten human tripe who'd sell— Why—I even believe you'd double-cross *me!*"

"Gawd!" jabbered Fawkes in perspiring helplessness. "He's goin' to take Tait in for himself."

"The hell I am! I aint takin' Tait nowhere—you four will do the taking. But it's over by the butte, not down to Los Angeles. Back up there, Fawkes. Drop your gun on the floor. This man was an outlaw—maybe he robbed trains, held up

High Lights of Travel 'Round the World

A Drink that Saved a City

IF it had not been for the Thirty Years' War, this story could not be told.

For three hundred years, Rothenburg-on-the-Tauber, or "Old Rothenburg" as it is familiarly known today, had peacefully gone about its business without a care in the world. Story has it that the citizens of that old German city, which dates back to the fifth century, played games, ate and drank well, and slept late.

But one fine October morning in 1631, Rothenburg was rudely awakened from slumber to find General Tilly and some 40,000 soldiers storming the gates. This did not worry the Rothenburgers seriously, for they prided themselves on being good fighters. Furthermore, was not their city amply fortified by a high wall which had successfully protected them for more than ten centuries?

This time they reasoned in vain. After weeks of hard fighting, a cannon ball found its way to their powder magazine, and the explosion which followed blew up a section of the wall, enabling the attackers to break through to victory.

The victorious General took up quarters in the Town Hall, and enraged at their stubborn resistance, he ordered all the members of the Town Council to be hanged. Later, moved by the pleadings of the wives and daughters of the condemned, Tilly partly relented, saying he would hang only four.

During the negotiations in the Town Council Chamber, the General and his seven aides drank from the town's best wine, which was served to them in the official Pokal, or stein, usually reserved for distinguished guests. It held four quarts. After making the rounds several times, it was again refilled and placed before the General. Tilly suddenly became amused at the size of this Pokal, and announced that he would spare the lives of all the Council members if one of their number could empty it in one draught.

Immediately ex-Burgomaster Nusch stepped up. Lifting the full container to his lips, he drank, and drank, and drank—until the last drop was gone. And so the city was saved.

Today the siege and capture of Rothenburg, culminating in George Nusch's great draught of wine, are re-enacted each year in a pageant called the "Meistertrunk"—the Master Drink. Over a thousand descendants of those who participated in the original drama are actors in it.

The Festival of the Meistertrunk is only one of this quaint medieval city's many attractions. Rothenburg is truly the "town which Time forgot." The ancient wall, the Roman Bridge, the gabled houses and narrow, winding streets, have not changed in over three hundred years. The old Town Hall, with its thick-walled dungeons, is perfectly preserved.

Through travel, it is possible to journey backward and dwell for a time among scenes and surroundings far removed from present day life. There are many corners of the world where, as in this little German city, time has not meant change and where the charm and fascination of a more leisurely period surrounds the visitor with the spirit of the past. Travel is the joyous adventure, which leads not only to health and well-being but to a broader understanding of the great drama of human endeavor.

A corner of Kappellenplatz, Rothenburg.

banks, shot officers who'd have swung him—but in fair fight, out in the open, single-handed. Oh, I know all about him. I read it in his face. You four wouldn't have the stuff to do what he did. You do your robbin' on the right side o' the law—widows and small fry—stenographers, clerks. If he'd had his guns, you wouldn't have shot him. *You wouldn't have dared!* So you aren't gonna get no 'rewards' for nothin'. You'll wrap him in his blankets and lug him to that butte. There you'll dig him a grave beside his lost wife. Never mind what anybody does in life: *he's entitled to a grave*—especially if it's beside—some one—who loved him."

"We'll come back an' dig him up!" cackled Fawkes, enraged.

"I'll bet you wont. Because when the job is done, you'll come along with me."

"You can't stop us from comin' back *sometime!*"

"Can't I, though?" And Muffett's face was ugly. "When we're far enough from Coffin, we'll see what the desert has to say to that."

But Fawkes needed force before he would obey. He got it savagely. The bullet grazed his groin.

Forty minutes later, equipped with rusted implements and bearing a bundled bulk with difficulty, the group moved out from the bank toward the butte. Five paces behind stalked a wiry figure who carried a "gat" with sinister inference.

A queer funeral—that last one in Coffin!

TWO editorial excerpts are of note, published in newspapers widely apart. The first, from a recent New York *Express* carried the title: "A RAT IS EXTERMINATED.

"The execution in Sing Sing last night of the notorious Slim Muffett for the murder of Josiah Morrison in this city a year ago November places permanent punctuation after the career of an individual who was a savage liability in any civilization.

"Muffett was bad—irremediably bad. He killed cold-bloodedly, deliberately—a conscienceless assassin without one redeeming trait. A survey of his record leads us to wonder whether such characters are peculiarly insane, or whether some saving spark of human kindness was omitted among the ingredients that made for their conception.

"Muffett is dead. A rat is exterminated. Only God can judge wherein mankind has been at fault—whether it is official 'murder' to remove from society's midst a creature with all human capacity for altruism yet devoid of the slightest sentiment which makes for normal human relationships."

One week later—to the day—the Los Angeles *World* said editorially:

"The discovery in the middle of the Cinnamon Desert the past week of the heat-shriveled husks of the long-missing Fawkes Finance directors, removes much of the odium attached to them as bank-wreckers, thieves and criminal absconders. The presence of the four in southern Nevada, according to Wilkins, the corporation's treasurer, indicates that they might have gone up there to inspect mine properties with the idea of rehabilitating their luckless corporation. That they lost their way and became crazed by heat was apparent from their irrational abandonment of their motorcar—which, however, has not been located.

"This desert tragedy incidentally emphasizes the risks involved when inexperienced persons penetrate into some of our more vicious Southwestern deserts without competent guides or adequate equipment.

"That the four Fawkes directors paid for their effort at rehabilitation with their lives is lamentable. Let us hope that in all human charity it will somewhat soften the animosity felt toward them by that small regiment of petty stockholders who lost the savings of years in their hapless operations."

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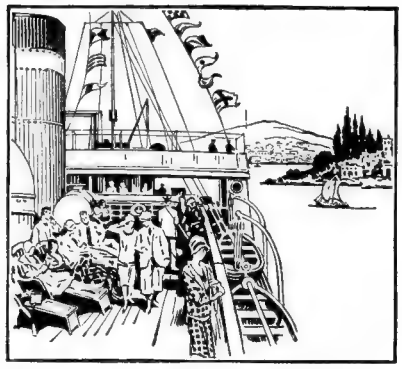

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Because of a popular demand for the same American travel comforts to the Mediterranean that now exist on all United States Liners to Europe, a regular service is being maintained this winter from New York to Algiers (12 hour stopover privilege), Naples, and Genoa.

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OMAR RIDES ALONE

(Continued from page 69)

intense, strident, golden wedge. From the minaret of the Mosque of Aberrahman the Magnificent, a gleaming circle of torches replied to the beacon, sending down showers of sparks; and throughout the four quarters of the town, other torches took up the message, puncturing the night.

The sky grew scarlet and crimson. Reds softened to violets as, steadily, the torches passed down the streets, with the tramp-tramp-tramp of marching feet, the slurring thud of the camels' pads, the clattering of horseshoes on cobblestones—and ever and ever the bull-like roar of the long-stemmed war trumpets, the beating of kettledrums, the shrilling and wailing of fifes, the crackle of naked weapons, the cries of the Khan's heralds, "Gather in! Gather in!" while the men of Moghul-Serai moved toward the Gate of the Seven Purple Cranes—the vanguard already galloping out into the steppe, the desert, that spawned its yellow eternities of sand beneath a cold, indifferent moon.

There were men on foot, the roughs of the bazaars, frantic with glee at the thought of coming strife and loot, tossing their swords high into the air reckless where they dropped, then falling into line as the *yuzbashis*, the captains of hundred, gave sharp commands. There were horsemen in troops of fifty each, riding four abreast, battle-stained pennons fluttering vivid brightness of design and color above the dazzling glitter of swords and tall, tufted lances. There were splendid companies of Tartar noblemen upon dromedaries, nodding in their lofty, peaked saddles to the swaying gait of their animals.

There were the camp-followers: women, some with babies straddling their wobbly hips, themselves straddling tiny donkeys that were hardly visible under their loads; slaves of the commissary department herding flocks of sheep and goats; other slaves driving lumbering, two-wheeled carts meant to hold the heavier loot; tobacco- and fruit-sellers spurring their mules up and down the long line of the advancing cavalcade and doing a thriving trade from saddle to saddle.

There were the pompous grandees and the *mingbashis*, the captains of thousand, astride black stallions. There was the Khan himself, on a white racing-dromedary, his pointed beard dyed red with henna, a huge carved emerald falling like a drop of green fire from his turban.

BUSTLE, confusion, late-comers hurrying up, falling into line. The squealing and rearing of ponies. The grunting and kicking of ill-natured camels. The squeaking of carts. The cracking of rawhide whips. The tinkling bells of saddles and reins.

Finally order brought into chaos; and the Khan's loud cry: "Forward, my children!"

Again the roar of the trumpets; the hollow, nasal thump of the drums.

And the army swept on:

On—the dazzling glitter of tall, tufted lances! On—the forest of swords! On—the fluttering of the battle flags! On—toward the tents of the Altamish Horde!

On—with the flames of beacon and torches flaring higher and higher, changing night into ruddy day, glinting on steel with running, white high-lights, shimmering with gold and silver on keen-edged weapons and armor!

"On!" peaked the exultant yell of Omar, who had joined a troop of horsemen at random.

Allah, he thought, but it was good to be alive and young and in love—good to be no longer the alien, the outcast, but to ride to war, stirrup to stirrup with strong men!

Ah—and he would return a hero, would claim the price of a hero—Nurmahal's narrow white hand!

He laughed loudly; and just then the captain of the troop happened to trot up.

He saw Omar. He recognized him; and at once he swished his whip through the air, brought it down on Omar's face, leaving a scarlet welt. Again he raised the whip, lashed Omar's horse across the withers. The frightened animal reared, bucked, almost unseating him, while others of the troop crowded up, asking excitedly:

"What is the matter?"

"What has happened?"

"Behold!" explained the captain. "The foreigner—the alien spawn—riding to war. By what right?"

"By what right?" the cry was echoed.

"Perhaps to spy on us!"

"To warn the Altamish Horde of our coming!"

"Doubtless!"

Insults then heaped on Omar's head, whips cutting him mercilessly; and what could he do—one against fifty? He wheeled his horse, galloped back, amidst the curses and hooting laughter of the troopers, back through the Gate of the Seven Purple Cranes, back through the streets of town. And so, half an hour later, he was again at his mother's house; and she did not have to be told what had happened—she understood.

"They did not want you, O my son?"

"They beat me—with whips, like a dog. . . . . And oh," —his heart throbbed noisily at his breast; he tasted the bitter salt of despair,—"what shall I do, little mother?"

"You must ride against the Altamish Horde."

"But—they drove me away, Mother!"

"You must ride alone—since you cannot ride with them! Must fight alone—since you cannot fight by their side. Aliens are we—hated, despised? *Wah,*"—pride stiffened the shriveled old woman from head to heel,—"were we not, before the black plague wiped out our villages, Tartars of the free steppe, unsmirched by town reek and town meanness? Aye, children of kings are we, of an ancient race; and there is no woman on earth, even the daughter of the Khan so haughty with banners, who is good enough for my son! Ah,"—her voice broke a little,—"ride, Omar! Ride alone! And—oh, my grief!—I would rather see you stark in your coffin than not see you ride forth tonight!"

So, within the hour, Omar was once more out of the Gate of the Seven Purple Cranes. All that night he rode; slept a few hours in the early morning; was off again, making good time, but keeping at a safe distance from the Khan's army, though occasionally, he caught a glimpse of the straggling rearguard.

He had no plan. Yet strangely, he was not discouraged. Strangely, as the core of the desert came to him with yellow and gray, with a carved aridity, an immense, sterile monotony, it seemed to him that he was being cleansed of—what had his mother called it? Oh, yes—"town reek and town meanness."

The road was long and bitter. Day and night. Day and night. Scanty hours of rest. Brackish water. Loneliness. He was weary and saddle-sore. But he did not care. There was the goal which he must reach—somehow.

"Help me, O Allah!" was his silent prayer. "For Thou knowest as well as I do, that here is this girl waiting for me—waiting for me with the stretching out of her arms so white and generous!"

TOWARD noon of the seventh day, worn out with fatigue, Omar lay down in a little oasis tucked neat and green and friendly into a fold of the desert, where there was the murmur of a small, pleasant river, the piping of birds, and a clump of willows showering golden dust. At once he dozed off. The time passed sweetly to the lilt of his dreams. The sun stood high and hot. And he slept so

soundly that when finally he was awakened by the wild song of strife, this same strife was already half over; and when he mounted his horse and raced into the steppe, he saw the Khan's army already in full retreat.

For there had been certain cameleers, trading between Moghul-Serai and the tents, who, kin to the Altamish Horde, had brought quick word to the latter that the Khan had called his people to war. Rapidly, by drum-signal and smoke-signal, the nomads had spread the news far and wide, had gathered to themselves the warriors of other tribes, had ridden to the east by trails known only to them, had circled the Khan's army, coming suddenly out on its flank; and then—

A blast of hot wind filled with sand grains jumping up on the feathery skyline. A whorl of mist-cloud rolling on, gaining momentum.

A grim humming and roaring.

"A desert storm?" wondered the Khan's troopers; and a few moments later they knew, as the nomads' shrill battle cry spanned the distance.

"Y'ellah! Y'ellah!"

Came the attack. The men of Moghul-Serai, taken by surprise, had no time to rally, to marshal a counter-charge, while the nomads, who would have been smashed in orderly battle, had here for ally and backer the desert itself, the dust and heat and thirst of the desert. They rode through the soldiers' ranks with the swish of steel, the rasp of bamboo lances, the thud of war-clubs. Here and there they galloped, like a scarlet whirlwind of destruction, blazing a path of death; and already, from far, the carrion-vultures began to wheel and dip to the feast-to-be.

"Y'ellah! Y'ellah!" peaked the savage cry, as the salt smell of new blood brought a shiver to wind and sand, as the choked breath of dying men hissed at teeth and nose.

"Y'ellah! Y'ellah!"—triumphantly, as panic struck the Khan's troopers, as they rode helter-skelter in frenzied retreat—and the Khan himself a prisoner, faced by Yar Tugluk, the chief of the Altamish Horde, who bowed to him mockingly and said:

"Crafty, are you? *Wah!* So is the polecat crafty—till he meets the fox. Strong, are you? *Wah!* So is the tiger strong—till he meets the buffalo."

He spoke to a captured Tartar nobleman:

"Return to Moghul-Serai. Tell the paunchy merchants there that the Khan's ransom will be seven hundred thousand Persian gold-pieces—to be paid ere the end of the month."

"There is not that much money in all High Tartary!" interrupted the other.

"To be paid before the end of the month," repeated Yar Tugluk. "Or else it will be your master's body ignobly buried in the same grave with a mangy pig—much to the pig's disgust."

SO presently Omar, who had found safety behind a high-drifted sand dune, saw the nomads trot back into the west toward their tents not far away, driving on their prisoners, among them the Khan, with knotted flails; saw on the eastern horizon the Khan's troopers, pursued by a few hundred tribesmen who cut down stragglers, gallop madly away—panic-stricken, vanquished, disgraced.

Momentarily Omar exulted. A just and bloody reckoning, it seemed to him. Always these people had despised him and his mother. With whips they had slashed him when he had tried to ride to war by their side. And now—by the Prophet!—where was their stiff-necked pride?

"Hai! hai!" his laughter rose shrilly; broke off as he remembered Nurmahal, waiting for that grand deed of his which should be round and round the world in a rumor of wind.

What deed, he wondered; and suddenly the idea came to him:

"Suppose I rescue the Khan—I alone, matching my wits against the might of the Altamish Horde? Could there be finer deed?"

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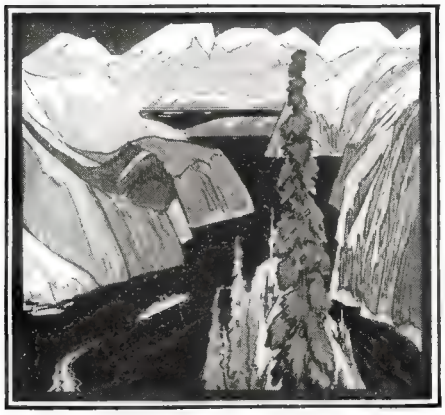

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"Most decidedly not!" he answered his own question. "But how am I going to do it?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"I shall cross this swamp when I get there," he said to himself. "For have I not a shrewd head topping my two shoulders? Nor am I boasting—but praising Allah who gave me this same shrewd head. Aye, it is all Allah's will! Allah's will that lengthened the eagle's wing and shortened the pigeon's so that the eagle may have food! Allah's will, too, that sharpened my brain so that some day I may have my heart's desire!"

And he followed the nomads' trail until, in the full of evening, the desert changed to dense undergrowth, gradually melting into a forest that stretched to the rim of a broad, deeply cleft valley. Here the tribesmen had their chief village by the side of a river that stormed through the gorges of the northern mountains and gave green life to fields and orchards, fat herbage to goats and cattle.

Omar dismounted and hobbled his horse. Flat on his stomach, hidden in a clump of bushes, he watched. Hundreds of brown felt tents stippled the great oasis, looking like huge mushrooms in the glow of the dying sun that plopped into the valley as a stone drops into a pool. In the center was a very large dome-shaped tent of striped silk—doubtless the abode of Yar Tugluk, the chief.

THERE was not much life stirring in the village. The warriors, weary with battle, had gone to sleep. A few women were still about, bragging to each other of their lords' prowess. Presently they too sought their tents, and only a few sentinels were left, pacing up and down. Nor very eagerly. For there was peace with the neighboring tribes—had they not galloped away with their fair share of loot and captured slaves and a promise of, later on, their part of the Khan's ransom? And it would be a long time before the lances and swords of Moghul-Serai would pour again across the desert to take toll.

So they yawned. Some squatted on the ground in a half-doze. And there was no sound except the lapping of the river that ran on with no patience for anything but the way before it, and a munching and crunching as here and there a bullock moved about chewing the sappy grass.

It was seeing the stray bullocks which gave a plan to Omar.

He could not guess which of the many tents housed the Khan. On the other hand, here was Yar Tugluk's silken tent, and there were the bullocks. And while the sleepy sentinels would jump to arms quickly enough if they saw a stranger cross the village, none would bother about a bullock in a land where cattle were as thick as sparrows, ambling about at will. Nor would the sharpest eyes, in the moon's indifferent light, see an agile lad hanging on to a bullock's shaggy belly, his left hand buried in the pelt of the wabbly hump, his right guiding the animal toward Yar Tugluk's tent with pricking dagger point.

For that is what Omar was doing. Warily, noiselessly, using the shelter of trees and rocks, he had descended into the valley, had coaxed a bullock to come to him with the promise of a fistful of grass, and was now clinging to its nether side.

His long body tortured into a grotesque angle, and now and then bumping painfully against sharp stones, he hung on precariously, while the bullock lashed out right and left, lowering its head, snorting, stamping, dancing about in its efforts to shake off the strange burden. The sentinels paid no attention. What harm was there in a bullock, mad with spring fever? And at last it settled into a resigned, bovine trot, and obeying the pricking dagger, reached a garden, dense with trees, that surrounded Yar Tugluk's tent.

Here Omar dropped to the ground and crept through the grass up to the tent-flap, while the bullock ran away. With the utmost caution Omar raised the flap an inch or two. Inside, it was dark. So he raised the flap a little higher; the moon rays stabbed in; and Omar saw Yar Tugluk asleep on his couch.

The man was groaning in his sleep, partly, without a doubt, due to a third generous helping of excessively fat mutton stewed with garlic and honey, partly due to a cause less physical. For—to quote his thoughts addressed to himself earlier in the evening—he was in the uncomfortable quandary of a man who has a firm grip on a wildcat's tail, swinging the snarling animal round and round his head, and safe enough as long as he continues holding on and swinging. But, sooner or later he would have to let go. And—what would the wildcat do then?

It was the Khan who was the wildcat.

At first it had seemed excellent business to hold him for ransom. Seven hundred thousand Persian gold-pieces! Splendid!

But presently, this ransom would be paid; the Khan would return to Moghul-Serai; and then, as in the case of the wildcat, what was going to happen?

A simple defeat, the loss of a few camels and slaves, the Khan might have overlooked, preferring it to the expenses of a new campaign. But being made a prisoner himself was a gross insult which Chengiz Ali could never forgive. Besides, there was the enormous ransom which the merchants of Moghul-Serai would have to contribute. They would want it back, with interest—interest in gold, interest in blood. They too were Tartars. So, presently, a month from now, or a year, the Khan would ride again with the crackle of steel and the bray of the war-trumpets. This time his troopers would proceed more warily, would not run into a trap; and the Altamish Horde would go down beneath the crimson wind of the scimitars.

Oh, yes—thought Yar Tugluk over his third helping of mutton stew—he had been too greedy. He should have been satisfied with his plenty of victory and loot—should then, with a magnificent gesture, have let the Khan go back to his own people.

He might still do it, might set the Khan free this very night. But it would seem like fear—which, indeed, it was. He would lose face throughout the desert. Also, how was he going to explain to the other tribes? They were eager to get their part of the ransom. Roaming at the far, far edge of the steppe, they did not share his fear of the Khan's revenge. They would accuse him of treachery, would combine against him and sweep over the lands of the Altamish Horde with torch and rope.

Decidedly, Yar Tugluk was in a predicament. He could not hold on forever to the wildcat's tail. Nor could he let go. And so he had pondered and pondered, had found no way out—had finally sought the consolation of a couple of black opium pellets and dropped off into uneasy slumber.

OMAR, looking in, saw that the man was alone, though from in back of a curtain, that divided the tent into two apartments, came a rustle of silken garments, a pattering of bare heels. The zenana, the women's quarter, behind that curtain, he thought. . . . . And he said to himself that there would be an old nurse about, with sharp ears and shrill, lusty tongue to give alarm.

He would have to risk it, would have to be quick and keen. Here was his one chance, and he would not be cheated out of it, out of his heart's desire, because an old woman, thin of sleep, was rummaging about in search of water-pipe and charcoal and Latakia tobacco spiced with musk-grains.

Still higher he raised the flap, was across the room in a couple of leaps, had his left hand at Yar Tugluk's throat, while his right touched the man's breast with threat of steel.

The other awakened with a start. His cry for help died in a choked gurgle as he heard Omar's whispered warning:

"Be careful of your tongue! For the tongue is the enemy of the neck—and here is this dagger of mine as eager for blood as a young flea!"

Years earlier, before he had rejoined his tribe and become chief, Yar Tugluk had made a profitable if dishonest living in various towns of High Tartary by strength blended to stealth; and he was convinced that this stranger, who had come out of the night, belonged to the same ancient unhallowed guild.

So, in a low voice, he said: "I understand."

"Good! And now, so that we may talk more at our ease, call to the woman who is moving about the zenana and tell her you are speaking with a friend—she must not interrupt us."

"But—"

"Do as you are told!" Omar's steel pressed more closely. "Or it will be a thrust—and then a shade speeding toward the glories of Paradise—a stout, splendidly bearded shade, if spirits are at all like mortal clay!"

"Very well," sighed the other. Aloud he cried: "Ayesha! O Ayesha!"

From behind the curtain bare feet pattered nearer; a woman's voice answered:

"You want me, O my master?"

"You do not want her—not at all!" came Omar's rapid, sibilant suggestion; and obediently the chief called out:

"Stay where you are, Ayesha. Tell the other women. Let nobody disturb us. For I am talking to a friend on" —with a laugh, since he was not without grim Tartar humor,—"on matters of life and death."

"Listen is obey!" replied Ayesha, while Yar Tugluk turned to Omar:

"How much?"

"I do not want money."

"Eh?"—incredulously.

"I want a life."

"Revenge! I understand — and approve. Somebody stronger than you insulted you. Tell me who—and I shall give orders to the executioners to—"

"No!" interrupted Omar. "I do not want a life—to take."

"What then?"

"A life—to save!"

"Whose?"

"The Khan's!"

"You fought in his army? You are of Moghul-Serai?"

"Neither the one nor the other. I am a Tartar of the free steppe—vassal to none."

"Then why—"

"Because of gray eyes! Because of red lips! Because of white arms! Because of the Khan's daughter!"

And Omar blurted out the whole tale of his life, his love; and Yar Tugluk laughed. Here, he thought, was a way of letting go of the wildcat's tail—without either danger to his body or loss of face.

"Excellent!" he said. "Excellent—by the honor of my beard! I like you, O son of Adam, though you came to me out of the night, with steel in your fist!"

"Is it a bargain—your life for the Khan's?"

"How can it be else but a bargain—with your cursed dagger so tight to my heart?"

"You will let us go free—the Khan and me, tomorrow morning? You will give us camels, food, water? You swear it?"

"I give oath—by Allah and the Prophet! May I eat dirt if I lie!" Again Yar Tugluk laughed. "I like you, O son of Adam," he repeated. "And now, if you will take away your dagger, I shall tell the women to prepare us a hearty breakfast."

AND so, early the next morning, Yar Tugluk rode out a ways into the steppe by the side of Omar and Khan Chengiz Ali. Then, as if moved by the same simultaneous instinct, Yar Tugluk and the Khan wheeled their animals and trotted off a short distance.

They stopped. Their eyes met, contended —like a duel between two evenly skilled fencers, handling evenly tempered blades.

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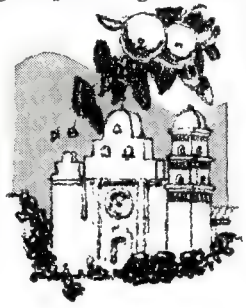

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Tartar staring at Tartar. Wolf staring at gray-wolf.

"Last night," began the Khan, "you gave an oath to Omar—"

"An oath which I kept. Did I not give you freedom?"

"Yet an oath which you might have broken, unless—"

"Unless—"

"Unless it had been more profitable for you *not* to break it!"

"Indeed, O Khan!"

"And the reason—"

"The matter of a wildcat held by the tail!" Yar Tugluk explained, and added: "Speaking about profit—mutual profit—"

"Yours and mine?"

"Yes. If, a few weeks from now, your troopers should come again with brave banners and swords, they will find the Altamish Horde ready to ride by their side—"

"Against?"

Yar Tugluk pointed.

"There is loot in the farther steppe," he replied. "And once my father told me it is better to breakfast upon your enemies—though once they may have been your friends—than to have your enemies dine upon you."

"Your father was a clever man."

"Very. More clever than young Omar." Yar Tugluk laughed. "He believed me—so innocently—last night when I gave oath."

"He will learn."

"Who will teach him?"

"Life—and my little daughter."

"She is shrewd?"

"Blood of my blood she is—and bone of my bone." And the Khan trotted up to Omar and spoke to him: "We must ride hard and fast. For there is my small daughter waiting for you."

Waiting for him indeed with the stretching out of her arms so white and generous.

SPLENDIDLY robed—for was he not going to be the Khan's son-in-law?—he came to her a week later.

"Whom do you love?" she asked.

"Whom do you think I love?"

"I am thinking," replied Nurmahal, "that it is a girl who has my height and color. I am thinking that she will be shy and forward in turns as you are forward and shy—"

Omar took her in his arms.

"Here," he exclaimed, "is the price of a hero! Did I not tell you I would do such a grand deed that it will be round and round the cold world in a rumor of wind?"

"Glory to your deed, by all means!" replied Nurmahal.

And then—for if she was pretty, she was also clever; and she had no thought of having a husband who would boast too much, and half an hour earlier, her father had whispered a word or two in her ear—she added:

"And a bit of glory, too, to the bullock who carried you so patiently—and to Yar Tugluk who kept his oath so faithfully!"

"Why should he not have kept his oath?" demanded Omar, astonished.

"Indeed—why shouldn't he?" echoed Nurmahal—and the smile that curled her young lips was wise and ancient.

LOUNGE WIDOWS

(Continued from page 85)

in the world to talk about anyone, but my dear, what that poor girl puts up with! I don't mean Fred isn't sweet." She flashed a glance at Mr. Foley which said: "All men—you—are charming."

He waited more patiently for her to return to the game than he would have for a less fair lady. The fourth player was the Foleys' young son, about seventeen; he didn't really count.

Sherry leaned a little toward Mrs. Foley. "I wouldn't have it repeated," she almost whispered, "but I wouldn't be surprised if *that* marriage didn't last. They're just incompatible, my dear, that's all."

"No," breathed Mrs. Foley hopefully. Poor soul, the only excitement left her nowadays was from fortune-tellers and bridge. Even her son never gave her any worry.

"Just you mark my words. . . . . Oh, what was bid? Oh, is it my lead?"

The group, crowned by the red-head, suddenly broke with a scurry to the elevators. Sherry took a trick complacently. But in five minutes the girl was back in the lounge again, a sea-colored wrap flung over her young shoulders and Dr. Hunter beside her. The two went gayly out to the porte cochère, where tall Peter, the door-man, could be seen obediently whistling for a cab.

"You do look really ill, my dear. What is it? Can I do anything?" Mrs. Foley laid down her hand. Her husband lighted a cigar. He had noticed nothing. Sherry regained her control with a nervous little laugh.

"I'm quite all right. My heart, you know. Dr. Hunter tells me it needs jogging up, at least—"

"He seems quite attracted to that new girl, doesn't he?" Mrs. Foley remarked and tried not to look too interestedly at Sherry.

"Why, really I hadn't noticed. A brazen little person, isn't she? Leila tells me she works!"

"So I've heard. But she's always in the lounge at four. I guess she does some of her writing, or whatever it is, right here in the hotel."

Mr. Foley regarded his cigar. "Good-looking," he contributed.

Sherry's eyes became very blue. "Oh, do you think so? Oh, I just love a man who always has something nice to say about everyone the way you have, dear Mr. Foley. Now just take this case for example: you're the very first person around here to say anything about that girl except that she's terribly common."

Mrs. Foley eyed her husband with triumph. "There, Tom!" she said. He subsided. Sherry rose.

"I think if you dear people will excuse me, I'll go on up. I feel far from well. I simply go on my nerves, you know. If I've lost anything, just let me know. Good night, all."

SHERRY had breakfast and luncheon in her rooms next day. At two she was tacking fresh rosebuds on a wave of indigo chiffon. She put the wave about her shoulders, powdered her soft cheeks to what she fancied was an interesting paleness, only touched her lips with rouge, and at exactly ten minutes before four went to the telephone.

"Connect me with Dr. Hunter, please. . . . . Hello? Oh, Doctor, is this you? This is Sherry—*Sherry!* Yes, Doctor. I'm feeling miserable. . . . . No, I don't know what it is. I hate to be a bother, but could you drop in for a minute? I've fought off sending for you all day. . . . . Oh, you'll be right here? I'm so glad. Thanks so."

The *chaise longue* heaped with pillows, a vicuna throw, which had always seemed extravagant until this moment when it came into its own over her knees, drawn shades—these made the picture when Hunter came in.

He was, after all, quite young; and older men than he have been fooled by such a combination. Men, indeed, never reach an age when they see anything but that which a woman wants them to see. Dr. Hunter saw a frail little white person in her soft nest; there was an aura of loneliness and patience and sweetness about the small figure. He thought that all women in hotels must be unhappy, having a thoroughly masculine idea that all of them must long for a home to keep busy in.

"Well, now, what seems to be the trouble?" he demanded cheerfully.

"I don't know. It was so nice of you to come. I—I think it's my heart. A physician in Philadelphia told me once long ago I must be careful. I get these spells of—of weakness—when nothing seems to matter—"

"Oh, I don't imagine it's anything very serious. Appetite gone off?"

She took the suggestion eagerly, conveniently forgetting her recent noontide sweetbreads. "Oh, yes indeed. I can't bear to touch a thing." An inspiration came to her. "Only coffee. It seems that coffee is the only thing that keeps me going."

"Not drinking too much, are you?"

"It's all I seem to care for," she evaded. How much coffee was too much? "You know how one gets," she added, running her ringed fingers over her short hair with a pretty gesture.

IT was fully half an hour later that he took his departure. Sherry watched him go, her eyes flying to the clock. Four-thirty! And he had said plainly he had other calls to make immediately. No time for lingering down in the lounge with any red-head today! She kicked away the vicuna and got complacently to her feet.

And he had promised to look in the next afternoon at the same time.

It was dull staying up in the apartment, but she didn't dare venture down. "I wonder how much he makes," she considered. "He seems to have a splendid practice. I shouldn't be surprised if he'd be a very fashionable doctor some day." She remembered a Dr. Blake down at Palm Beach who had the lovely suite in her hotel last winter, and what beautiful gowns his wife wore. "Well, why not?" she asked herself intensely. "Why not?"

It struck her suddenly that her alimony would cease upon a second marriage. It was an unpleasant recollection. It was nice to have one's own money, to live as one liked without having to be bothered with a man or his whims. "They're so selfish," Sherry said aloud, wondering if Ned Sheridan couldn't be made somehow to keep on with the alimony—if he didn't know, for instance, that she was married again. But there would be something missing if he didn't know. After all, she had given the best two years of her life to him! By her own form of reasoning they entitled her to getting even with him. She would adore letting him know she was married again, that another man had found her desirable. A hot little flush mounted Sherry's pretty face as she remembered what Sheridan had said those last nights, so full of reproach, so crowded with recrimination. "And that stenographer that's his wife now," she thought angrily, "she wont stand that cheap flat they're living in long!" And she smoothed her silken slip at last with the satisfaction of a silky Angora smoothing herself after rich cream.

Dr. Hunter came again next day according to promise and found little Mrs. Sheridan even weaker. He was a young man trying to get along, believing his profession called for sympathy as well as cures, and while he called his research to his aid and decided that by the book there was nothing really wrong with this small woman on her pillowed *chaise-longue*, he figured there just might be! He wouldn't be a very creditable doctor, he told himself, if he didn't try to put his finger on the wrong.

The symbolical finger became strictly material as he took her pulse, her white wrist lax, though she chattered the whole time and disturbed his count immensely. He didn't like to admit he couldn't take a pulse. So he placed the wrist back on her satin lap and looked wise. With time, Dr. Hunter's very good bedside manner would bring him all the success even Sherry could wish.

She was elated when he took his departure at a quarter before five. "And I'm sure he only went then because of other calls," she considered with aplomb, nibbling a candied fruit. Her eyes sought the mirror. Like all attractive women, she usually saw there just what she wanted to see. In the act of eating the golden and sugary bit of pineapple a new thought struck her. "It would be a real chance to reduce," she decided. "I could absolutely fast and probably take off ten pounds easily, and besides fasting would make me look pale and wan. I'll do it—after I eat this."

She awakened the next morning horribly hungry. Wasn't that always the way? But since she had always prided herself on her will-power, it was quite fifteen minutes before she convinced herself it would be better not to begin fasting on an empty stomach. So she ordered toast instead of the crescents she adored, and had exactly the same satisfaction from this sacrifice as total abstinence would have given, and considerably more comfort. How surprised dear Leila would be to find her much thinner—yes, and how surprised dear Leila would be at other things too! "Always rubbing it into me about having a husband!" she thought with a toss of her head.

AT four she was waiting; but Hunter did not come. She waited twenty tortured minutes, pacing her small apartment, listening, reaching a peak of disappointment at last that sent her to the telephone.

"Connect me with Dr. Hunter. . . . . Oh, Doctor, is this you? Well, I've just had—had the most fearful fainting spell. I'm so frightened. I don't know—"

"I'll be right there." He was, barely giving her time to scurry to her pillows.

She did look strangely tired. How could he know that her own company nearly bored her to death? Never in her life had she been so solely alone for so long a time. He was irritated with himself for not having carried off the case to some definite conclusion. He would have been far happier, as a rising M. D., if he had been able to diagnose, say, typhoid, the first day, and had nurses and germs safely in evidence by this time. In desperation he remembered the advice of an old medic: "When you can't find out what ails a woman, prescribe a change." He stood over Sherry now, a little disturbed by the scent from her hair, his handsome young face stern and interested.

"I think," he said at last, "you need a change. You're nervous and tired, and a change of scene will set you up."

Sherry was in a quandary: tell him she couldn't afford it and get his pity, or keep up her front of carefully planned luxury? She wondered fleetingly if it would make any difference to him if he knew she had nothing but her alimony. But she put the thought instantly aside, being too thoroughly an egoist not to believe herself worth more than money to any man. His voice broke in:

"I'll go down and have this prescription filled. It's a little tonic."

He was gone. She lay quite still for some minutes. His hurry, his harassed look must mean—something, must mean he had felt her "appeal." Oh, she knew men and knew she could read the signs! Her mind traveled down a glowing path: new clothes, little trips like Leila's, the surprise of everyone at the Lakecrest. Rooms on the lake side! "For I'll make it perfectly clear from the beginning that we'll keep on living here. I'll show him how it's best for his profession. It's the only way for successful marriages nowadays. A woman can put her whole time on being charming." Pleasant dreams of petted, pampered hours came over her. And over and above everything hung the satisfaction of having Ned Sheridan know. The word love and its meaning never came to her at all.

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ALL next day she planned to help young Hunter up to his question. She decided to have tea brought in at five, a cozy, intimate note. She worked frantically on an old chiffon evening wrap that just a little changing would metamorphose into a negligée. And to make sure of his coming, she telephoned down to him at a quarter before four and asked him to hurry.

She turned charming lighted eyes to him, expectancy giving her assurance, though she found time to be just a little put out at his obtuseness. She would have to change all that; a man must understand her woman's moods. She would train him to greater ease in situations. And he oughtn't to wear those collars. With a little proprietory sense she saw him differently than ever before. She would get him to be more careful of his appearance, though he had a distinction in his negligence.

"I've been thinking of what you said about my going away," she began softly. "I don't think I could bear to go away—just now." She waited. She said something else and waited. It struck her after a time she was continually saying things and waiting. . . . . He was gone! Somehow, despite her softness and waiting, he was gone. She rose to her feet feeling a trifle foolish.

The room was desolate, the hustle of motors screaming their excitement from the street below. She watched them for a moment, hardly seeing. A car at the curb in front of the Lakecrest arrested her. It was an open roadster, Dr. Hunter's roadster, and the red-haired girl was in it. Sherry recognized her on the instant the Doctor himself hurried out of the hotel and climbed in beside her; she saw him say a few words, saw the girl's lips, velvet and red as raspberries, part in laughter that held a sure companionship. Then they sped away.

So while she had been boring herself in her rooms, the red-head had been making his calls with him!

She was wild at being beaten, more furious because the red-haired girl had known the wiser method. She tore off the evening-wrap-negligée in defeated hate. A knock sounded at the parlor door. It was the boy with the tea. "Leave it," she directed, eying those nice little iced cakes hungrily. . . . .

"Are you here?" She turned at the new voice. It was Leila's.

"My dear!" Sherry kissed her friend. "Well, when did you get back?"

"Just now. Oh, are you having a party?"

"Oh, no. I thought I'd phone down for—for Mrs. Foley. I've missed you frightfully, my dear. Sit down. Tell me all you've been doing."

"I've left Fred," Leila announced flatly.

"You've left—"

"Yes, I have. I wont put up with his hounding on that let's-get-a-house thing another day. And I've had a miserable time in New York. Would he go anywhere at night? Oh, no. Too tired! Oh, Sherry. I couldn't do anything but think how happy and—and free you are! I want to live just the way you do."

Sherry looked around her rooms; how sweet they were, and how she loved them suddenly since some one envied her in them. Leila was hurrying on: "I've given the best five years of my life to Fred Page. Any judge in the State would see that I get a good stiff alimony after I get my divorce."

Sherry poured the tea and dropped one, two, three lumps of sugar into her cup thoughtfully. "I think you'll be much happier," she said at last. "Men!" she added scornfully. "They're just a selfish bother. Look at me! I wouldn't marry the best man on earth."

HOT TODDY

(Continued from page 75)

without paying any attention to where they go, when they come home, or who they go out with. I guess the Lukes wish they hadn't let their girl Ethel run so free. If they'd paid a little closer attention to where she was at and who she was with, they wouldn't 'a' had to take her to N' York in such a hurry."

Mrs. Todd broke in:

"Why, Ethel Luke hasn't left town, nor her people either."

"Of course they have—what makes you think they haven't?"

"Why—"

Mrs. Todd caught herself. She was unlike Mrs. Wildey in every way. It was her opposite passion to keep her neighbors from knowing any of her family secrets. She was about to give as proof that Ethel Luke had not left town, Louise's statement that she went over every day to see her. Something checked Mrs. Todd—a flash of realization that she herself had not seen Ethel, that Ethel had never come over to return any of Louise's visits, and that her only authority was what Louise said.

What if Louise had been lying to her?

So, instead of giving Louise as her authority for denying the story of Ethel's eastern journey, she said:

"Why, I didn't see anything in the paper about the Lukes' going away."

"Indeed, and you didn't. They didn't want it known. And you needn't expect them back for—let me see, well, say, six months."

"Good heavens, you don't mean—"

"Yes, I do. I had it from my own daughter, Mabel. And that's why I had such a fight with Mabel. I tell you I wouldn't trust one of my girls out of my sight with any of these young scamps of today. Mabel has had one of 'em, Harry Floyd, hanging around her all the time. I wouldn't trust him as far as you could sling a bull by the tail. When he called I always used to sit in the same room with them, or the next one anyways. I always say that if a man has anything to say to a girl that he don't want her mother to hear, he'd best not say it. When he took her to a movie, I always went along.

"And I made him go home, too, ever' night at ten o'clock. Late enough, I say. None of your three A. M. home-comings in my family! Well, in spite of as close as I watched her, Mabel got out with him yes'day—told me she was going to a meeting of her high-school sorority. She had me fooled, but I was watching for her when she come home.

"And what d'you suppose? She come home in a roadster, four of 'em, two girls and two fellows packed in like sardines. I gave 'em a piece of my mind, I tell you.

"Where's Louise? Not home yet? No? Well, it's none of my business, but seems to me you're taking an awful risk letting her ride round in that sporty car all by herself so much."

Mrs. Todd was about to cry out that Louise did not ride around in any car at all, but a new terror gripped her heart. She was thinking so hard that when Mrs. Wildey said, "Well, I must be going," she let her out of the house without once asking her not to hurry.

She hated Mrs. Wildey for poisoning her mind with suspicions of Louise, but she admitted that the woman had a certain abominable wisdom. She resolved to accuse Louise of her duplicity the moment she came home.

But Louise did not come home until after the father of the family strolled in, and, as luck would have it, the oldest

son Gilman and his new wife dropped in for dinner. Louise arrived as they were all sitting down, and it seemed so pleasant to have the family table full again that her mother forbore to spoil the reunion with a quarrel.

The next morning would be time enough.

THE next morning she waited for her husband to leave before she lit into Louise. And he looked up from his paper to say:

"Well, what do you think of this? Says here that our neighbors have had a surprise. Seems that Mabel Wildey and young Harry Floyd have eloped, leaving a note that they had run off to Nevaddy to get married. Parents notified the police, but they couldn't locate 'em to stop 'em as they went in a motor. The prospective bridegroom is only eighteen, but a man can get married in Nevaddy without parents' consent at eighteen. Says here: 'The prospective bride is only fifteen but looks older, and can prob'ly deceive th' authorities.' Well, what do you know about that?"

Louise laughed cynically and spoke the very thoughts that were demolishing her mother's plans:

"It just goes to show what parental discipline can do. Poor Mabel's fool of a mother was always spying on her and always humiliating her by asking her to account for every moment of her time.

"Gosh, that would drive any girl nuts. No wonder she ran off! She was as good as driven out into the snow. But, my gardener! To be driven to marrying a mutt like Harry Floyd! He was the only fella that would stand for Mrs. Wildey's butting in. And now he's bolted with the gal. Poor Mabel!"

While her parents exchanged glances of horror across the table, their supersophisticated child read them a lesson of further terror: "It just goes to show how important parents are. Children ought to have the right to divorce their parents if they don't behave.

"Gee, I'm glad I've got you two. You have your faults, fond parents, but you don't insist on knowing everything; you do let us breathe without measuring the air. And so none of your flock is married yet, except Gilman. Which is something, isn't it—what? Well, I'll tell the world it's a whole lot."

They stared at her, aghast at everything. Her flattery was far from reassuring. Her father folded his paper and went to his office as a refuge from the appalling problems of the home. Her mother had no such escape.

But she did not dare accuse her child quite yet of deceiving her about Ethel Luke. Before she knew it, Louise was off to school. She did not come back at all that afternoon.

MRS. TODD went marketing and kept her eyes open. Suddenly she saw a car approaching with Louise at the wheel. She was alone, but her languid pose was alarmingly sultry. She looked about as Cleopatra would have looked if she had driven a car. She managed to combine the expert management of the steering gear with the effect of reclining on a divan and waiting for Mark Antony or one of the Cæsars to call.

Mrs. Todd was so afraid of being seen and compelled to play the Mrs. Wildey in her own home that she backed into an open cigar-shop until Louise had passed.

While she was thinking what a terrible pass the world had come to when cowardly parents had to hide from their sinful children, a voice behind her startled her into turning. A man at a counter, smiling outrageously, was saying:

"Cigarettes, lady? Have you tried these new ones with the long Russian holders?"

"No," she gasped.

"You'd ought to. They're all the rage."

And she bought a box because she was afraid to leave without buying something. She hoped she would not be found dead with them in her hitherto respectable reticule. She tried to drop them into the gutter, but somebody was always looking. She let them fall carelessly by a shop-window and some horrible man picked them up and handed them to her, giving his hat a yank and grinning:

"You dropped these, lady."

She had to take them and thank him and carry them home.

FORGETTING all about the cigarettes in her wrist-bag, Mrs. Todd sank down on her back porch to take a heavy weight off her feet, and try to shift the heavy weight off her mind.

She heard a step, her son's step. Clifford was in one of the noble moods that her children assumed when they discussed each other. He flopped into a chair and said:

"Mamma, I hate to do this, but I think it's my dooty to tell you that Louise is in need of bein' brought up with a good sharp turn. That girl's runnin' wild, Mamma—simply wild! She's goin' to disgrace us all and ruin herself, you mark my word, if something isn't done and done mighty quick.

"The boys all call her Hot Toddy. She's a necker and a flask-flasher and—I tell you it hurts a fellow to have his sister actin' like a regular— Why, do you know she spends half her time gaddin' up and down the streets in Ethel Luke's car?

"Ethel Luke gave her the key when she was whisked off to New York. It wouldn't be so bad if Louise ever took another girl along, though most of 'em are as bad as—Gosh, what's got into girls?

"But she rides up and down, pikin' off the men, flirtin'—gee! Why, she rides up and down like a—well, I can't say it, but you know who used to walk up and down. Well, they don't walk any more. They're street-riders now. And if you don't take a good strong hold on Louise—well, don't say I didn't warn you."

The mother-instinct that made Mrs. Todd defend her children from the world and from their father, made her defend them from each other. So she said:

"Supposing all you say is true, what would you advise?"

"Lock her up! Beat her! Make her stay home. That's where woman's place is, aint it?"

The boy's advice had a certain old wisdom in it. She must put Louise under restraint. She would go out at once and find her.

But her troubled eyes glancing through the palm-fronds and over the orange trees, caught sight of Mrs. Wildey's home. There was a model home—a model of what not to do!

The upshot of several miles of rocking-chair travel was a decision to have a serious, frank "heart-to-heart" with Louise when she came home that night.

But she did not come home that night.

LOUISE had spent the morning in high-school, and had done very well in her classes in spite of the fact that the sorrowful man in the lavender car kept driving through her brain, round and round as if her little skull were a speedway.

She had eaten her lunch on the greensward along with fifty other girls, and no end of boys. She had gone in for her last class in plain trigonometry, and had got by fairly well.

As soon as she was free, she had hurried to Ethel Luke's house for the car. She caught a glimpse of the Man in the Car. He seemed to be looking for some one—doubtless for her—but he did not see her.

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she promenaded the car, no longer casting the hook of her gaze into the stream for casual fish, but definitely searching for the one man, for Mr. Great Adventure.

She cut her old friends dead. She did not resent the brazenest stares of the handsomest motorists, for she did not see them. She looked her old flame, Charley Scudder, right in the eye, and did not recognize him.

She did not chance to see her mother staring at her and backing into the cigar-shop.

The elusiveness of the lavender car drove her frantic. She ran fast, hoping to overtake it; she ran slow, hoping to be overtaken. She was in a kind of frenzy, deeply convinced that fate was calling to her.

At last she grew so jaded from disappointment that when her mirror showed her a motorcyclist in pursuit, she tried to outrun him, lest she be too late to the unknown rendezvous. When the officer scudded alongside her and ordered her to drop anchor, she was so infuriated that she abused him for not knowing his business.

"I guess I got to give you a little ticket, lady," said the officer, and he wrote down the number of her car and other necessary data from the card on the dashboard. When he asked for her name, she answered, "Miss Ethel Luke."

When he had finished with her, she forgot his admonitions, and struck out at such a rate that he followed her, stopped her again, and gave her another summons.

She laughed coldly:

"Make out a dozen of them while you're at it, for I have important business, and I wish you wouldn't detain me again. You might amuse yourself looking for a few gunmen, instead of annoying a harmless taxpayer."

He scratched his head helplessly, and decided to let her go her way. Somebody else could stop her hereafter. He was tired of her.

Finally, as she was patrolling a busy street for the dozenth time, she saw the lavender car parked at the curb in front of a telegraph office. She jammed on her brakes so sharply that a machine following nearly knocked off the tail-light of Ethel's car, the next car banged into that, and so on back for six successive collisions.

Louise did not even feel the shock or hear the uproar in the rear. She let the drivers disentangle their machines as best they could, while she sat and watched.

WHILE she waited, she avoided the eyes of friends of hers whom she saw coming along the street. One or two stopped for a chat, but she gave them absent-minded treatment and they passed on.

She had no such luck with Oscar Jones—known as "Oskiewowwow!" He had nothing to do, and was looking for some one to help him do it.

"Hello, sister. What's the big news?"

"Nothing, Oskie, not a d. t."

"Would you mind taking me for a ride in your little taxi? I've got the fare—a pint of the really real."

"On your way, barkeeper. Hadn't you heard about the prohibition law being passed?"

"Did they? Well, they've got a fine day for it. Come on, take us for a ride!"

"Not today, boy. I'm waiting for a friend."

"Oh, have you one? That's news! By the way, what thinkest thou of the little lilac-colored car forninst you?"

"It's a dream."

"Do you know the owner?"

"No, do you?"

"He's my eldest son. He's richer than cream—been in South America for years, but now he lives down in dear little old Death Valley. Like to meet him? Oh, Mr. Biggs!"

Louise felt as old-fashioned as the vapors.

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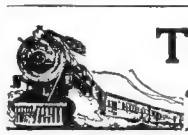

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Was that her heart shaking the car—or the engine shaking her heart?

He was speaking—in the most thrilling tones!

"Hello, Oscar, how's your father?"

"The old man's fairly pert for his age, nearly forty-five, but still able to take his gruel. By the way, here is one of your most fervent admirers, dying to meet you. Miss Louise Todd, Mr. Alfred Biggs—Mr. Alfred Biggs, Miss Louise Todd. He is known as Alkali Al, and she is known as Hot Toddy. Well, toodle-oo. I'm over the hills to the poorhouse."

NOTHING could have driven him away but the fiend's delight of leaving two intensely nervous people to simmer in their own embarrassment.

Mr. Biggs was a rolling stone who had gathered a fair amount of moss and rolled it off again. After a number of years in South America, he had accumulated enough money to gamble heavily in rumors of new mines in the deserts of California. He saved out enough for a certain amount of dissipation and as much personal splendor as the limits of modern fashion permit. He loved color, and what he could not put into his clothes he put in his car and its appointments. He had the cowboy's ability to adorn hardships with gewgaws.

Little Louise Todd struck him as a gaudy little thing. In South America the respectable young ladies were just beginning to break away from the duennas; the rest were frankly bad. He had not been in North America long enough to learn that the very nicest girls of the very best families wear the minimum of clothes and the maximum of paint. Their vice is only skin deep.

Louise had caught his eye the day before. He might have attempted to strike up an acquaintance but he had an appointment with a broker at the beach club. The tang of Louise's cigarette-smoke, her free-and-easy management of her car, her unabashed solitariness, gave him an idea of her that would not have flattered her. She was at the age when everything was poetry, ballad poetry of adventure and romance. Lacking all ignorance, she was still both protected and endangered by a kind of innocence. Old as she was in learning of a sort, she was only a trusting maiden after all.

It was his last afternoon in town, before he drove his lavender car out into the desert, and he hankered dismally for a while with a girl. This little Hot Toddy looked willing.

He startled her by saying:

"I certainly admire to meet you, Miss Toddy. I don't suppose you got time for a cup of tea out at that beach club where I turned in yesterday when I had to part company with you."

SO he remembered! The sublimity of this overwhelmed Louise so that she could say nothing more than the none too brilliant: "Oh, I don't know."

"Well, I'd certainly admire to have a cup of tea with you out at that beach club."

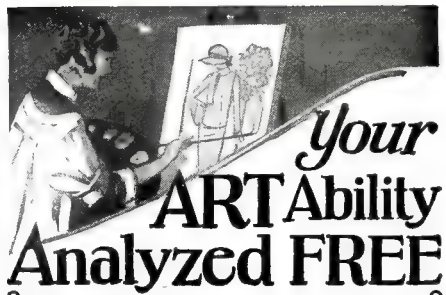
She smiled.

He smiled. He had nice teeth. He was never without his toothbrush. He waited. She waited. Something told the poor little fool that this was her golden chance. Adventure beckoned. She faltered:

"Shall I meet you there?"

"Seems kind of foolish to go in separate cars. You couldn't go in mine, could you?"

"Well, of course I could. But I'd have to put this one up."



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"Fine and dandy! You run her to the garage, and I'll follow along and then—"

She hesitated. Still, he must be all right, or she wouldn't have been introduced to him, by Oscar Jones. He knew Oscar's father. That made it all right. People who knew fathers must be all right.

"All right!"

"Whoopee!" said Mr. Biggs, and turned to his car, waited till she had set forth and trailed her to Ethel's home where she ran the car in, stopped the engine, locked the door, and went out to the lavender car.

She staggered under the excitement of it. It was as thrilling as going over Niagara Falls. On the way to the ocean she made him talk about South America. It was marvelous to hear him mention places that she had studied in her geography. He had been in the pampas. Think of it! She was riding with a man who knew pampases!

He thought she was a bit of an idiot. But he expected that. Bad gals were usually pretty stupid at conversation, mere kids in the head. But she was pretty, and easy to get along with. She swore like a little comic-opera pirate, and smoked cigarettes serially, lighting one from another. That put him still more at ease.

At the club, when he asked her if she would have tea, she said:

"If I must."

"I got something better," he said. So they ordered ginger ale and he spiked it well. She did not wink, but said:

"Velvety—mmm! Tastes like before the war."

He told her about the mines he was going out to see in the mountains across the desert.

"How beautiful it must be," she sighed, "the sunsets and all!"

"Some sunsets, I'll say. Be nice to see 'em together."

"Wouldn't it?"

"I got to start out there tomorrow. I hate to go alone."

"Poor boy!"

A LOOK of woe clouded her face at the thought of such adventure denied to her for no reason except her own cowardice. But what was there to be afraid of? He was a nice man. She could take care of herself.

Suppose Juliet had not been nice to Romeo. Suppose when he climbed into her garden, she had called the police. Suppose she had been afraid to go to the preacher and get married secretly. She would have saved her life probably, but she would have missed her beautiful death. Being very young, Louise thought often of death as a lovely thing, and longed far more for a poetic demise than for a prosaic existence.

The sea there, the great ocean—inland people might travel for days to see it. But she had been brought up on it.

The desert for her. The huge dry stretches, the brown, brown sage, the chocolate-colored mountains. A camp-fire with the smoke going straight up in the still air.

While she was musing upon the poesy of landscape and the impersonal presence of a fine frank comrade, Biggs was yearning for her with just as much poetry, only of another sort. Like a gambler who holds a pair of deuces in his hand and merely bets for the betting's sake, he pushed forward a white chip:

"I'd love to show you the desert. It's mighty pretty, evenings."

She startled him by seeing him, and raising him.

"The dawns must be wonderful, too—the sunrises and all."

He saw her and doubled her.

"I wish I could see 'em with you."

She did not drop out:

"I wish I could see them with you."

"Well, whyn't you come along?"

"I haven't been asked."

Of course, she wouldn't have gone for worlds. But it thrilled her just to think of what might happen if she could have gone.

Her heart began to buck as if she had stepped on the accelerator without taking off the brake. Biggs was not altogether calm as he murmured:

"Well, now I ask you."

SHE smiled. It was so easy and so impossible. She felt exactly as a boy feels who sees a circus leaving town, feels the elephants pulling him after them irresistibly.

The same spirit that drives young lads to make a sudden plunge under a freight-car and wrap themselves about the rods when they hear the engine whistle for the start, quickened her pulses now. She was young, and adventure was dragging at her.

She saw this man and herself plunging across the gray wastes of alkali, panting with the heat, wondering if the water in the radiator would boil over, wondering if the spinning wheels would leap out of the soft sand or grind deeper. She saw herself at the wheel and him gripping the spokes with his great hands, and trying to lift the car free by his sheer strength. She saw him and herself squat before a fire in the cool dusk. She heard the bacon sizzle in the skillet, and the eggs plop. She was sniffing the spout of the old coffee-pot to see if it were ready. Her nostrils tingled with bacon incense and coffee aroma. He lighted a pipe. She rolled a cigarette with one hand—just to show him that she could.

It was impossible, but playing with the thought was permissible. She had only to say yes, and the adventure was hers. She would have to say, "No, thank you!" and go back and sit by Mamma, sewing, and Papa reading the paper, and work out her lessons for tomorrow. What a rotten world it was!

Just to hear herself say it, she said:

"All right! Let's go tomorrow!"

It was he that felt faint. It was he that said: "What about your clothes?"

She heard herself saying:

"I could sneak 'em out of the house, or —get new ones at—at—"

"At Bakersfield. Sure! Fine! I'll buy you a whole trowseau."

"And we could—what do they say—bivouac in the desert tomorrow night?"

"Surest thing you know."

He tossed off the last of his glass to steady his nerves. He had never met one of these modern girls who never stops for clothes or trunks or chaperons, or scruples or timidities or anything.

She was certainly a surpriser. And he did not know the half of it yet.

He could not bear to wait till tomorrow to be alone with her, so he ventured:

"Just to kind of break ourselves in, how'd you like to have dinner with me tonight in the open somewhere? We could buy some delicatessen stuff and some eggs and coffee and bacon and—what d'you say to a little dinner outdoors tonight? Looks like a moon, at that."

This adventure at least she could grant herself. She consented.

MRS. TODD began to worry when Louise was late to dinner. She kept imagining the most ghastly things as she ate mechanically. Her husband kept telling her not to worry. But how could a mother keep from worrying? Even if there were nothing else to fear, there were the automobile accidents.

As well tell a mother not to worry while a battle was going on and her son in the thick of it. Life was a Gettysburg every day, only with this difference, that the girls were out in the thick of it too. Their morals, their lives were always in peril.

While Mrs. Todd's heart swung like a pendulum from assurance that Louise was dead to assurance that she was worse than dead, the dinner ran on with her son Clifford, and her youngest girl, "Dodie," wrangling together. They would be the next to go. Perhaps they were gone already. And the elder children—oh, good gracious, what could a mother do but wonder why she ever consented to marry?

The whole family grew uneasy after dinner. Every time the telephone rang, all hearts stopped. Was it the coroner, the police, what?

Then Mrs. Wildey had to come over.

She had to have somebody to talk to. She had cried for twenty-four hours, and she could not fetch any more tears in her own home. The sight of Mrs. Todd brought in a new gusher, as she had expected.

Mrs. Todd was in poor shape to comfort anybody. She was afraid to speak of Louise and her fear that Louise had run away without even the intention of getting married.

She evaded all Mrs. Wildey's requests to see Louise, by this excuse or that. But Louise's cold sophistication recurred to her when Mrs. Wildey moaned:

"O' course, m' husband and I will get the marriage annulled as soon's they come back. Mrs. Todd, oh, Mrs. Todd, why did the Lord ever put on us poor women the curse of havin' children? If you don't watch 'em like hawks, they walk out on you. And if you do watch 'em like hawks, they run off. I tell you it's just beyond me."

"Me too," sighed Mrs. Todd, wondering where on earth or sea, or under either, her wandering daughter was.

And well she might.

WHEN at last Mrs. Wildey went home, Mrs. Todd was in a woeful fret. She wanted to knit to keep her mind from running mad. She asked her husband to bring her the package in her wrist-bag. She referred to a skein of yarn she had bought.

He found the bag, opened it, and saw the cigarettes. Good Goshen, had she started smokin' too? He took the cigarettes to her as if they were live coals:

"This what you want?" he faltered.

"Land's sakes, no!" she screamed.

And she told how she came to buy them when she backed into the cigar-store to escape being seen by Louise, who was driving Ethel Luke's car, and was doubtless out in it now.

Mr. Todd was a stickler for evidence.

"She mightn't be!"

"Where else could she be?"

"I don't know, but she mightn't be in Ethel's car."

They wrangled over that until he decided to go and have a look at the Luke garage. She went along. They found the place dark, but there was a little chink between the doors and by lighting a match they could see the car inside, like a horse asleep in its stall.

At least Louise was not out in that car. But there were so many other cars, so many worse places than cars. And they did not even know where to begin looking. They went home in misery.

She might have come in.

But she hadn't. They sank groaning into their groaning chairs, wondering, imagining.

ABOUT that time Louise was calling up Charley Scudder on the telephone:

"That you, Charley?"

"This is me, Charley. And who's you?"

"Don't you know my voice?"

"Why, it's Toddy—dear old Hot Toddy. Where are you? I'll come right over and see you."

"But you can't see me. I want you to call up Betty Cregan and tell her to tele-

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phone Mamma that she and I are spending the night out at her father's ranch, will you?"

"I tell Betty Cregan to telephone your Mamma that you and she are spending the night out at her father's ranch. That's all right by me. But—pardon the idle curiosity, may I ask where you are really spending the lovely night, dear one?"

"As soon as you've fixed it up with Betty, you come right down here as fast as you can."

"Anywhere, to you, dear heart. But where are you?"

"When you get here, you ask for Mrs. Biggs. I'm Mrs. Alfred Biggs, do you understand?"

"You're Mrs. Alfred Biggs? Great gosh, are you married?"

"No! I'm in jail!"

(What had happened, and was to happen, to the girl known as "Hot Toddy" will be recounted by Mr. Hughes in the next, the March, issue.)

"MY CURSE IS A TENDER HEART"

(Continued from page 43)

"Gilbert's wife been at you?" growls Ease.

"She has," I nods, "and I'm sorry for her. Being related by marriage to a sucker is bad enough, without leaving her flat and a fugitive in Europe. Gilbert's playing with O. P. M."

"His kind always plays with other people's money," grunts Larigan. "I suppose," he sneers, "you'd like me to walk up to the jane, toss all the winnings in her lap and say: 'Mar'm, I took this from your husband, but you're too sweet and pretty to be made unhappy. Take it with the compliments of a low gambler, and don't never let your man play no more cyards with strangers. I once had a mother, too. God bless you!' Gosh, you take your honesty hard."

"The Gilbert gal," I returns, "is a good sport and there isn't a whine in her. She's got a hunch that her Dan is being cheated, which you must admit is not a bad hunch as hunches go in these latitudes. All she asks is a square break for her husband, and that she's going to get."

"Suppose," snarls Ease, "I tell you and your kind heart to go to hell."

"I've had a tough time keeping the frill from going to the captain," I lies. "Should you—"

"What could the captain do?" cuts in Larigan.

"Well," says I, "he might ask some embarrassing questions about the drug business in Syracuse. Oh, why stall?" I yelps. "You do as I say or I blow the works to Gilbert, letting him verify my statements with a magnifying glass applied to the back of your educated deck."

"You mean that?" demands Ease.

"In spades," I comes back, "doubled and redoubled. Which would you rather do—take a chance of winning some more money from the come-on honestly, or of having him tear you to pieces with his bare hands? He's husky enough to lay you like linoleum with one wallop. You know," I goes on, "I could make you give back the seventy-five centuries you've robbed Gilbert of, but an even break is enough for any sucker."

"All right," shrugs Larigan. "I'll give him the break; not that you've got me bluffed but because the novelty appeals to me."

"Just a minute," says I, as he rises to go. "I'll need a few guarantees."

"Aint my word good?" snaps Ease.

"Just as good," I assures him politely, "as counterfeit Confederate money. In the first place, you're to start this afternoon with unbroken decks. Secondly, take this and operate."

Larigan gazes at the penknife dully.

"Operate," I orders.

I FEEL like a Delilah shearing a Samson as Ease cuts his peaked nails to blunt ovals. "One thing more," says I. "You're not to hold 'em close to your tummy and run out of every big bet Gilbert makes. You're playing on velvet, and you can afford to shoot as high as he wants. Give him a fast run for his jack."

"It'll be fast enough," snarls Larigan, "and I'll even have his wife's rocks before I'm through. Don't you think I can play poker on the square?"

"Don't you think I can play the piano?" I comes back.

"Can you?" inquires Ease, absently.

"I don't know," says I. "I've never tried."

While Larigan's taking a turn around the deck, I hunts up Mrs. Gilbert.

"I don't know whether Goodbody's crooked or not," I tells her, "but this I can promise you—your husband will have an honest deal and an even break the rest of the trip."

"That's all I want!" exclaims eyeful, pressing my hand grateful. "Nobody can beat my Danny unless they cheat. I'm sure that Goodbody's been marking the cards."

"If he has, he wont any more," I assures her. "He saw Delilah a few minutes ago."

"Who?" she eyebrows.

"A manicurist," I replies, and walks away before she can hound me into details.

In about half an hour Larigan starts for his stateroom, and I follows him in. Gilbert's there already.

"Mind if I watch awhile?" I asks him.

"Not at all," says he. For a guy that's been losing a wad of O. P. M., he's pretty calm and steady, though his hand trembles as he starts shuffling the pasteboards. I gives Ease the office.

"Let's get some new decks," he suggested. "These are pretty sticky."

That's all right by Gilbert, and with the departure of the steward, the game gets under way.

"How much you playing back?" asks Larigan.

"Seventy-five hundred," returns the sucker. "Try and get it," he adds, flippant.

GILBERT starts off by taking a pot of six hundred iron men. I never saw a bozo play a headier game of stud. In an hour he's won back more than two thousand of his losings. Then comes a real mitt.

The first exposed card dealt Ease is the ace of spades.

"One grand," he yelps.

"And another," returns Gilbert, on the strength of an eight of diamonds—a sucker play from where I sit, seeing there's a grand chance of Larigan having bullets back to back.

Ease draws another ace and bets another thousand. I look for the come-on to turn over his eight of diamonds and jack of hearts and call it a day. Instead he calls it a bet. The poor fish! Investing two grand in the probable prospect of drawing in a third eight against a guy who's got him licked to a frazzle on the show-up, not to mention the chances of a buried ace.

The next card is a queen of spades for Gilbert and a small club for Ease, and another two thousand goes into the pot. I see now that the young fellow's drawing for a straight—eight, jack, queen showing with a nine or a ten buried. That's what you call gambling, with the accent on the *bling*.

The fifth flip is a ten for Gilbert and a useless picture for Larigan.

"Got a straight?" asks Ease.

"The information department," returns the

other, "is around the corner. This is the investment department."

"Well," says Larigan, tossing a bill into the center, "here's a thousand that doesn't believe anything until it sees it."

"Minors not admitted," comes back Gilbert, "unless accompanied by parent or guardian." With which he raises the pot four grand.

"Call," snaps Ease.

"Let's see what we have buried," says Gilbert. "Well, well, well, a nine of spades! Who'd have thunk it?"

"It's none of my business," I cuts in, "but now that you're even or thereabouts, why don't you quit? The game's getting too fast for both of you."

"I may be even financially," returns Gilbert, "but I need compensation for the wear and tear suffered by my nervous system the past few days."

"Butt out," growls Larigan at me. "It's no skin off of your bank-roll!"

Playing honest kind of cramps Ease's style, and he works with a nervous cautiousness. Gilbert has him on the defensive most of the time. He does the raising and Larigan does the calling. With every wallop in the bank-roll Ease glares and grits at me until I think it better for all concerned to make an out.

WHEN I returns a couple of hours later, Gilbert's got prime commercial paper stacked in front of him like a bank-teller at nine A. M.

"And three," says he, after Ease makes a bet of a grand on a hand that has a pair of kings showing.

"Haven't got that much," scowls Ease. "Make it two."

Gilbert draws down a thousand and turns over an eight—three eights against kings up.

"That finish you?" asks the come-on.

Larigan nods that it does.

"Maybe," suggests Gilbert, "your boy friend here'll stake you."

"Not me," says I hastily. "My money's still running. It's not ready yet to go into stud."

"Sure you haven't any more dough?" persists Gilbert.

"Not a case note," returns Ease. "How about taking an I. O. U.?"

"Not from you, Larigan," snaps Gilbert. "Here," he adds tossing over a bill. "That'll pay your way back to the duck-pond you came from—with the compliments of Ladyfingers."

"Huh?" I mumbles in a daze.

"Ladyfingers!" gasps Ease.

"Yeh, you poor sap," sneers Gilbert. "Back to the Pacific, baby! You got no business on a big-league ocean. Thought you had a nice, juicy come-on, eh?"

"But—but—" I stammers.

"But—but—" stammers Larigan.

"I was tipped you were coming," goes on the sucker. "How'd you like my play?"

"Pretty good," says I.

"Pretty good, nothing," grins Ladyfingers. "It was perfect. If you birds hadn't been so sure I was a yokel, you might have watched my deals more closely. The only cards you got this afternoon, Ease, were the ones I wanted to give you."

"Why the delay?" I inquires.

"I got to hand it to Larigan for one thing," says Gilbert. "His nail-work's good, and there was no chance for a clean-up till I got an honest deck into the game."

"I aint hep yet," frowns Ease.

"So," continues Ladyfingers, "I had Dolly work her sob racket on Big-hearted Hennessey. Nice manicure you got there, Ease."

"Gosh," I groans, "what a come-on I turned out to be!"

FOR five minutes after Ladyfingers has left, Larigan just sits there and glares at me.

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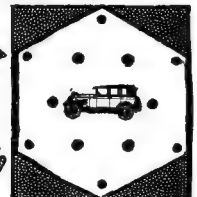

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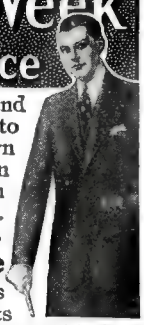

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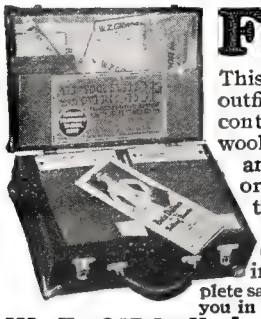

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It's the captain of the *Luxoria,* and right behind him Duffield and the two other guys who were in the opening poker game.

"These the men?" asks the skipper.

"Yeh," barks Duffield.

"For the rest of the trip," says the captain, "I shall have to ask you gentlemen to remain in your cabins. Your meals will be sent you. Professional gamblers—"

"Like hell you'll lock me up!" I hollers.

"Would you prefer the brig and irons?" inquires the officer.

I always knew you'd get into trouble trying to give a sucker an even break.

THE WOLF WOMAN

(Continued from page 61)

camel's-hair, and smilingly announce that the apricot-colored step-ins were not exactly what she wanted today.

Aurora Mary in fact, soon found other reasons for entertaining a heightened respect for her guide and mentor. It was wonderful to be always suave and quiet-mannered and smiling, to be able to hide your inner feelings in the face of outward affront. And it was wonderful to be able to face crowds and commotion, hour after hour, without getting tired and depressed and a trifle homesick for some darker corner of quietness, without dully longing for the welcoming whimper of a dog like Rusty, and more acutely hungering for the groping of tiny fingers like Martie's about one's stooping face.

ONCE back at Westbrook, in fact, Aurora Mary appeased that heart-hunger by depositing the cooing Martie in his new English coach-perambulator upholstered in dove-gray and having Hadley assist her in easing it down the broad house-steps. She had scarcely crossed the porte-cochère, with Rusty at her heels, when a burgundy-colored car crowded with laughing and light-hearted passengers came sweeping up the driveway. The girl pushing the dove-gray perambulator with its quilted pink coverlet could see Joan in that car, Joan dashing home from tea at the country club, where everything but tea was partaken of. And Aurora Mary was conscious, as the car came to a stop, of the strangers in the wine-colored tonneau staring down at her. But she caught no echo of Joan's gasp of indignation, lost in the casually derisive laughter of the others.

"Heaven bless our home," observed a sallow youth with a sunken eye, "but where did *that* matrimonial fruit-basket drop from?"

"What dark secret is this, Joe?" demanded Sally Meredith through her cigarette-smoke. But Joan, with a forced and brittle laugh, merely waved them good-by and stepped lightly in through the still open door.

But once inside, her manner promptly altered. She flung her fox throw from her shoulders and strode as far as the stairway. Then she turned about, with darkened face and unsteady hands, and stooped over a silver dancing slipper much punctured and abraded by needle-pointed teeth.

"Who brought that here?" she demanded, recognizing it as her own.

Hadley, who had solemnly closed the door, confronted her with an impassive eye.

"That's the pup, Miss Caver, Mrs. Moyne's pup. He seems set on chewing things about the house."

She stood, singularly tense and silent, looking down at the lacerated dancing-shoe.

"Then he'll damn' soon chew himself into another home," she proclaimed as she threw the tattered slipper to the farthest corner of the hall. Twice she paced back and forth, with her eyes still blazing, oblivious of Hadley as he solemnly retrieved the slipper. Then she came to a stop, tight-lipped and thoughtful. She was still standing there when the door opened and Caver entered.

"What's wrong?" he demanded, his eye on Joan's colorless face as Hadley took his hat and coat. But she did not speak until the servant had disappeared.

"This can't go on," she cried with her clenched hands held suddenly to her side.

"What can't go on?" asked Caver, disturbed by the shrillness of that reckless young voice.

"You've got to get rid of that woman," cried Joan with altogether unexpected passion. "I can't and wont stand a situation like this."

Caver crossed to the library door.

"Well, don't shout in the hallways," he said with an achieved quietness of tone. "If you have anything to say, say it in here."

"I *have* something to say. I can't and wont stand a situation like this."

"What situation?"

"That woman, and that child, eternally under my nose, here under this roof. It simply can't go on."

"Then what do you propose doing about it?"

She stared at him, her eyes unnaturally hard.

"The whole thing's so ridiculous!"

"But so inevitable," amended her father.

"Well, it's not going to go on. I wont endure it. It makes me feel like—like something out of 'East Lynne.'"

"Then as the primary cause of the predicament," he reminded her, "you ought to be able to suggest the final solution."

"But that woman should never have been brought here. She belongs to the bush, to the backwoods. And she ought to go back there."

"She apparently prefers being here."

"But she has no right here." And for the first time a trace of tears showed in the hard young eyes.

"On the contrary," said Caver, "she happens to have about as much right here as you have. A bargain was made, and the Cavers had their side of the compact to carry out—to carry out, remember, for your protection. And for that protection, you must also remember, I've just had Aurora Mary's papers of adoption made out."

"Then she's more than ever one of us!"

"Because you wanted it," Caver reminded her.

"But I didn't want *this!* It's intolerable. It's—"

He stopped her with a gesture.

"Joan, for one of the few times in your life you're down to fundamentals. You've had about everything you wanted, in the last few years, and you've got it without much thought of how the piper was to be paid. You've got what you wanted, but there's one thing you'll have to pay the price for. I'm trying to be modern and unemotional about all this, and I'm not forgetting you're my own flesh and blood. And I'm not harping on what's already happened. But you'll have to put up with what can't be avoided or evaded. And considering what she has shouldered for you, Aurora Mary will have to stay under this roof."

JOAN stood hard-eyed, considering that ultimatum.

"Do you want me to lose Allan?" she suddenly demanded.

"Do you feel that you deserve to hold him?"

"That doesn't count. I'm going to marry him, whatever happens."

"You mean, whatever has happened," he grimly corrected.

"I don't worry over that as much as you do. And I've my reasons for it. But I'm not going to see another woman come between me and Allan Somer."

"Doesn't that smack a trifle of the primitive?"

"Well, we can be primitive without being born in a bush-rat's shanty. And even though that woman has shouldered her way into our family circle, it certainly wont last long."

"Why not?"

"It's simply a matter of not belonging, of being ridiculous and making other people as miserable as she is, and forever threatening to mess things up. She's merely animal—an ignorant animal. I can't even understand what you men see in her."

That angered him, in spite of his effort at self-control.

"You may be my own daughter, Joan, but there are times when I almost wonder what Allan Somer sees in *you*."

She stared at him with the insurrectionary eyes of youth. Then she turned away with a body-movement of wearied abandonment.

"After all, you're merely my father," she coldly averred. "And it's foolish, of course, to expect too much of one's family."

"Joe," he said with a forlorn effect of friendliness, "wouldn't you rather like this winter abroad? Say Taormina for a couple of months, and then Biarritz and then up to Paris for Easter?"

The abruptness of that query held her for a moment.

"Not by a long shot," was her equally abrupt reply. "I've a privateer or two to keep off my trade-routes. And I'm going to fight my battles in my own way."

"Then I can't be of much help to you," he said, not without his own touch of bitterness. And he vaguely resented his daughter's restless movements as she took up a cigarette and lighted it.

"Yes, you can," proclaimed the girl with the cigarette. "You can leave that woman and her baby out here at Westbrook when we go into town."

"*Her* baby!" echoed Caver. And he realized, as he saw the color mantle the hard young face confronting him, how reluctant he had remained, all along, even to articulate the actual. Silence seemed so much more merciful.

"That," cried Joan, white once more to the throat, "is exactly what I'm sick of—having the thing flung in my face. And I'm not going to stand it. You may cure an Airedale of killing chickens by tying one of them around its neck, but you can't change me by having a child I never asked for and never wanted paraded around under my nose."

Caver steadied himself under the shock of that proclamation, staring meditatively at the wilfully hardened face of the young woman who as yet had yielded so little up to life. And he stood confounded by the depth of the lesson she had still to learn.

"Don't or can't you ever love anything?" he finally inquired.

SHE moved at that, sharply, but her glance remained a vitrified one. "I love Allan," she said with an achieved quietness.

"But your own child—" began Caver, the more embarrassed of the two.

Joan, with her lip trembling, tossed away her cigarette.

"Let's not be mid-Victorian," she cried with a protective new flippancy. "I'm not trying to get away with murder."

"But you're trying to get away with the impossible," he reminded her. "And you can't cheat your way through life without paying for it."

"Perhaps I *have* paid for it," was her slightly retarded reply.

"Then don't try to make others do the same," he suggested.

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean," answered Caver, "that you might be a little kinder to Aurora Mary. She's not only keeping your child, remember, but she's also keeping your secret."

"Well, she seems to get her fun out of both ends of the game," was the other's uncompromising retort.

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"That's both untrue and ungenerous."

There was little joy in Joan's brittle laugh.

"Perhaps it is, but I can't make a bosom companion of a kitchen-minded illiterate from the backwoods. And as for being kind to her, it seems to me you've done about enough for the entire family."

It was Caver's face that hardened, in spite of his effort at self-control.

"Then I may as well tell you," he proclaimed, "that I shall continue to be kind to her. And what's more, she's going to be accepted by this family of mine, or I'll know the reason why."

JOAN'S mood was a thoughtful one when, the next afternoon, Somer dropped in for tea.

"I see Mary's been getting a new outfit," he inopportunely observed. "And I must say she looked remarkably well in it."

"Where did you see her?" casually inquired the girl beside the open fire.

"Showing Sandy, your second gardener, how to rake leaves," was Somer's half-laughing reply.

"The poor girl finds them more companionable out there," explained Joan as she reached for the Sèvres teapot. "She's been over the stables twice. And she asked them not to empty the swimming-pool before we move into town."

"She will, of course, always be an open-air woman," observed Somer.

"Of course," agreed Joan, putting down her blue-and-gold cup to pick up a much-smudged sheet of writing-paper. "Here's an epistle of hers I found in a book I brought back from Trail End. It seems to show what one must really expect of her."

Somer's face remained solemn as he took the scrap of paper from her extended fingers. He remained equally solemn as he read the laboriously written sentences.

"I tak my pen in hand," went the uneven lines written in berry-juice ink, *"too advis you the Camp is o. k. The roove on Number Thre has bin repared, the ice is putt up and the wrifles and duk-guns al oilled and pakked in cazes. And the other stuf is fixt as per ordder. That louzzie Injin Joe brot bedbuggs too Numer 4 cabbin but there all cleened out with sulfur and col-oil agen and sparck pluggs for kiker-boat duly receeved all-so painnt for canoes but wont use same til spring.*

"Aurora Mary Moyne."

Somer, as he handed back the paper, refused to smile.

"That's what we've got to save her from," was his altogether unsatisfactory observation. And Joan, bent over her tea-tray, did not speak for a moment or two.

"Do you really think people can be made over, like a last year's gown?" she finally inquired.

"Didn't you say I was doing that to you?" challenged Somer, groping for some lighter path.

Joan's smile was abstracted.

"Father is being very generous with Mary," she proclaimed as she passed Somer his cup.

"He seems to have a reason for it."

"What do you mean by that?" she inquired quickly.

"Wasn't she guilty of saving his life?"

Joan's laugh, although one of relief, was unpleasantly crisp.

"Do you suppose that's the only reason?" she ventured out of the ensuing silence.

Somer stopped short, studying the shell-like face above the shell-like china.

"Must there be another?"

Joan's gray-green eyes remained unflinching, even in the face of the sudden knowledge that she was playing with fire.

"Couldn't there be?" she countered. And again she was conscious of Allan's troubled gaze on her face.

"You're not implying—" he began. Then he broke off. "But that's absurd, of course. It's unthinkable."

"What's unthinkable?" was Joan's quiet inquiry. She knew the ice was thin, but she had her own obscure ends to reach.

"Nothing!" replied Somer with an abrupt movement in his chair.

"The older men get," Joan averred, "the more foolish they seem to grow."

He came and stood beside her.

"I rather hope you're applying that to me, Joe," he said with unexpected solemnity.

"Why?" asked Joan, surrendering the hand which he rather awkwardly reached for.

"Because otherwise you'd be hanging a rather unpleasant suspicion on the one man you ought to be loyal to."

"What man?"

"Your own father."

"Oh, Father insists on going his own way," observed Joan as she dropped a slice of lemon in her teacup. "He's just announced that he intends making Mary one of us."

"And you're going to accept her?"

"We've got to. And everything that goes with her!"

Somer stood silent, staring into the open fire. It made him think of another open fire he had stared into, not so long ago, with another woman at his side.

"Oh, well," he finally observed, "Saggy shouldn't be so hard to accept."

She looked up sharply at that.

"Why?"

"Because," said Somer, swinging about with a meditative smile, "he's such a little peach."

"You mean—mean Martie, as they call him?"

"Yes. I wouldn't mind taking him under my own wing."

And that unexpected pronouncement apparently gave Joan, as she reached for the cigarettes, a great deal to think over.

Chapter Ten

ONE early evidence of John Caver's resolution to remain master in his own house was a sedately restricted dinner-party that was given there two days later. It was unmistakably in the nature of a family affair, "a round-up of the insurrectos," as Betty Wilder later designated it. For seated about the grimly elongated table was a repressed and pearl-laden Gail Rhinelander, an austere and empty-eyed Aunt Agatha Abbott, a fidgety and fretful Uncle Ellis Norcross, and a morose and rebellious-looking Joan, who sedulously ignored the intrusive Miss Wilder and openly smiled at Aurora Mary's new Patou dinner-gown of cream velvet. The newcomer could easily surmise, from the demeanor of the others, how John Caver had coërced his wayward family into participating in a function that limped along none too auspiciously until Allan Somer came in late, explaining that he had been held up by his laboratory work. And when, over the coffee-cups in the library, Allan animatedly discussed atoms and electrons with Miss Wilder and later argued about Indian burial-customs with Aurora Mary, it was Joan who lighted her second cigarette and audibly remarked to the morose-eyed Gail: "You must remember, darling, that she comes from the country where they always get their man!"

Aurora Mary, at that, felt the blood sing hot in her veins. But her eye, meeting Betty Wilder's, read therein a quick imperative message. And Betty was still smiling as she turned back to Somer and asked if it was true that it took one hundred million atoms side by side to fill one cubic centimeter, and if he used an adding-machine to count 'em up. That, Aurora Mary remembered, was the way of this new world, the code of their civilization. When hit, instead of hitting back, you merely sat tight and showed your teeth in a care-free smile.

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YET the necessity for recalling that truth confronted Mary much sooner than she expected. For Joan, returning from an all-night dance when a rind of pearl and gold was showing itself in the eastern sky, stumbled over a rust-colored puppy blithely dragging a gray-squirrel sports-coat along the polished floor. She decided, as she recognized that coat as her own and realized what ecstatic young teeth had done to its contours, that she had endured more than reason demanded; and finally she let the frustrations of more than one unhappy day flower in unequivocal and passionate action.

It was Mary, with her morning's lessons over, who first became conscious of Rusty's absence. She had whistled for him as she hurried out to the quiet nook between the Chinese pagoda and the tennis-courts where Martie, after being duly bathed and dressed and fed, slept of a morning while his nurse sat in the slanting November sunlight acquiring a tan and reading Meredith.

"I want him to be an open-air boy," Aurora Mary had proudly proclaimed when she first led Betty Wilder to this retreat.

"He's a darling," acknowledged Betty as she stooped over the plump pink face with the carelessly cooing lips. Then her face saddened, as the faces of childless women sadden before the ancient miracle of unfolding life.

But Aurora Mary missed Rusty. She was worried about him and decided to round him up without loss of time.

Her first cursory search, however, proved a fruitless one. And then she made it a more methodic one.

"Anybody see my dog?" she demanded of the tight-lipped Mrs. Pusey.

"No, madam," was the prompt but impersonal reply.

She stopped Hadley in the hall a minute later and confronted him with a challenging eye.

"Have you seen my dog today, Hadley?" she demanded, remembering that that functionary had never taken kindly to Rusty's presence at Westbrook.

"No, madam," answered the impassive Hadley. And she was compelled to believe him, but she did not give up the search. She transferred it to the gardens, and then to the garage, and then to the stables. But she met always with the same answer. And an absurd new sense of desolation crept over her at the thought that Somer's pup, her pup, could be slipping out of her life. She even went to the lodge, and wandered out past the great iron gates, looking disconsolately for that rusty-colored wanderer who meant so much in her life and so much to her happiness.

She turned back along the empty drive and stopped before the young Scotch undergardener.

"Sandy, have you seen anything of my dog?"

"I have not, ma'am," was the slightly retarded answer.

"I've lost him," explained the sorrowful Aurora Mary.

"I know that, ma'am," acknowledged Sandy.

Aurora Mary's quick eye studied his dour young face.

"How did you know that?" she demanded.

"I'd rather not be tellin'."

But she was on him, the next moment, like a catamount.

"Tell me what you know, Sandy," she cried. "Tell me, or I'll—I'll shake you out of your shoes!"

"It will only mean trouble, ma'am."

"But I'm going to know. I've *got* to know!"

"Then ye'd best find out from others," protested Sandy as he turned back to his task of strawing the rhododendron-bed. But a strong brown hand promptly swung him away from that protective occupation.

"You're going to tell me," proclaimed a

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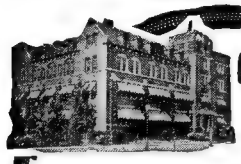

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grim-lipped Aurora Mary, "and you're going to tell me now!"

"It'll make you no happier," Sandy answered as he glanced towards the manor-house.

"But I intend to know," she said with her fingers tightening on his Cardigan-jacket. "Where is he?"

Sandy looked at her for a moment of silence.

"He's dead, ma'am."

Aurora Mary's hand fell away from the soiled Cardigan-jacket.

"He's dead?" she echoed, vacuously. "How d'you mean he's dead?"

"He was shot this mornin', ma'am, back o' the stables."

Her face flamed scarlet, then went gray.

"My Rusty was shot?" she exacted, shaken and incredulous. "Why, they couldn't, they wouldn't—"

She broke off abruptly, shocked by a sudden new suspicion. She backed away a little, taking a deeper breath.

"Who shot him?" she suddenly demanded.

"I'm not tellin'," was the guarded answer, "but you might be askin' somewhere about the garage."

SHE did not wait for more. She strode with a hardened eye and a squared under-lip back to the house. Once there, she unearthed from its hiding-place her ponderous old six-shooter. Her hands were slightly tremulous as she buckled the abraded old holster-belt about her waist. Yet she had the forethought, before reëmerging, to fling a raglan raincoat over her shoulders.

When she reached the garage she found Gleason solemnly backing out the limousine. On the cemented areaway behind him a younger man, known as Kelder, was engaged in washing Joan's lemon-yellow sports roadster. Its metal glittered bright, but it was mud-stained and had a crumpled fender.

"Gleason," said the cloudy-eyed woman in the raglan, "who shot my dog?"

She could see him hesitate. But he stood, a moment later, in complete control of himself.

"I don't know, madam," was his maddeningly impersonal reply.

"Do you?" she demanded as she confronted the sallow-faced under-chauffeur known as Kelder. He glanced at her, insolently indifferent, as he continued to chamois the side of the car.

"What if I do?" he inquired as the question was repeated.

"Then you know?" she gasped, catching at the wet rubber-apron that covered his body. He not only resented that clutch, but he promptly tore himself free from it. Yet every instinct in her body, as he paraded his indifference by stooping to pick up his sponge, told her that she was on the right track.

"Did you kill my dog?" she said with a quiet intensity that brought his casual glance swinging back to her. But his eyes widened as he looked this time, for he found himself staring into the barrel of a foolishly big revolver. He studied it, for a moment, and then he studied the intently malignant face behind it.

"Be careful how you handle that thing," he warned her. But he refused to back away. There was, in fact, more hate than fear on his face as he stood confronting her.

"How I handle it!" cried the woman. "Why, you puny-hearted pup-killer, I'm goin' to blow your God-forsaken soul out o' your rotten carcass with it!"

He refused to believe her, apparently, for he still held his ground.

"I guess you better remember that pup's been destroyin' property round here for over two weeks," he said with a sullen sort of fortitude. "And when he was shot, it was done on orders from the house."

"Whose orders?"

"Miss Caver ordered it," was the answer.

"And it was done." He tossed aside the sponge and coolly unbuckled the rubber apron. "So if you're goin' to shoot anybody up, you'd better begin on the boss' daughter!"

She stood, for a full minute, studying his venomously indifferent face. But her eyes, as they stared at him, became more abstracted, and the light that flamed from them merged into a look of bewilderment. Her hand fell to her side as she sank down on the wet running-board beside her and remembered that she was no longer at Duck Landing. The battered old weapon in her hand was as out of place, she remembered, as she was at Westbrook. It didn't belong to her newer plane of life. It belonged to the raw and unsettled frontier, where you fought openly and honestly for your own, where people played square or paid for their double-dealing.

There was a sudden sound of voices. Aurora Mary could see, as she rose to her feet and swung about, Joan Caver on a cropped roan hunter talking to Kelder, the under-chauffeur. Joan turned and glanced in Aurora Mary's direction and a moment later swung down from her saddle.

"Take this horse to the stables," was her crisp command as she tossed the reins to Kelder.

Then she walked, confident and cool-eyed, toward the waiting woman in the raglan.

"I see you're still trying to pull your wild and woolly stuff," she said with an outward composure that did not go well with the light in her gray-green eyes.

Aurora Mary, instead of answering her, stood studying the slender-bodied woman in the whipcord riding-habit. Joan was booted and gloved and looked oddly unsexed in her riding-breeches and mannish black derby that shone in the sunlight. Her highly polished riding-boots also shone in the slanting sun's rays, giving her an armored and burnished appearance that failed to harmonize with the womanly frailty of her figure. And as Aurora Mary's deep-hooded eyes continued to regard her, she smiled thinly. She even slapped her burnished boot-leg with her silver-mounted crop.

"Why do you hate me?" Aurora Mary suddenly asked.

"I don't hate you," was Joan's slightly tremulous reply. "I merely feel sorry for you."

"Is that why you shot my dog?"

Joan's laugh was carelessly defiant.

"Well, we can't have this house turned into a kennel. And a trifle too many things were being destroyed."

"D'you know what *you've* just destroyed?"

"In whose opinion?"

"In mine," was Aurora Mary's answer.

"Then I'm not greatly interested. But I really can't have people threatening to shoot up the servants here. You see, you can't make all this family of mine go native, just as they'll never accuse you of going patent-leather."

Aurora Mary looked down at her hands, which were not as steady as she wanted them to be.

"How long do you expect this to last?" she finally inquired.

"What?"

"One woman trying to make a hell out of life for another."

Joan's laugh was both brittle and mirthless.

"You seem to have got about everything you went after."

Aurora Mary did her best to speak quietly.

"I didn't expect you to fall over yourself to make me happy around here," she acknowledged. "But even an Indian sticks to a bargain, after he's made it. And I thought you were considerably better than an Indian. I thought you were civilized. I thought because you were high-born and school-taught, you'd at least be as fair as a backwoods bohunk. But you're no better than the

shanty-men and the bush-rats and the sour-doughs back on the Little Winiska. You're not even as good, for when a man makes a promise in the country I come from, he keeps to it. And when it's a matter of fighting, he at least fights his man in the open."

The girl with the riding-crop stood motionless a moment.

"Since you've spoken of bargains," she said in a voice less controlled than before, "I'd like to point out that you're taking a particularly mean and cowardly advantage of the power this particular bargain gave *you*. You've black-jacked your way into my home with it; you've imposed yourself on my friends with it; and now you think you can club me into silence with it. But I'm not as afraid of you as you imagine. And I'm not losing sleep over anything you can say or do."

Aurora Mary looked, for the first time, straight into gray-green eyes of the girl in the mannish black derby.

"If you knew me a little better," she quietly affirmed, "you'd be feeling that it's *you* who's taking a cowardly advantage of a promise, the promise I made to you and your father. You'd know I'm not a liar. You'd know that when I say a thing, I'd stick to it till hell froze over. But now it looks as though you were doing your best to make me the welcher I can't and wont be. You've said—"

"Oh, you've played the primitive very cleverly," cut in the white-faced Joan, "but there's a limit to everything. I guess we've about reached it in this situation. And if this sort of thing keeps up, you'll be losing more than your dog."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that I still have the right of taking Martie back."

Aurora Mary's breath quickened.

"You don't love him!" she cried, the last of her color gone.

Still again Joan laughed her brief and brittle laugh.

"You can't expect to rope down everything I've a right to love. And you'll find I can be as primitive as you are, when it comes to fighting for my own."

Aurora Mary, at the moment, was thinking only of Martie.

"But you've never fought for him," she contended. "You've never wanted him. You don't want him right now. You'd rather see him a thousand miles away, at this very minute."

Joan's eyes narrowed as she saw, for the first time, a shadow of fear.

"I'd at least prefer seeing him out here at Westbrook for the winter," she coolly acknowledged.

"That means you don't want me in the city."

"Frankly, I don't."

"Why?"

"Because you're both better in the country."

"Is that the only reason?"

"It strikes me as a sufficient one," averred Joan, as she drew off her riding-gloves.

THE woman in the loose-fitting raglan stood silent for a full minute. There was a new and unexpected humility on her face when she finally looked up at the other.

"All right," she said. "I'll back-trail."

"What does that mean?" asked Joan as a bareheaded footman approached them from the direction of the house.

"It means," Aurora Mary quietly explained, "that I'm giving up considerably more than you imagine."

Instead of replying, Joan swung about to the waiting footman. "What is it, Haddow?"

"Mr. Somer is calling you from the City."

"Tell him to hold the wire."

She turned back to Aurora Mary; she hesitated, before the remoteness of the face confronting her, spun on her heel, and walked

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toward the house, not without a touch of triumph in her movements. . . .

Yet any sense of triumph which Joan may have wrung from that encounter was not as enduring as it promised. For when Caver returned to Westbrook that afternoon he casually inquired for the intrusive and obstreperous Rusty, eventually learned of his taking off, and visited the little new-made grave at the end of the dahlia-garden. Whereupon he returned grim-lipped to the house and promptly summoned Joan into his presence. Having expressed in no uncertain language his opinion of her conduct, he as promptly sent for the pallid and sullen-eyed Samuel Kelder, who was expeditiously informed that his services were at an end and that he was given exactly one half-hour in which to get his person and his possessions off the premises. And Kelder, who knew an enraged man when he saw one, did not waste thought on the manner of his going. The only hiatus in his preparations for departure was when Joan Caver appeared white-faced at the door of his hastily summoned taxicab and thrust a recklessly plump roll of bills into his hand.

"I'm sorry, but that's all I can do."

Kelder's shrewd eyes studied her face and once more studied the bank-notes.

"I know," he said with his mirthless and one-sided smile, "but if they ever jam you too close, lady, just call on me!"

Chapter Eleven

ALTHOUGH Joan habitually referred to the Caver town house as "the Mausoleum" and described it as being hopelessly archaic and dowdy, she betrayed an entirely new impatience to move in to that Fifth Avenue "atrocity in sandstone," as she frequently called it, where three generations of Cavers frowned down at her out of their time-tarnished frames.

But her father, for reasons entirely his own, not only deliberately postponed any such migration but let it be understood that Joan herself was to remain at the Long Island house as long as her family was still officially installed there. Moreover his determination to pilot his own course was further evidenced by a pronouncement that Joan should give a small dinner-dance, ostensibly for Aurora Mary, before Westbrook was shut up for the season. And Joan, once committed to that course, set about her preparations with a stoic deliberateness that somewhat puzzled the girl from the North. She was equally puzzled, when Caver was unexpectedly called to Washington to testify before a Senate committee, by the light-hearted celerity with which his daughter revised her lists and widened her call for hilarity.

"She certainly seems to be rounding up the high-steppers," Betty confided to Somer, in the midst of an intruding army of decorators and florists and caterers. "There's to be costumes—and seven punch-bowls!"

"I'd rather like you to keep an eye on Mary," ventured Somer.

"But I'm not included," confessed the shrugging Betty.

"Then I'll do what I can." For Somer was troubled by a newer feeling toward Aurora Mary which he could not altogether fathom. He was merely interested, he inwardly proclaimed, in a somewhat novel problem of domestication. Yet he stood more and more perplexed by a sense of emptiness when he failed to intercept the girl from Trail End on her walks or was unable to stumble across her somewhere about the big house, just as he found it increasingly easy to confer with Betty Wilder on the best textbooks for their pupil and to discuss with the pupil herself the slowly widening paths towards knowledge.

Mary declined, at the last moment, to wear a costume, but she dressed with much care and a secret aversion for the flimsy thing of georgette and silk that was to cover her body. It seemed like dressing in a cobweb, leaving her acutely conscious of exposures to which she was not inured. Even her hands bothered her. They seemed unmanageable and ungrateful, with the still calloused palms moist from suppressed excitement.

"YOU don't look happy, Mary," ventured Somer as he met her at the foot of the cascading wide stairway while the first cars were rolling up to the lamp-strung porte-cochère.

"I'm not."

"What's wrong?" he asked, conscious of a slumberous eagerness that could still burn in her eye and an elusive sense of superbness that still dignified even her overabrupt movements.

"It's nothing but buck-fever," she acknowledged.

"But you're among friends," he smiled back, remembering the meaning of her phrase, "and we're here not for murder but merely a good time."

Aurora Mary, however, found little relief in that throng of strangers. She was conscious of men, gay and foolishly garbed men, shaking hands with her, of young women smilingly or solemnly appraising her, of much calling and laughter and talk and cross-volleys of wit to which she could find no key. Allan Somer later returned to her through the crush and told her he intended to take her in. But it was, apparently, destined otherwise by the powers in control, for Somer found himself officially linked up with Paddy Winslow, and the desolated Aurora Mary went in on the arm of one Peter Cowley, who impressed her as effeminate but was described to her as "the professional and perpetual bachelor of New York."

Peter Cowley, it is true, was companionable enough, demanding to know why she was afraid of the cocktails and inquiring if she'd got her sunburn at Deauville or Asheville. But Peter, as a man about town, obviously believed in team-play, and when his allusion to the new Barrymore play met with no response, and his dubious *mot* about Texas Guinan fell on barren ground, and his casual reference to the Piping Rock horse show commanded no acuter show of interest, he suddenly found, as he phrased it to the sparkling young blonde on his right, that his gas-tank had gone dry. Peter, in fact, devoted more and more of his time to the ebullient young lady adroitly beside him in body and spirit, and Aurora Mary was so singularly unhappy and ill-at-ease that silence enclosed her like a shell. And a silent woman, at a board supposed to be festive, is at a disadvantage not lightly overlooked.

She realized this as she glanced along the table toward Joan, who sat triumphant in her upper estuary of laughter and light-hearted banter. And when she caught the coolly derisive and slightly triumphant gaze of Joan fixed on her face, the girl from the North wondered if the entire situation had not been deliberately fabricated for her own discomfiture.

"And do *you* believe that ontogeny repeats phylogeny?" Peter Cowley solemnly questioned, dipping a spoon into his orgeat and orange ice.

"I don't know what that means," was Aurora Mary's curt retort. But she noticed the telegraphic glance that passed between Joan and the man beside her.

"Ask her about potlatches," Joan called down the line. "She comes from the land of the Indian."

It was said blithely enough, but there was a barb in it.

"Ah, you come from the great open spaces," derided the smooth-voiced man beside her.

"Where men are *men*," she added with sudden and unexpected hate in her voice.

"And women are so often wildcats," amended her stubbornly smiling dinner-partner. He said it airily, and with obviously humorous intent. But his touch fell on a hidden wound. It was like a match tossed into sun-dried undergrowth. Mary could feel the fatal flame sweep through her body, and her instinctive reaction was an impulse to fling the glass of orange ice straight at her oppressor's head. Yet even as her fingers trembled on the glass-stem she caught sight of Allan Somer, half risen from his chair. She saw his look of warning touched with pleading. And then she remembered. She emerged from her mist of violence, and her hand sank slowly back into her lap. But during the rest of the meal she remained silent.

NOR did her spirits revive when, later in the evening, larger and more hilarious groups swarmed in to the already crowded house. These newcomers obviously belonged to the younger set, and they lost little time in keying the proceedings up to a higher pitch. They came, as a rule, in elaborate and colorful costumes, a tumult of Arabian sheiks and Marie Antoinettes and Captain Kidds and geisha girls and Columbines and Pierrots, a tideway of tinsel and silk and metal and rice-powdered flesh. They swarmed about the replenished punch-bowls and eddied on to the dancing floor, where a slipper flew across the room and crashed into a mirror, and an incredibly thin girl in a harem-veil did a Cairo music-hall contortion-act for her own personal circle. Then a woman in star-spangled cheese-cloth mounted a table and sang a song in French which sent tides of laughter about the momentarily arrested crowd, and a dimpled blonde convict in prison-stripes gave an exhibition of the *Matiche* that ended with a tidal movement toward the door when an Indian chief in a war-bonnet triumphantly announced that Joe had found the key and the wine-cellar was open.

Aurora Mary, ill-at-ease and morose-eyed, was watching that Bacchanalian scene when Joan smilingly joined her, followed by a lean-faced man not in costume.

"You two people ought to be kindred souls," she lightly announced. "This is Owen De Witt. Owen's an outdoor man. And he's not even a dancer since he crocked his knee playing polo in that Army match last month."

Mary looked up into the high-bridged brown face with its bony jaw and its soft and smoldering eye. He seemed different from the others, in some way, and she hoped it was due to more than the absence of a costume.

"You don't seem very happy here," he observed as Joan drifted away.

"I'm not used to this sort of thing," acknowledged Mary.

"So Joe's been telling me. Let's get out somewhere where it's cooler and cleaner," was his altogether disarming suggestion.

She was willing enough to let him pilot her through the tumult and the smoke-blue air.

"How about my car—and a dip into the Island landscape by starlight?" he casually suggested.

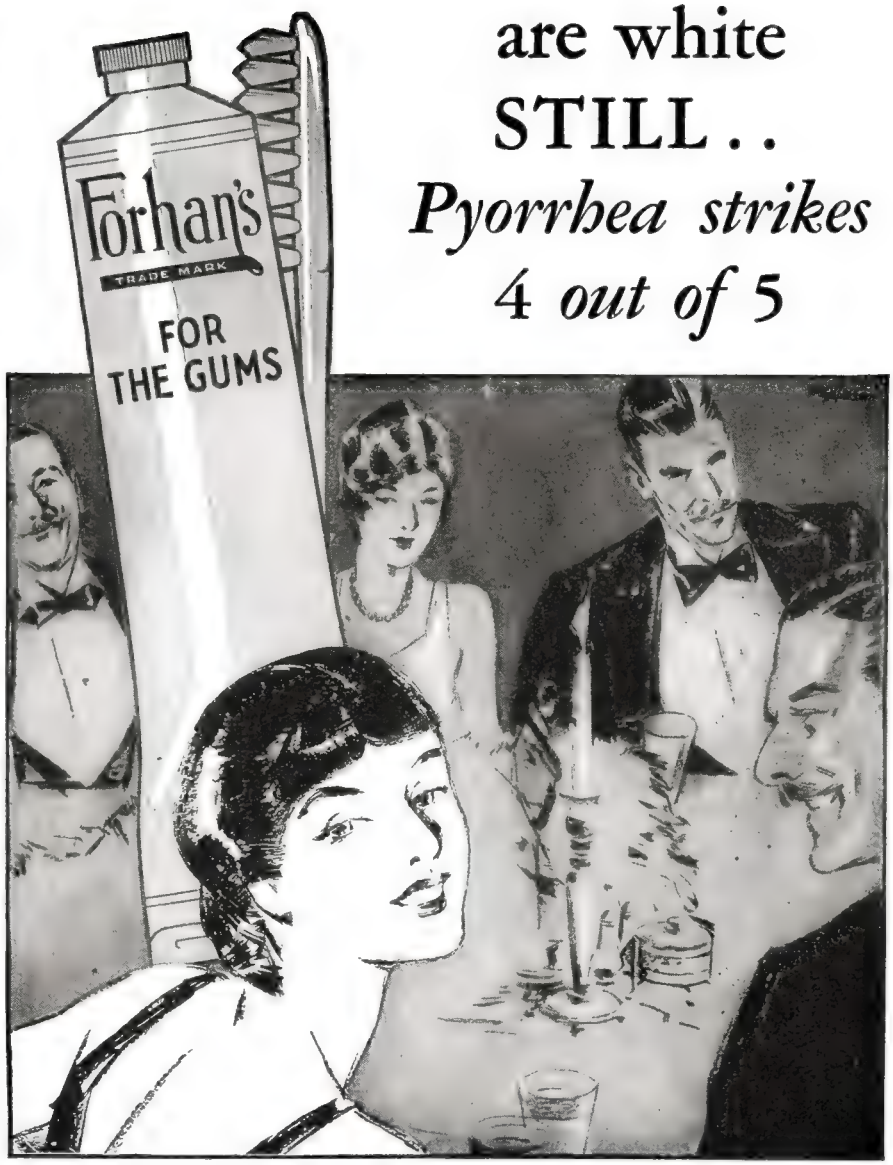
"I'm not dressed for motoring," explained the puzzled Mary.

"Then I know a corner made to order, at the end of the conservatory. But don't step on these neckers in the dark. And if you must have a light, I'll carry along this Chinese lantern."

He seemed companionable and casual enough as he led her to the allotted corner, where she could scarcely hear the far-off pulsations of music mingled with a hum of voices and laughter.

"They've been telling me what a wonderful woman you are," he said as he lit a cigarette. And his face shone almost bronze-like in the sudden light of his match.

Although teeth are white STILL . . *Pyorrhea strikes 4 out of 5*



FEW people realize that Pyorrhea attacks even when teeth are clean and snowy white.

And as a result, this foe of health takes heavy toll from 4 out of 5 after forty and thousands younger. A needless sacrifice!

Take this precaution: See your dentist every six months. Every morning and night use Forhan's for the Gums. As a dentifrice alone, you would prefer it.

Without the use of harsh abrasives, it keeps teeth clean and white and also protects them against acids which cause decay.

Moreover, if used regularly and in time, it firms gums and helps keep them sound and alive thus safeguarding them against the attack of Pyorrhea.

Get a tube of Forhan's. Use this dentifrice every day. Massage your gums daily with Forhan's, following the directions in the booklet that comes with tube. Teach your children this good habit. Two sizes—35c and 60c.

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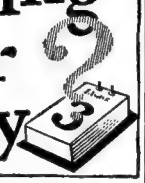
Forhan Company, New York

Forhan's *for the gums*

MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE . . IT CHECKS PYORRHEA

What will you be doing one year from today?



Three hundred and sixty-five days from now—what?

Will you still be struggling along in the same old job at the same old salary—worried about the future—never quite able to make both ends meet—standing still while other men go ahead?

One year from today will you still be putting off your start toward success—thrilled with ambition one moment and then cold the next—delaying, waiting, fiddling away the precious hours that will never come again?

Don't do it, man—don't do it.

There is no greater tragedy in the world than a man who stays in the rut all his life, when with just a little effort he could bring success within his grasp. Make up your mind today that you're going to train yourself to do some one thing well. Choose the work you like best in the list below, mark an X beside it, mail the coupon to Scranton and at least get the full story of what the I. C. S. can do for you.

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"In what way?" asked Mary, wordlessly chilled.

"In doing exactly what you want to do and living as you want to live. In being just yourself and letting the mob go hang."

"But I'm beginning to find out you can't live that way."

"Well, this isn't the night to remember it," he said as he let a hand rest on her shoulder.

She turned, at that, and studied his face in the uncertain light. And he, in turn, stood studying the dusky face so intently staring into his own.

"Poor little wood bird," he said in a voice suddenly bantering and tender. And he followed her, step by step, as she moved slowly away. But he obviously misconstrued her silence, for he leaned forward and took both her hands in his.

"You believe in being free, don't you?" he murmured.

"Much freer than you imagine," was her quiet-noted retort. Her breast was heaving, but it was with neither agitation nor alarm. It was with a sharp disappointment shot through with disgust and crowned with despair.

"What a wonderful engine you are," he said, leaning over her.

"Engine—engine of what?"

"Of rapture—to the right man," was his softly murmured reply.

A sudden chill crept through her body.

"Did Joan tell you to say things like that to me?"

He laughed at that, quietly.

"I'm not thinking about Joe just now. I'm thinking about *you,* about that beautiful lithe body that keeps calling out for its fulfillment. Look at me."

He could feel the tremor that went through her. But he neither knew nor understood the source of it.

"Are you all like that?" she asked in a voice which she tried in vain to keep steady.

"We'd have to be, with you," he said in little more than a whisper.

"And I thought," she began with a gasp of desperation. "I thought—"

But he cut her short by slipping an arm about her waist and drawing her close in under his shoulder.

"Let's not think," he murmured as he leaned closer over the full red lips oddly squared in the uncertain light.

"Stop," she gasped, straining away from him. She was not conscious of the dozen electric bulbs suddenly flowering into light all about her, just as she was not conscious of Joan and Allan Somer standing arrested between the tubbed palms and the long parterre of Bourbon roses.

"And behold our woodland lily," was Joan's derisive cry.

BUT Aurora Mary was unconscious of that as she felt the sinewy long arm clasped tighter about her body. Her movement, when she broke into sudden action, seemed too prompt to be studied. But her aim was unquestionably accurate. For she brought her clenched right hand in a foreshortening circle clean against the slightly relaxed bronze jaw. The impact of it threw the man's head back, ludicrously, but he was too heavy to be thrown lightly from his feet. So her other clenched hand, swinging wider, struck hammerlike on the still hanging jaw. He wavered there, stunned, but still on his feet. And as he wavered, the ashen-faced girl, throwing all the rage and disgust of her being into the charge, thrust him crashing backwards over a bank of potted azaleas, where he lay with his patent-leather pumps shining bright in the midst of the tumbled foliage.

Aurora Mary, in the ensuing movement of masqueraders towards the fallen man, turned grimly on her heel and started away. But Somer caught her by the arm.

"Where are you going?" he demanded, alarmed by the tigerish after-glow still in her eyes.

"Going?" she echoed. "I'm goin' back where I belong. I've had my try at your high life and I'm through with it. I tried to tell myself you were a little better'n bohunks and bushwhackers, but now I know different. I thought you were more civilized 'n a camp o' Chippewas, but I was mistaken. I'm goin' back to my own people where I can keep my self-respect and breathe clean air. And I'm goin' now."

Somer paled before the stress of her passion.

"How about Martie?" he quietly inquired. "Would you leave him?"

"Leave Martie? Of course I wont leave Martie. He's mine and I'll take him out of this and give him a chance o' some day bein' a man."

"But wait a day," pleaded Somer. "Wait at least until Caver can get back."

"I can't and wont stay under this roof. I'm through."

HE saw it was useless to try to hold her, even to talk with her. He went to the telephone and sent in a long-distance call for Washington, where he talked briefly but earnestly with John Caver. Fifteen minutes later in the upper hall, Joan told him:

"She insists on going."

"I want to see her," asserted Somer.

"What's the use? It's all been like a—like a bull in a china-shop—and I'm glad it's over."

"I want to see her," repeated Somer.

"But your woodland nymph is now tearing round for her clothes. And she's already ordered a car."

"We mustn't let her go."

Joan could afford to laugh at that. "How will we stop her?"

That question remained unanswered. For a door was abruptly opened and the subject of their talk appeared for a moment before them as she passed from one room to another.

"Does she look like anything you can argue with?" was Joan's acid taunt. But still again her question went without an answer. Before Somer could speak, indeed, a muffled cry rang through the upper house, and Mary was once more before them, the old tigerish light aflame in her eyes.

"Where's Martie?" she panted, confronting the girl at Somer's side. "Where's my Martie?"

"How should I know?"

"He's gone," was the other's forlorn cry. "He's not in his room."

"That's ridiculous," contended Joan. "He must be there."

"They've taken him away," gasped Mary, white to the lips. "And I'm goin' to find him."

Somer could feel Joan's quick glance searching his face as Aurora Mary swung back through the open door. But he remained silent.

He remained silent even when Aurora Mary reappeared, tremblingly buckling her absurd old six-shooter about her waist.

"You seem to be getting ready for the trail," proffered Joan, with her derisive, pale laugh.

"I am."

"But this isn't the backwoods."

"It's something worse," cried Mary, with her under-lip squared. She was back once more to the primitive, an unreasoning and embattled wildcat of the forest.

"And you propose to find Martie with *that?*"

"You're God-damned right I'm goin' to find him. I'm goin' to find him even though I kill a boatload o' white-faced liars in doin' it!"

The next installment of this fine novel by the author of "The Prairie Wife" is of special interest. Watch for it in the next, the March, issue.

Have no fear of colds, grip or influenza

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IT is easy to get rid of a cold if you don't neglect it. People who know the beneficial effects of Laxative Bromo Quinine keep well during the winter months by taking these tablets when they feel a cold coming on. The tonic and laxative effect of Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets fortifies the system against colds, grip, influenza and other serious ills which often begin with a slight cold. ... Since 1889 the signature of *E. W. Grove* on every box of Laxative Bromo Quinine has identified it as the first and original cold and grip tablet. Price 30c.

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THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING COLD AND GRIP TABLET

"Nuthin' I Like!"

HUNGRILY and expectantly he had gone to dinner. "Nuthin'" he liked—just things which "were good for him". String beans—he wouldn't eat them. Time had come for discipline. When told that he was to have none of a favorite dessert, he gave in. Smiling thro' his tears after the first few mouthfuls, he said, "I didn't know it, but I was liking string beans all the time."

PERHAPS in your own home there is a small child who is finicky about his food. But you insist upon his having plenty of milk, cereals, vegetables and the other foods he requires, for you know that the growth of his body and his health depend upon the "building" foods he eats.

But how about yourself? Have you dropped into the habit of ordering what you like without regard to the foods you need to build and repair your body and to keep it in the best possible condition of health? And do you know how much food you require, or how little?

After hard physical labor or vigorous exercise a man needs more food to meet his energy requirements. The man who uses his muscles but little and works with his brain needs less food, or "fuel", for his human engine.

Diet is literally a separate problem for each individual. The "overweight" is usually too fond of starchy, sugary and fatty foods and disinclined to eat vegetables and fruits, while the "underweight" often neglects the fattening foods he needs. Appetite is not always a reliable guide to correct eating, neither is the price of the food.

If you are blessed with good health and good digestion, take time to find out what constitutes a properly balanced day to day diet for a person of your age—how much meat, fish, cheese and milk you require, how many sweet foods, and most important of all—how many vegetables. Don't forget the string beans or the tomato, King of the Vitamins. Raw salads, fruit, butter, cream and nuts are important parts of the regular food supply when taken in correct amounts. And six to eight glasses of water daily, please—mainly between meals.

It is worth remembering that, through a well-balanced ration, you can keep in good condition every part of your body—muscles, bones, vital organs, nerves, eyes, teeth and even hair.

Incorrect diet is responsible for a vast number of ailments and lack of strength and vigor. It is estimated that three calls out of ten in doctors' offices are caused by faulty diet—errors that may be easily corrected. If you wish to have better health and probably longer life, apply the new knowledge of food and nutrition, gained for you through the chemical research of recent years. It is really amazingly interesting to discover what each particular food contributes to the body—to know just what to eat if you wish to reduce your weight, or increase your weight, or keep it normal—to know what your body needs when you feel that your energy is low.

For more enjoyment in eating and for better health from eating, begin today to learn what to eat.

Because our daily food needs are little understood by most persons, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has prepared a booklet, "The Family Food Supply", which tells what to buy and how, and includes diet and marketing helps for the housewife.

The best food is not always the most expensive, and the most expensive is oftentimes far from the best. The least costly foods can often be prepared in such a way as to give more nourishment and more taste-satisfaction than those which are extravagant in price.

By means of this booklet, the modern housekeeper can easily find out which foods her family requires. She will learn which foods are needed by a man who does heavy physical labor, which are necessary for the office-worker, which for herself and which for the growing child.

"The Family Food Supply" tells how to buy economically and should be used in connection with the "Metropolitan Cook Book". A copy of either, or both, will be mailed, free, upon your request.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

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METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

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When sore throat rules the house

Mothers should present the facts to a great novelist and let him write of the trials of a woman whose three children and husband are at home for a week or more with a cold.

Fretful little Junior . . . his sniffling sisters . . . the irritable father out of his element . . . the worry of wondering whether it is just a cold or something worse.

Can such trying sieges be avoided? Oftentimes, yes.

Listerine, the safe antiseptic, used early, has checked many and many a cold before they had a chance to get the upper hand.

At the first sign of irritation, use Listerine full strength. As a gargle. As a mouth wash. And occasionally diluted, as a nasal douche.

You will be delighted to find what threatened to be a nasty cold is often gone in a day or two.

The antiseptic action of Listerine explains its ability to check cold weather complaints. The moment it enters the mouth it attacks the disease-producing bacteria that lodge there.

The intelligent thing to do is use it systematically during these cold weather months when "flu" and pneumonia are a constant menace. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Do something about it

THE NEXT TIME!
The next time you buy a dentifrice ask for Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ the large tube. It has halved the tooth paste bill of more than two million people.
More than 50 diseases
have their beginning or development in the THROAT and NOSE. Some of mild character, yield to an antiseptic. Others, more serious, do not. At the first sign of an irritated throat, gargle frequently with Listerine, and if no improvement is shown, consult a physician.

LISTERINE

-the safe antiseptic

Hidden springs of beauty in your skin *-set them free!*

In your marvelous skin itself Nature has set up a beauty shop! Did you know that? Complicated little cells renew its silken surface day by day . . . invisible springs of moisture keep it cool . . . tiny oil glands lubricate it. A whole beauty system to keep it smooth, pliant and fine!

But soot and dust, powder and cream and rouge, sometimes seal up these little founts of loveliness. And then skin troubles come to flaw your complexion's ivory-smoothness!

You can free these tiny beauty-workers by giving them perfect cleansing . . . soap-and-water cleansing . . . Ivory cleansing. Physicians who are skin specialists say that only pores which are carefully cleansed with warm water and a pure soap can go on with their beautifying task, uninterrupted.

To millions of women "pure soap" means Ivory Soap. Ivory's fine materials are carefully blended to make it so pure and mild that millions of mothers will use nothing else to cleanse their babies' skin. Ivory possesses no magic beauty-bestowing power of its own—no soap, of course, has that. But its exquisitely soft lather penetrates every pore and frees it of its tiny blockade of dust and powder—gently, thoroughly, *safely!* Ivory cleansing thus sets your own beauty-workers free to keep your skin fresh and lovely.

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